October
1928

The BOOKMAN

A Revue of Life and Letters

The Reading of the Candidates
What Hoover, Smith and Thomas Read

Alain-Fournier
By *Havelock Ellis*

The Novelist's Use of History
By *Wilson Follett*

Credos II
Personal statements from

H. L. Mencken — *Genevieve Taggard* — *Upton Sinclair*
Conrad Aiken — *Witter Bynner* — *James Weldon Johnson*
Thomas Beer — *John Erskine* — *Alfred Kreymborg*
Sherwood Anderson — *Henry Seidel Canby* — *Zona Gale*
Irita Van Doren — *W. E. Woodward*

50 Cents a Copy $5.00 Yearly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOKES BOOKS

"A New and Greater Bromfield!"

The Strange Case Of

MISS ANNIE SPRAGG

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

Author of
"The Green Bay Tree," "Possession,"
"Early Autumn," "A Good Woman"

This brilliant novel—a departure from anything Bromfield has done—probes into "the twin mysteries of love and religion and the confusion that lies between." Haunting, deeply human, it is big with the sweep and mystery of life itself. "A richness that he has never before matched."—*Ben Ray Redman.* $2.50

SUSAN B. ANTHONY: The Woman Who Changed the Mind of a Nation By RHETA CHILDE DORR
Author of "A Woman of Fifty"

The life-story of the great feminist, written against the whole background of her times. Across the stage of her drama pass all the giants of her era: Garrison, Greeley, Emerson, Lincoln, Grant, Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone and countless others. *Illustrated.* $5.00

THE FLUTES OF SHANGHAI By LOUISE JORDAN MILN
Author of "Mr. Wu," etc.

The old China—gorgeous, quaint, exotic—meets the new in the absorbing romance of a lovely Chinese girl, main support of a family of blind flutists. $2.00

DIANA OF THE NORTH COUNTRY By MIRIAM MONGER

A vital and beautifully told story—against a background of wild country—of a girl's struggle and growth to maturity. $2.50

WHILE RIVERS RUN

By MAURICE WALSH

A windswept, cloud-dappled love-story of the Scottish highlands, by the author of "The Key Above the Door," with the tang of the out-of-doors, and the rushing coolness of trout streams. $2.00

RACE

By MARY GRACE ASHTON

A brilliant and remarkable first novel of love and marriage between Jew and Christian. "Astonishingly mature work." —*Frank Swinnerton.* $2.50

Buy these books at your bookseller's

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., 443 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

Publishers of the best-selling "Brook Evans," "Beau Ideal" and "Octavia"

THE BOOKMAN is published monthly by the BOOKMAN PUBLISHING CO., INC. 50c a copy; $5 a year (Canada, $5.50, foreign $6). Publication office, 19th & FEDERAL STS., CAMDEN, N. J. Editorial and general office, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Camden, N. J. Copyright 1928, by the BOOKMAN PUBLISHING CO., INC. Copyright in Great Britain and all European Countries including the Scandinavian.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VASCO

by Marc Chadourne

Preface by

FORD MADOX FORD

A Frenchman flees from the "damnation of the daily round" to the South Seas and meets not romance but realism. Before trying to dodge the monotony of your own existence, read this excellent first novel. "With Julian Green, the finest promise of recent years."—Paul Morand in *The Dial.* $2.50

Margaret Widdemer

Collected Poems

These poems are, with the addition of some heretofore unpublished in book form, substantially a rearrangement of Miss Widdemer's four volumes: "Factories", "Old Road to Paradise" (given the 1919 Pulitzer Prize), "Cross Currents", and "Ballads and Lyrics". $2.50

Neil Gordon

The New Gun Runners

The author of "The Professor's Poison" narrates in his new book a story of mystery and romance which winds its devious way from the seacoast of Northeastern Scotland to London and back again. $2.00

STORMING HEAVEN

by Ralph Fox

A novel of vagabondage, wild adventure, and love, for the sophisticated.

Third Printing

$2.50

Virginia Moore

Sweet Water and Bitter

This new volume by the author of "Not Poppy" establishes the position of Virginia Moore among the younger poets. $1.75

Ruth Pine Furniss

Gay

How a clear-minded modern girl deals with love, family, and friends, while struggling for independence as a sculptress. $2.00

Julius Meier-Graefe

Dostoevsky

Few world figures are as little known as Dostoevsky. Here is an absorbing biography and a critical study of the first rank. "A book such as this was badly needed."—*N. Y. Evening Post. Illustrated.* $6.00

Henry Bellamann

Crescendo

A sympathetic study of the mind and heart of a girl of today—perhaps the "bad girl" of Park Avenue, perhaps the "good girl" of the writer's understanding. $2.50

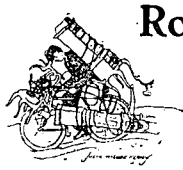
Liam O'Flaherty

The Assassin

The author of "Mr. Gilhooley," etc., gives fresh evidence of his remarkable genius. The assassination he narrates in this novel is modeled upon an actual event which occurred last year. $2.50

Charles S. Brooks

Roads to the North



Charles S. Brooks takes to the English road again. This time he is on a cycling trip from Southampton to the border of Scotland. A book of by-ways and vagrant speculation, of humor that is linked to beauty, of fact with a pinch of fancy. *Illustrated,* $3.00

MOSES

by Louis Untermeyer

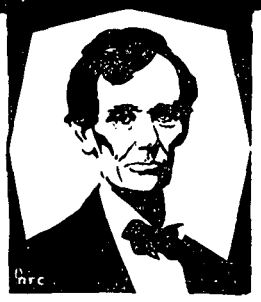
This is the story of Moses, Prince of Egypt and Prophet of Israel. It is also a highly colored, human narrative of many nations and many persons.

Louis Untermeyer's first novel will surprise some, shock others. It will interest all. The author, basing his work on long research, raises many bold questions and attempts to answer them. Was Moses only partly Hebraic? Was Monotheism his own conception? Did he consciously violate his own Commandments? Jacket and cover design by ROCKWELL KENT. $2.50

Harcourt, Brace and Company

383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Abraham Lincoln

1809-1858

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

The author of "The Life of John Marshall"—called by many authorities the "greatest of American biographies"—has assembled more facts about Lincoln's earlier career than have ever before been brought together, and woven them into a narrative of compelling power and complete reality. Here at last is the permanent story of the most significant and least understood period in Lincoln's life. Ill. 2 vols. $12.50

The Tale of Genji
VOL. IV. BLUE TROUSERS
LADY MURASAKI

This is the final volume of Arthur Waley's translation of the Japanese classic, hailed by critics as one of the ten great novels of all time. $3.50

The Golem
GUSTAV MEYRINK

"A symphony of fear"—*London Spectator*. 250,000 copies of this extraordinary novel were sold in Germany alone. $2.50

Shapes That Pass
JULIAN HAWTHORNE

Many personalities throng these pages, among them Whistler, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold and Charles Reade—a book of charming memoirs. Illus. $4.00

What Everybody Wanted
ELSIE SINGMASTER

How two lovely girls and their equally charming widowed mother (all in love with the same man) each got what she wanted. $2.00

The Turquoise Trail
ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON

An anthology of New Mexico poetry, containing selections from Mary Austin, Willa Cather, John Galsworthy, Eugene Rhodes and Vachel Lindsay, etc. $2.25

The Travel Diaries
OF WILLIAM BECKFORD

The scandalous, the eccentric, the fascinating author of "Vathek" records his brilliant impressions of eighteenth century Europe. Illus. 2 vols. $12.50

Houghton Mifflin Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OCTOBER, 1928 VOL. LXVIII, NO. 2

The BOOKMAN

Contents for October

Frontispiece . . . . . *Jeannette C. Shirk* [Facing page] 129

Alain-Fournier . . . . . *Havelock Ellis* 129

On Teaching English . . . . . *Atwood H. Townsend* 137

Three Poems . . . . . *Carl Sandburg* 145

The Reading of the Candidates 146

Herbert Hoover, by William Hard; Alfred E. Smith, by Henry Moskowitz; Norman Thomas, by Benjamin Stolberg.

American Writers and English Readers . . . . . *R. leClerc Phillips* 150

The Novelist's Use of History . . . . . *Wilson Follett* 156

A Cure for Critics . . . . . *Thomas Craven* 163

The Bridge of Don Gene's Nose . . . . . *Robert Benchley* 169

The Wisdom of Mrs. Trevanna. *A Story* . . . . . *C. E. Montague* 171

The Crisis in the Modern State . . . . . *Harold J. Laski* 182

"The Dean". *Letters of William Dean Howells, IV* 188

Statements of Belief, II 204

The Personal Credos of *Conrad Aiken, Thomas Beer, Witter Bynner, Henry Seidel Canby, John Erskine, Zona Gale, James Weldon Johnson, Alfred Kreymborg, H. L. Mencken, Upton Sinclair, Genevieve Taggard, Irita Van Doren, W. E. Woodward.*

Song in the Fall. *A Poem* . . . . . *Mavis Clare Barnett* 208

Sights and Sounds 210

In the Order of Their Appearance . . . . . *Ernest Boyd*

"Ballads, Songs and Snatches" . . . . . *Abbe Niles*

Correspondence 216

The Season's New Fiction . . . . . *Clifton P. Fadiman* 220

The Road to Athens . . . . . *Gilbert Seldes* 224

Dostoevsky, and Lesser Men . . . . . *T. S. Matthews* 228

Murder Will Out! . . . . . *Charles McMorris Purdy* 232

The Schools of Revolution . . . . . *Agnes deLima* 236

Ladies, Gunmen, Gods and War . . . . . *R. Ellsworth Larsson* 239

The Bookman's Monthly Score 243

Boston: Chapter XVII . . . . . *Upton Sinclair* 244

News Story Contest. *Prize Story for July* 256

Comment by *Henry Justin Smith.*

In the Bookman Office VIII

In the rear advertising section:
News of New Books; The Book Mart

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for forthcoming issues

THE BOOKMAN *announces*

The Finest Murder Story in the World

A history of the *real* murderer in De Quincey's masterpiece.

By Thomas Burke

The Solid South

A cultural discussion, by the former correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*. "What the negro race in the South needs is fewer organs of indignant opinion and more bathtubs."

By James M. Cain

Unpublished Poems of Katharine Mansfield

With an introductory note by J. Middleton Murry.

The Girl Inside the Magazine Cover

A study of the effects that the heroines in our fiction magazines are having on contemporary manners and morals.

By Charles Rumford Walker

Poetry in the Education of Children

An obscure chapter in the history of American education.

By Mary Austin

Philip Littell on H. G. Wells's Newest Utopia

Besides—

Short Stories by Cyril Hume and Dorothy Parker. Reviews by Ernest Boyd, James Truslow Adams, John Carter, B. Charney Vladeck, Robert Morss Lovett, Allen Tate, Gilbert Seldes and others.

The Bookman

for one year
$5

for two years
$7

Single Copy
50c

THE BOOKMAN 386 Fourth Avenue New York

Please add my name to THE BOOKMAN'S subscribers. I enclose check (or money order) for one year, $5; for two years, $7; for single copy, 50c.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do you know the thrill of BOOKSHOPPING?

Wherever you see the insignia of the American Booksellers Association you will find a rare pleasure. For the store that bears the A. B. A. emblem is a rich storehouse of adventure, of romance, of thought stimulating and practical.

It's as much fun to choose your reading as it is to read. Side by side, fascinating volumes call to you from the bookshop's counter. Thumb through them. Satisfy your own tastes—get the thrill of some unexpected gem that your casual hand has turned up. And ask your A. B. A. bookseller, too, to show you the BookSelection—it's a monthly sample taste of good reading.

THE BOOKSELECTION is the bookshopper's guide to good reading. Each month A. B. A. stores offer it for your approval. It is—always—a book which you will surely want to read. The distinguished critics who chose it from many manuscripts are your guarantee of an enjoyable, worth-while book. The best plan is to ask your bookseller to send it to you each month. And on October 4, ask him to show you "Giant Killer," the October BookSelection — a splendid new novel by Elmer Davis.

Some one always killed his giants for him—some strong hand upheld this dreamer, this singer, this glamorous ruler of kingdoms. This is the highly interesting theme that Mr. Davis has taken for his new novel—a work of magnificent compass that even before publication has won superlative praise from critics. Though the story goes back 4000 years, you will recognize as contemporary every character in it. It has brilliant wit, mordant humor, superb writing. Surely, here is a book you will not care to miss. (Published by John Day, at $2.50.)

Giant Killer

A distinguished new novel by

Elmer Davis

THE BOOKSELECTION EDITORS:

HARRY HANSEN
Literary Critic, *N. Y. World*.

INEZ HAYNES IRWIN
Famous novelist.

DR. WILL DURANT
Philosopher and critic, author of *The Story of Philosophy*.

JOSEPH MARGOLIES
Head Buyer for the Brentano Stores.

MARION DODD
President, Hampshire Book Shop.

ASK ANY A. B. A. BOOKSELLER TO SHOW YOU THE BOOKSELECTION!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRENTANO'S

VOLTAIRE, GENIUS OF MOCKERY

By *Victor Thaddeus*

Author of "JULIUS CAESAR, *and the Grandeur that was Rome*"

Brilliantly, passionately, yet with a keen eye for historical detail, Mr. Thaddeus presents the many-sided Voltaire, the man who walked with kings; who languished in the Bastille; who was the idol of the salons; who was a liar and a forger, yet who risked his shrivelled body and his immortal soul for human liberty. ($5.00)

JOHN SMITH— *also* POCAHONTAS

By *John Gould Fletcher*

Capt. Smith's adventures are more extravagant than any fiction, while the story of Pocahontas reveals a passionate love that won the admiration of two worlds. ($3.50)

ROUSSEAU CONFESSIONS

By *J. J. Rousseau*

Translated by W. Conyngham Mallory. Ornamented with thirteen original engravings from the Jouaust Edition of 1881 by Edmond Hedouin.

(In two vol. boxed, $8.50)

JEWS ARE LIKE THAT!

By *Analyticus*

Who and what is the Jew in literature, in law, in philosophy, and in politics? This series of Semitic silhouettes answers these questions. ($3.50)

SAILS AND SWORDS

A LIFE OF BALBOA

By *Arthur Strawn*

Balboa and his bloodthirsty companions enacted one of the most cruel dramas of all time. A page in history that is vividly described in this first English biography of the explorer. ($3.50)

AMIEL'S JOURNAL

By *Henri-Frederic Amiel*

Translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward

A work of wonderful beauty, depth and charm. A book to converse with again and again. ($3.50)

MOTIVES OF PROTEUS

By *José E. Rodo*

"Rodo creates a mood of spiritual expansion, a yearning after beauty, a feeling of intellectual exaltation." (*The New Republic*)

"A remarkable contribution to contemporary thought." (*N. Y. Times*) ($4.00)

MOTHERHOOD IN BONDAGE

By *Margaret Sanger*

Author of "WOMAN AND THE NEW RACE", etc.

This is a book of letters written in the heart-blood of America's enslaved mothers who, with outstretched arms, have appealed to Margaret Sanger to be delivered from the inferno of pain and misery to which they have been condemned by an indifferent and unheeding society. "Mother India" pales into insignificance compared with this tragic and pitiful cry from our own homeland. ($3.50)

for sale at all Bookstores

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTUMN BOOKS

THIS MAN ADAMS, THE MAN WHO NEVER DIED

By *Samuel McCoy*

Did John Adams die, as it was commonly reported, in 1826? His present biographer flatly denies that he did in this mischievous biography where the author presents the fiery, frosty, bitter-tongued, lovable, passionate Puritan as an eligible candidate for his second term as President. ($3.50)

THE CONQUEST OF LIFE

By *Dr. Serge Voronoff*

Translated by G. G. Rambaud, M. D.

Since 1919 when Dr. Serge Voronoff first proved that he had found a method for the rejuvenation of life, the world has been waiting for this book that tells the amazing results of grafting monkey glands for men. ($3.50)

INFIDELITY

By *Arthur Weigall*

INFIDELITY is a story of marriage—a companionate marriage that proves legal. A young couple test this modern formula with astonishing results. ($2.50)

EMOTION AND DELINQUENCY

By *L. Grimberg, M. D.*

This authoritative work is a searching study of the delinquent from the standpoint of an eminent medical man. ($3.00)

NAPOLEON AND HIS FAMILY

The Story of a Corsican Clan

By *Walter Geer*

Vol. I. From Corsica to Madrid
Vol. II. From Madrid to Moscow

This second volume from the pen of the foremost Napoleonic authority has just been published. ($5.00 a vol.)

KNOCK WOOD!

Superstition Thru the Ages

By *Dr. Daniel Deerforth*

In almost every mind there are remains of the ancient tribal beliefs of our ancestors. They are mental survivals long grown useless.

Dr. Deerforth, with rare charm and persuasiveness, shows us "What fools we mortals be"—yes, and always have been. ($3.00)

THE LIGHT OF EGYPT

By *Werner Jansen*

"We recommend this novel most urgently as a masterpiece of literary creation, because not only is a gigantic subject finely handled but also the reader is gripped vitally from the first page to the last." ($2.50)

THE CHILD IN PRIMITIVE SOCIETY

By *Nathan Miller, Ph. D.*

This study shows how social heritage colors the life of the individual, shapes his behavior, and creates his character. ($3.00)

THE TRAGEDY OF GREECE

By *S. P. P. Cosmetatos*

The inner history of one of the most dramatic conspiracies of modern time written with the aid of official documents hitherto unpublished. ($4.50)

Publishers BRENTANO'S *New York*

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Bookman Office

Contributors to this Issue

The French author about whom HAVELOCK ELLIS writes, Alain-Fournier, makes his first appearance in English this autumn with *The Wanderer,* a translation of his book, *Les Grandes Meaulnes.* The translation was made by Françoise Delisle, a friend of Mr. Ellis, to whom he showed the book when he had discovered its extraordinary qualities. As Mr. Ellis says, Madame Delisle was peculiarly fitted for the task, not only by sharing Alain-Fournier's love of England and English culture, but also by her natural sympathy for a young Frenchman who disappeared in the Great War at about the same age and in the same manner as her own brother. *The Wanderer* will be published by Houghton, Mifflin.

* * *

ATWOOD H. TOWNSEND arrived at his views on teaching English literature after several years' practical work in that complex field. He has been an Instructor in English at New York University for the past five years. He received the degree of B.A. from N.Y.U. in 1920, and M.A. in 1924. He is now engaged on his Ph.D. thesis on the subject of Benjamin Franklin. Mr. Townsend's non-academic activities have included ambulance driving with the A. E. F. for two years, writing and editing material for Boy Scouts and their leaders, working for Thomas Edison (who, he says, raised his salary one day and fired him the next), and contributing stories, poems, articles, and a play to magazines.

* * *

A new book of poems by CARL SANDBURG will be published soon after the appearance of this number of THE BOOKMAN, *Good Morning, America,* his first collection in three years.

* * *

R. LECLERC PHILLIPS is an Englishwoman who has made her home in the United States since the war, and has contributed widely to periodicals.

WILSON FOLLETT, whose paper on Conrad in our August number has been much commented on, will soon appear again in THE BOOKMAN with a study of Stephen Crane. Incidentally, we will soon make an announcement of interest to all lovers of Stephen Crane regarding a large quantity of important Crane material which has only recently been discovered and is now being edited for publication in our pages.

* * *

Through his essays and criticisms in magazines, particularly *The American Mercury,* THOMAS CRAVEN has come to be known as an acute and informed critic of art. He is at present working on a book *The Story of Art,* to be published next spring. Mr. Craven returned recently from a survey of the European galleries.

* * *

Those who meet ROBERT BENCHLEY these days on his professional rounds of the theatres, night-clubs, and moving-picture studios (where he is busy recording—if that is the word—for Movietone, his forthcoming talking picture being a "campaign speech") are perhaps only mildly surprised to see a book always under his arm, but they are puzzled when the book invariably turns out to be the Iliad or the Odyssey. This is good news to BOOKMAN readers—it means that Mr. Benchley's parody history of literature is actively under way.

* * *

C. E. MONTAGUE died on May 28. He left behind him a reputation as one of the most brilliant writers of modern England, and a series of notable books which have found an increasing number of discriminating readers: *A Hind Let Loose, Dramatic Values, Disenchantment, The Morning's War, Fiery Particles, The Right Place.*

* * *

MAVIS CLARE BARNETT was graduated from Wellesly in 1920, and is now there teaching English at Dana Hall. Miss Barnett was reticent to give us any facts about

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU *CAN* CHOOSE IF YOU WILL

CHANCE governs the general trend of too many lives. By chance many people live in a certain place, attend a certain school, take the opportune job; they chance upon certain associates, books, and thoughts.

But by courage and determined effort they could choose often times where to live, what to study and, to a large extent, what to accomplish.

Hundreds of thousands of ambitious people are studying at home in their leisure time. Increased earning capacity is the objective that many are attaining. But whether the attainment be greater efficiency in business, or a more interesting social life, or the real joy of developing a more cultured point of view, the studies that lead to these objectives are available, wherever one lives, through Columbia Home Study Courses. The range of subjects is wide.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Offers Home Study Courses of University Grade in the Following Subjects:

Accounting
Algebra
American Government
American History
American Literature
Applied Grammar
Astronomy
Banking
Biblical Literature
Biology
Botany
Boy Scouting
Business Administration
Business English
Business Law
Business Mathematics
Business Organization
Chemistry
Child Psychology
Classics
Composition
  Dramatic
  English
  Various Languages
  Lyric Poetry
Contemporary Novel
Drafting
Drama
Drawing and Painting
Economics
Economic Geography
English
English Literature
Essay Writing
European History
Fire Insurance
French
Geometry
German
Government
Grammar
Greek
Harmony
History
Italian
Juvenile Story Writing
Latin
Literature
Magazine Article Writing
Marketing
Mathematics
Personnel Administration
Philosophy
Photoplay Composition
Physics
Psychology
Psychology in Business
Public Speaking
Religion
Secretarial Studies
Short Story Writing
Slide Rule
Sociology
Spanish, etc., etc.

THESE courses have been prepared by our instructors to meet the special requirements of study at home. While all basic material essential to the full understanding of each subject is fully covered, sufficient elasticity is allowed to permit adaptation to the individual needs of the student. Everyone who enrolls for a Columbia course is personally taught by a member of the University faculty. Special arrangements can be made for group study.

The University will send on request full information about these home study courses. A coupon is printed below for your convenience. If you care to write a letter briefly outlining your educational interests our instructors may be able to offer helpful suggestions. Mention subjects which are of interest to you, even if they are not listed here because additions to the courses offered are made from time to time.

HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSES

COLUMBIA University Home Study Department has prepared courses covering the equivalent of four years of High School study. This complete High School or College Preparatory training is available to those who can not undertake class room work. We shall be glad to send you our special bulletin upon request.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, University Extension—Home Study Department, New York, N. Y. Please send me full information about Columbia University Home Study Courses. I am interested in the following subjects: Bookman 10-28

. . . . . .

Name . . . . . .

Street and Number . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . Occupation . . . . . .

2356

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some Books for Fall Evenings

SAMSON

By Robert Collyer Washburn

The passionately human romance, shot through with beauty and sudden humor, of Samson and his love for three women (wife, harlot and mistress). Why is it that women sap the strength of strong men—and love makes fools of heroes? *$2.50*

ANOTHER COUNTRY

By H. Du Coudray

The Oxford-Cambridge Universities Prize Novel

The year's most significant literary find. Astounding in its depth and drawing of human character. In England the novel has gone into four editions and critics hail this young writer, just eighteen, as a new Charlotte Bronte. *$2.50*

AN ECHO FROM PARNASSUS

By Henrietta Dana Skinner

Girlhood memories of Longfellow and his friends. Stories, anecdotes and literary material never before in print. These warm, rich, intimate recollections make this book a unique contribution to American letters. *$2.00*

DESTINATIONS

A Canvass of American Literature Since 1900

By Gorham B. Munson

"Munson defines the characteristic quality of the younger generation of American writers, their aims and purposes, more clearly than any other critic." . . . *Van Wyck Brooks, N. Y. Herald Tribune.* *$2.00*

MEMORIES

The Sporting Reminiscences of a Gallant Gentleman

By Harry Preston

"The two best loved men in England," says a distinguished British author, "are the Prince of Wales and Harry Preston," and they are the best of friends. His recollections of the sporting fraternity are full of humor, anecdote and interest. *$5.00*

J. H. SEARS & CO., Inc.

114 East 32nd St. New York City

herself for this department, saying she disliked publicity and quoting at us from Emily Dickinson:

"How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!"

* * *

GORHAM MUNSON, author of books on Robert Frost and Waldo Frank and of *Destinations,* which caused Van Wyck Brooks to describe him as the most important of younger American critics, spent a week during August at the School of Creative Literature at Bread Loaf, Vermont.

* * *

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN, one of the numerous young literary men turned out by Columbia in recent years, has been attracting attention by his critical pieces in The Nation. He is a member of the editorial department of the publishing house of Simon and Schuster.

* * *

CHARLES PURDY is the author of the forthcoming novel *The Red Branch.* A previous novel, "Groping Earth", was published in England some years ago.

* * *

The Stammering Century is the title of GILBERT SELDES' latest book, an historical account of America's fads, manias, and cults. In the same week that Mr. Seldes's *The Seven Lively Arts* was joined on the shelves by *The Stammering Century,* his son Anthony was joined by a very small sister. Mr. Seldes has been spending the summer at South Norwalk, Connecticut.

* * *

It is difficult to imagine WILLIAM HARD in any other profession than journalism, which he enlivens with as much wit as knowledge, and with an inimitably appropriate style. He probably has more private information—certainly as much—back of what passes for public policy than any other Washington correspondent. His last book is *Who's Hoover?,* to which his article in this month's BOOKMAN may be considered an interesting addendum.

(*Continued on page XV*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dutton Book of the Month for October

THE AMERICAN OMEN

By GARET GARRETT

AMERICA'S World Supremacy—How did she achieve it? Many have struggled to give expression to this thought. We have had America coming of age, our processionals, our American caravan—Mr. Garrett, the literary barometer of American life has struck a new note which vibrates with real tonal value. He makes a brilliant contribution to the world in general showing the significance of the gigantic force which has made America a Titan among nations. $2.50

The Dutton Mystery for October

BLIND CIRCLE

By MAURICE RENARD *and* ALBERT JEAN

A MACABRE tale that baffles the intellect, confounds the reason. Futuristic and modern in design this pseudo-scientific theme takes you into the realm of mystery and horror. By a curious process of multiplication, the living and the dead become involved in a series of complexities. A Deus Ex Machina—a new god—exclaims "Vita Fiat!" Let there be life! And was there life? $2.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc., 300 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS — KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Happiness," has written a new book with an inspiring message. Mr. Phelps's books are always stimulating and helpful. He deals with ordinary subjects in a most unusual way. His sly humor, the plain commonsense underlying all his ideas, the beautiful English, make these two monographs priceless gems. Catholic in thought, although unique in expression, is his new book. "Love" is a companion volume to "Happiness" which has brought joy and encouragement to many thousands of readers. $1.00

A A MILNE,

Author of

"When We Were Very Young" writes a new whimsy

THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER

Illustrated by

E. H. SHEPARD $2.00

As Pooh says, "It's sort of comforting" to have a new book with Christopher Robin and all the animals.

Gilt-edged edition, de luxe box:

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG
NOW WE ARE SIX $5.00

WINNIE-THE-POOH
THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER $5.00

Needs no introduction. She has entered the homes and hearts of the American people by her very human stories about the very human things of everyday life. In this understanding and sympathetic sketch of the things that are worthwhile she strikes at the kernel of American life of today. In her pungent, clever style she tells the world the enormous significance of that little word. "Home" is written with literary charm and a sympathetic understanding of the things that go to make up the best in life. $1.00

LOVE

HOME

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC., 300 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

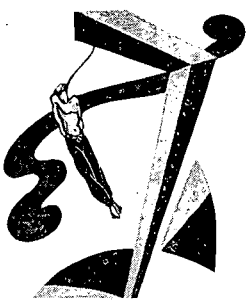
THE GRANDSON
By Hildur Dixelius
The third book in this Swedish saga. $2.50

THE INTRUDER
By Vicente Blasco Ibanez
A tale of conflict between Jesuit and socialist. $2.50

MEN OF SILENCE
By Louis Forgione
An ingenious solution of a chain of crimes of the Camorra. $2.50

OSCAR WILDE
THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL

Popular Edition
$3.50



Limited Edition
$10.00

CONCEPTIONS BY
JOHN VASSOS

THE REBEL GENERATION
By Jo van Ammers Küller
Milestones—showing how the rebel of one generation becomes the conservative of the next. $2.85

THE ENCHANTING DANGER
By Vera Wheatley
An emotional dramatic conflict of the young people of the two big houses in a drowsy English village. $2.50

SING SING NIGHTS
By Harry Stephen Keeler
A man murdered—three plead guilty—which man was not a murderer. $2.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC., 300 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WYNDHAM LEWIS

A Christmas Anthology

A veritable treasure trove of worth while literature pertaining to Christmas. $3.00

LOUIS GOLDING

Prophet and Fool

A collection of poems written with an exquisite sensitiveness to the various moods of nature.
Popular edition $2.00
Limited edition 5.00

F. OSSENDOWSKI

Slaves of the Sun

The light of darkest Africa as seen by a seasoned traveler. $3.00

MRS. WHIFFEN

Keeping off the Shelf

Delightfully quaint illustrations enliven this dramatic autobiography. $5.00

FAVORITE JOKES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

By Frank E. Nicholson

Read 'em and laff with Jimmy Walker, George Ade, Irvin Cobb and a host of other humorous story tellers. $2.50

YOUTH *by Elizabeth Sloan Chesser*
With introduction by Angelo Patri. $1.50

THE INFERIORITY FEELING *by William S. Walsh, M.D.* $2.50

POLAND'S REINCARNATION *by J. D. Whelpley* $3.00

CAVE MAN'S LEGACY *by E. Hanbury Hankin* $2.00

RED RUSSIA *by George London* $2.00

NEW GRUB STREET *by George Gissing* $2.50

THE NEXT CHAPTER *by Andre Maurois, author of "Disraeli"* $1.00

NEW VOLUMES TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW SERIES
Each $1.00

SHEHERAZADE, *or the Future of the English Novel*
By John Carruthers

STENTOR, *or the Press of To-day and To-morrow by David Ockham*

AEOLUS, *or the Future of the Flying Machine by Oliver Stewart*

LARES ET PENATES *by H. J. Birnstingl*

VULCAN *by Cecil Chisholm*

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc., 300 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from page X*)

HAROLD J. LASKI is as much at home in America as he is in his native England. From 1914 to 1916 he taught political science at McGill University, and from 1916 to 1920 at Harvard. While in this country he was also the Harvard University Lecturer at Yale, the Henry Ward Beecher Lecturer at Amherst, and a professor at the New School of Social Research. At present he is professor of political science at the London School of Economics in London University. But his jobs are no criterion of his fermenting contribution to modern political theory. He is one of the leaders among the pluralistic political thinkers, to whom the state is merely one among many institutions. This theory he has developed brilliantly and on a vast scale in his books on *The Problems of Sovereignty, Authority in the Modern State, Foundations of Sovereignty, A Grammar of Politics* and in many other writings. In his criticism in this month's BOOKMAN of Professor Elliott's significant study, *The Pragmatic Basis of Government*, Mr. Laski restates briefly his critique of prevailing political conceptions. In a forthcoming issue we shall print Professor Elliott's reply.

* * *

DR. HENRY MOSKOWITZ (Ph. D. Erlangen) is a congenital reformer but not a professional doer of good works. Mellow, witty, human, he is just the kind of reforming social politician whose companionship and friendship Governor Smith enjoys. Dr. Moskowitz's reforming career goes way back to the late nineties, when he organized the Madison House Social Settlement as one of the leaders of the Ethical Culture Society. In 1912 he ran for Congress on the progressive ticket. In 1913 he helped in the campaign of Mayor Mitchell, under whom he then served as president of the Civil Service Commission and as the first Commissioner of Public Markets. He is also one of the leading arbitrators in labor disputes in New York City. At present he is one of the advisers and the "official" biographer of Governor Smith, being the author of *Alfred E. Smith—An American Career*, and the co-author with Norman Hapgood of another

are enabled by the Mitchell Table to *sit upright*. Harmful humping eliminated.

DO you like to read? Then here is a new convenience! The Mitchell Table holds your book or magazine in exactly the right position for comfort. Arm-strain, muscle-strain, eye-strain are all removed. Read *for hours* with perfect comfort and relaxation!

Dozens of Uses

especially appreciate the Mitchell Table. Permits them to read without eye-strain—to eat comfortably.

Here also is a means of reading and breakfasting *comfortably* in bed. Children, using the Mitchell Table in their studies, sit upright and breathe properly. *Harmful humping* is eliminated.

An ever-appreciated ray of sunshine in the lives of invalids—a portable "desk" that allows you to write, sketch or draw comfortably in bed or in your coziest chair. *A distinctive and practical gift.*

Made to last a lifetime—The Mitchell Table is the *simplest* and *handsomest* made. Two easily adjusted thumb nuts control all positions of the panel. Attractively finished in mahogany or walnut. *Metal supports for bed use and book clips included without extra charge.*

now read, write and edit in their coziest chair.

Five Days' Trial—No Money Down: Send us the coupon below and we will gladly mail you a Mitchell Table postpaid. Use it in your own home; see for yourself its advantages. Keep it only if absolutely satisfied. $6.50 is a small price for lifelong reading comfort. Send in the coupon today.

It's not too early to think of Christmas—Here is a gift your friends will be proud to own. Ordering now avoids possible disappointment later.

Folds flat when not in use

5 days Free Trial MITCHELL MOULDING CO. Dept. 1010 Forest Park, Ill.

You may send me, postpaid, a Mitchell Lap Table in ☐ Mahogany Finish ☐ Walnut Finish on trial. Five days after receiving it, I will either return it or send you $6.50.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRISTOPHER NORTH
and the
Noctes Ambrosianae
By Carrie Thompson Lowell

A biography of the author of the "Noctes Ambrosianae", those celebrated imaginary dialogues staged around the flowing punch bowl of Ambrose Tavern, which for thirty years from 1822 was the vehicle employed by John Wilson in Blackwood's Magazine to reflect the intellectual activities of Great Britain.

A delightful outpouring of literary criticism, politics, philosophy, character, aesthetics, in fine, all the subjects that engage the interest of cultivated men.

The volume includes a reprint of a sufficient number of the outstanding "Noctes" to present a vivid picture of the period.

Cloth, net, $3.00

ITALY
In the Renaissance
By Maud F. Jerrold
With Twelve Illustrations

Rome, Florence, Venice and Naples in the 15th Century in their artistic and literary aspects are passed in review as are the ducal courts of Ferrara, Mantua and Urbino of the 16th Century.

The Humanist movement, educational ideals and methods of instruction are treated in detail. No single volume contributes an equal insight of this fascinating period.

Cloth, net, $4.50

SIR ISAAC NEWTON
A Brief Account of His Life and Work
By S. Brodetsky
Professor of Applied Mathematics, University of Leeds

With the biography is combined a clear and easily understood statement of Newton's great scientific achievements in gravitation, physics and astronomy.

The volume contains a striking portrait and ten diagrams illustrative of the problems discussed. Cloth, net, $2.00

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH PLAYS
Seven One Act Plays
Edited by B. Roland Lewis

A worthy addition to the group of volumes issued by the different colleges and universities maintaining courses in playwriting.

Cloth, net, $1.50

JOHN W. LUCE AND COMPANY
BOSTON

life of the Governor, *Up From the City Streets;* but primarily he is an avowed, exuberant, professional believer in the fitness of his friend to be President of the United States.

* * *

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a frequent contributor to the magazines on contemporary social problems. He is a member of the editorial staff of THE BOOKMAN.

* * *

JANET MABIE, winner of the July news story prize, writes us:

"I went to private schools and not to college. I was trained for a career in music. I was more interested in the pipe organ than the piano; fifteen years ago no one played the pipe organ anywhere but in church; I didn't want to play it in church. So I began to write.

"Good men have patiently drummed into my head what I know about reporting—W. A. Macdonald of the Boston *Transcript,* L. I. Winship of the Boston *Globe,* Paul S. Deland and Arthur Stubbs of *The Christian Science Monitor,* and others. I have been with the latter paper for nine years.

"There are a lot of things undone that I want and intend to do; one of them is a book about cats."

* * *

Summary of "Boston"

Cornelia Thornwell, wife of a former governor of Massachusetts, widowed at sixty, after forty years of sheltered ease feels free at last to disregard the wishes of her conventional family and begin life anew. She goes to Plymouth and, as a working woman, she boards with an Italian family there. Bartolomeo Vanzetti is her fellow boarder. She comes to know him well, and to know him for an idealist and a social revolutionary.

Of all Cornelia's family, only her granddaughter, Betty, is completely sympathetic. Betty, visiting a school friend in Plymouth, finds her grandmother again, meets Vanzetti, and becomes an ardent Radical. On returning home she shocks her parents with her

(*Continued on page XX*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Voice of Modern America Speaks!

The SECOND AMERICAN CARAVAN

Sixty of America's most brilliant writers are represented by a variety of original material that will make literary history.

The Second American Caravan contains a full-length novel, a full-length play, four novelettes, four narrative poems, and many short stories and poems—now published for the first time.

Sherwood Anderson, Burton Rascoe, Waldo Frank, Morley Callaghan, Alfred Kreymborg, Conrad Aiken, Robert Frost, Lewis Mumford, William Carlos Williams, Evelyn Scott, Margery Latimer form but a portion of this unparalleled assembly of new writing.

The American Caravan has become America's literary landmark. $5.00
Autographed de luxe edition. $15
"Still a treasure chest"—Harry Hansen, New York World

ZOLA—and his time

By **Matthew Josephson**

As gigantic and colorful as was Zola's career, it has remained for Matthew Josephson to write the first complete biography of the great realist and publicist.

Much new and hitherto unpublished material on Zola's private life, his correspondence and quarrels with the Goncourts and his famous triumph in the Dreyfus case, are here presented with all the power of reality. Here is a biography that is not to be missed. *Profusely Illustrated.* $5.00

Why We Misbehave

By **Samuel D. Schmalhausen,** *Ph.D.*
Author of "Humanizing Education"

With an Introduction by Dr. William A. White

The problems of our changing human nature clarified and dissected by sound analysis and flashing wit. Psychiatry and Sex Freedom, a Psycho-sexual Inventory, Marriage vs: Prostitution, throw a new light on our changing customs. A book that will enlist your admiration as it has already evoked the praise of Havelock Ellis, George Dorsey and Harry Elmer Barnes $3.00

The Bankruptcy of Marriage

By **V. F. Calverton**
Author of "Sex Expression in Literature"

After companionate marriage . . . what? The answer is given is this study of modern morals under the new sex freedom. $3.00

My Friend Robespierre

By **Henri Beraud**
Translated by Slater Brown

No longer is Robespierre reviewed as the inhuman monster of the French Revolution. Here is the first biography to picture him as an idealist who liberated a nation and paved the way for modern democracy. $3.00

Who Will be Master Europe or America?

By **Lucien Romier**

A new and original study of the inter-dependence of Europe and America, showing how the progress of this country has affected the entire Western world. $2.50

A Voyage to Pagany

By **William Carlos Williams**
Author of "In The American Grain"

The romantic journey of a young American doctor through Europe, presents an amazing cross-section of the life of American intellectual expatriates. $2.50

MACAULAY PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SPLENDID NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "SOUNDINGS" which was the leading best seller in the field of fiction for the entire year of 1925

HARNESS

By A. HAMILTON GIBBS

HARNESS is Major Gibbs' finest and most appealing novel. It is the love story of a one-woman man in the first years of married life—a story told with an enduring charm and, needless to say, with a fine touch of sentiment and a sense of the dramatic which rings true. The scene is an English cottage in a village outside of London. Michael Gordon, the hero, is a man's man and a home man—and his whole approach to the problem of marriage is certain to stir the deepest feelings of many thousands of readers. $2.50

MATORNI'S VINEYARD
By E. Phillips Oppenheim
A tale of 1940—of a domineering Italian dictator who brings France and Italy to the brink of war. $2.00

VANITY UNDER THE SUN
By Dale Collins
A vivid tale of the adventures in the Southern Seas of an American who lost his memory in the Japanese earthquake. $2.00

***THE BATTLE OF THE HORIZONS**
By Sylvia Thompson
A novel of English-American marriage which discerning critics hail as a better story than her "The Hounds of Spring." $2.50

***THE VIRGIN QUEENE**
By Harford Powel, Jr.
"The best of the light reading group. Bright, gay and refreshing."—*Life*. Fourth large printing. $2.00

DESTINY BAY. By Donn Byrne
Donn Byrne is at his best in this romantic story of an unforgettable family of the North Irish Coast. $2.50

WAR AMONG LADIES
By Eleanor Scott
"I predict that this book will be read by every school teacher in the land—and many others, besides."—*John Farrar*. $2.50

***THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL**
By Arthur D. Little
A world-famous chemical engineer's interpretation of the present and the future. $2.50

***THE NOT-QUITE PURITANS**
By Henry W. Lawrence
This exuberant report of their foibles proves definitely that the Puritans were not 100% pure. 9 illustrations. $3.00

A typically Farnolesque network of intrigue and misunderstanding in a new and fascinating novel of England in the early seventeen hundreds

GUYFFORD OF WEARE

By JEFFERY FARNOL

WITH a literary charm reminiscent of his many successes, Mr. Farnol relates the story of Sir Richard Guyfford, reputed villain, and Lady Helen D'Arcy, reigning beauty, and of Cousin Julian, who quite deserves Richard's reputation, a group of shady gentlemen in Julian's power, an Irish duchess with a French name, and other surrounding picturesque characters. $2.50

**Indicates An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication*

Boston **LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY** *Publishers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAR-TIME SECRETS OF DOWNING STREET ARE REVEALED
in these Long-awaited Reminiscences of the British Prime Minister from 1908 to 1916

MEMORIES AND REFLECTIONS
1852-1927
By THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, K.G.

LORD OXFORD'S private diaries and letters included in these volumes deal unsparingly, but not without humor, with the men and events of the fateful years of the World War. His frank comments on war leaders, both political and military, are only one of the many noteworthy features of a work which is not only a fascinating autobiography of a great English statesman but an authoritative contribution to history. Foreword by the Countess of Oxford. With 59 illustrations and map. Two volumes. $10.00

A CENTURY OF FASHION
By Jean Philippe Worth
A volume of fascinating reminiscences of the famous Paris House of Worth. With 94 illustrations—4 in full color. $7.50

***DESERT DRUMS: The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. By Leo Crane**
An unvarnished narrative of the Pueblo Indians—their history, problems and tribal customs. With 50 illustrations. $5.00

THE POLAR REGIONS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
By Major-General A. W. Greeley
An up-to-date history of their discovery and exploration. 23 illustrations. $4.00

CRIME ON THE CONTINENT
By Horace Wyndham
Stories of ten spectacular crimes in seven different European countries. With 11 illustrations. $3.00

TRAILS OF THE HUNTED
By James L. Clark
Adventures in many lands by the man who will complete Carl Akeley's work on African Hall. 47 illustrations. $4.00

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE. By Edmund A. Walsh, S.J.
"As clear an analysis of the elements involved in the Bolshevik revolution as one is likely to find in the English language."—*Review of Reviews*. 41 illustrations. $3.50

SIX PLAYS. By David Belasco
Belasco at his best in "Madame Butterfly", "The Darling of the Gods", "Adrea", "The Girl of the Golden West" and "The Return of Peter Grimm." $4.00

***WINGED SANDALS**
By Lucien Price
An enthusiastic record of travel to the sources of classical and European culture. With 16 illustrations. $3.50

"This is THE book on modern China... a view from within, by a man who combines knowledge with impartiality... written in a manner that can only be called brilliant."—Edwin Bjorkman.

THE DRAGON AND THE FOREIGN DEVILS
By JOHAN GUNNAR ANDERSSON

NO recent book on China has appeared with such authority, clarity and fair-mindedness—for Dr. Andersson has spent 11 years in China and knows the Chinese from rickshaw coolie to General. He tells the absorbingly human and dramatic story of China exactly as he found it. 16 illustrations. $4.00

**Indicates An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication*

Boston **LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY** *Publishers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

braithwaite's anthology

and poetry year book for 1928

Edited, with a Critical Introduction, by
William Stanley Braithwaite

"A National Institution"—*May Lamberton Becker.*
"Easily outdistances all competitors—*Newark Ev. News.*
Sixteenth year of publication
Full cloth, 8 vo. 600 pages $4.00

harold vinal, ltd., publishers
562 fifth avenue, new york

A good new novel

deepening purple

By Louis Isaacson

A sound, candid story of a young architect in New York of today.
Cloth, picture wrapper, $2.50

also published by vinal

A $10 BOOK FOR $2.98

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE

by
Honore de Balzac

This monumental work, a frank and daring discussion of a universal problem, seldom found in sets of Balzac's "collected works," has heretofore been obtainable only in privately printed editions selling from ten to twenty-five dollars. The volume we are offering is an exact reprint of one of these editions, and owing to a large advance sale, the price is the lowest at which this book has ever been offered.

This volume is well printed and handsomely bound in cloth, stained top.

Order now before this edition is exhausted. Our price only $2.98 postpaid.

Our complete catalogue of Book Bargains cheerfully mailed upon request.

SEIFFERS, NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS
834 Westchester Ave., New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page XVI)

liberal views. When America enters the World War, Cornelia and Betty align themselves with the pacifists, and Betty, coming from Radcliffe to live with Cornelia, is included in the government surveillance of pacifists. After the Armistice, Betty and Cornelia are arrested for participating in a suffragist parade and Betty is sent abroad by her parents with a cousin, but, once in Hungary, Betty goes to work.

When Betty's Red sympathies are discovered by her employers, she leaves for Italy, where Cornelia joins her, finding her under the protection of a French communist writer and a young American investigator. News reaches them of the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti for alleged participation in a hold-up and double murder at South Braintree. Investigators, in interviewing witnesses, found that there was considerable disagreement as to the essential details.

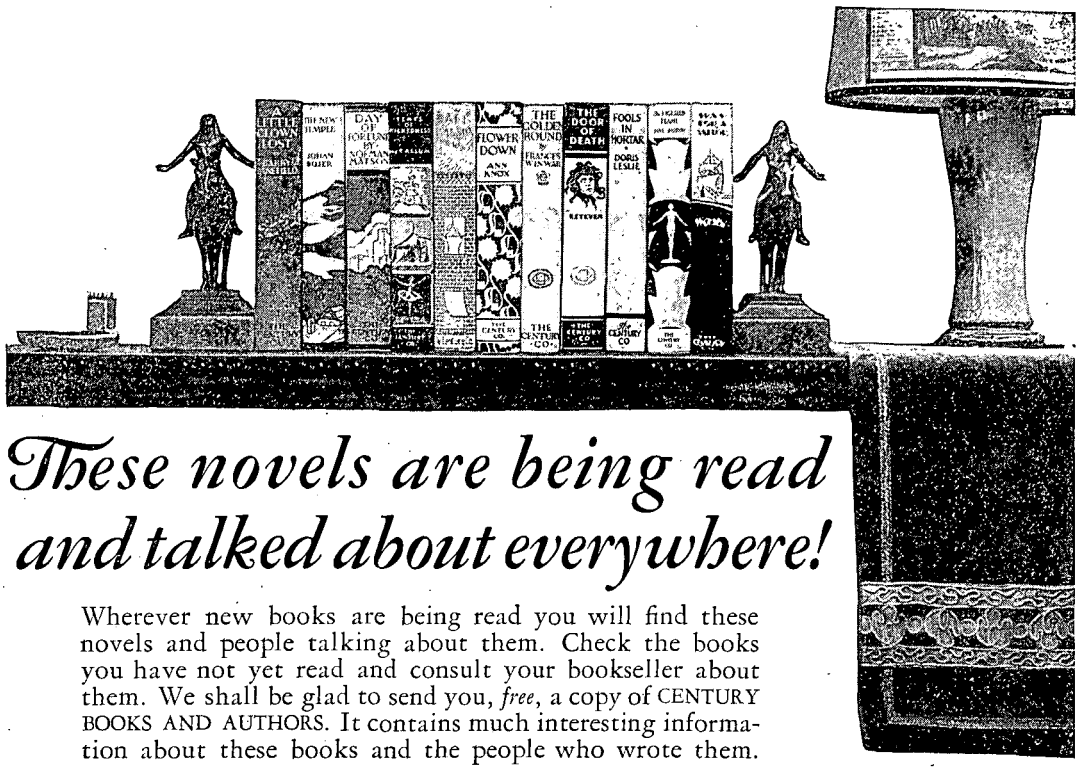
At the same time, Coacci, an Italian anarchist sentenced for deportation, is being sought by Federal authorities for jumping bail. The immigration officer, in company with the Chief of Police of Bridgewater, a town which had likewise suffered from bandit raids, finds Coacci at his home. Stewart, the chief of police, is suspicious of Coacci's desire to be sent away at once, but when he returns with another officer he discovers that Coacci has already been deported. But a man named Boda is found at the house in company with Sacco and Vanzetti. These two refuse to clear themselves, for fear other innocent men will be involved.

Cornelia and Betty hurry home from Italy to their aid.

Lee Swenson, a famous liberal lawyer, decides to take the defense. About this time Betty announces to Cornelia that she and Joe Randall—the young American investigator who has followed her from Italy to assist in the trial—have "married themselves".

The scene of activities moves from Plymouth to Dedham. By this time the trial is no longer a trial of two obscure Italians for pay-roll banditry and murder, but has assumed the aspect of a great world-case of manipulation and injustice toward two foreigners, not for murder, but for their politi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



These novels are being read and talked about everywhere!

Wherever new books are being read you will find these novels and people talking about them. Check the books you have not yet read and consult your bookseller about them. We shall be glad to send you, *free*, a copy of CENTURY BOOKS AND AUTHORS. It contains much interesting information about these books and the people who wrote them.

A LITTLE CLOWN LOST

By BARRY BENEFIELD

Author of THE CHICKEN-WAGON FAMILY, *etc.*

Benefield's great new novel: the beautiful and touching story of one little clown's love for a dreamer. *$2.00*

DAY OF FORTUNE

By NORMAN MATSON

One of the most conspicuously successful novels of the new season. Praised as "an odyssey of American youth." *$2.50*

BABE EVANSON

By CATHARINE BRODY

The odor, feeling, color and sound of Manhattan pervade this story of Babe Evanson's life and loves. *$2.50*

THE GOLDEN ROUND

By FRANCES WINWAR

Author of THE ARDENT FLAME, *etc.*

A passionate romance of thirteenth-century Italy charmingly written in the manner of Messer Boccaccio. *$2.00*

THE DOOR OF DEATH

By JOHN ESTEVEN

A really *different* mystery story, thrilling, terrifying and baffling. If you like mysteries here's one of the best. *$2.00*

THE NEW TEMPLE

By JOHAN BOJER

Author of THE GREAT HUNGER, *etc.*

Bojer's mighty sequel to his modern classic, *The Great Hunger*. A stimulating novel by one of the greatest writers of the day. *$2.50*

TENTS OF WICKEDNESS

By MELLA RUSSELL McCALLUM

A beautifully written story of the love of a puritanical farmer boy and a circus equestrienne. *$2.50*

FLOWERDOWN

By ANN KNOX

An English estate is bought by a wealthy American family, and a poignant tragedy of love results. A fine new novel. *$2.50*

FOOLS IN MORTAR

By DORIS LESLIE

Author of THE STARLING, *etc.*

From Sicily to Bohemian London winds the thread of love which gives such a strange start to a young girl's married life. *$2.00*

THE FIGURED FLAME

By JANE DARROW

The story of a girl sculptor's struggle to free herself from childhood inhibitions and live her true life. *$2.50*

353 Fourth Avenue · THE CENTURY CO. · *New York City*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The 'Readesk'

Pat. app. for

For Restful Reading

Can be used with equal facility in a deck chair, a hammock, a couch, or in bed. Invaluable for those who like to read in bed, and makes a splendid gift for convalescents and invalids.

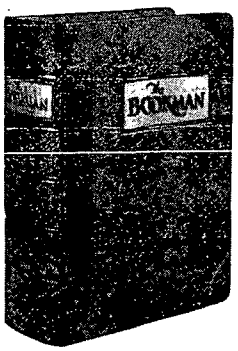
Beautifully finished in quartered oak and folds into small bulk. Greatly increases the joy of reading.

Price $8.75

Send for booklet to

THE READESK MFG. CO.

244 S. Hirst St., Philadelphia, Pa.



BIND THE BOOKMAN

Six copies of THE BOOKMAN—an entire volume—can be protected by The Bookman's special binder. The cost, $1.25, covers only the manufacturer's price and postage.

THE BOOKMAN 386 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

Please send me The Bookman Binder. I enclose check or money order for $1.25.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

cal beliefs. Men and women in all strata of society have become interested in the case; money has been raised in varying amounts in many quarters. Because of its conflicting aspects the defense is difficult to manage, and the prosecution seems undeniably to have the support and approval of the presiding judge, Webster Thayer. After a long drawn legal battle full of prosecution testimony which is obviously untrustworthy, and defense testimony which is minimized and ignored, Sacco and Vanzetti are found guilty and sentenced to death by electrocution.

Wood Pulp

August 24, 1928

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

Dear Sir:

I have read an article in THE BOOKMAN for August called "The Wood-pulp Racket", written by Mr. Henry Morton Robinson. In this article Mr. Robinson has specifically mentioned *Sea Stories*, a magazine edited by me. In view of this fact and in view of my general interest in certain attitudes assumed by many young literati, I should like to call your attention to several errors, exaggerations, and omissions in Mr. Robinson's article.

Mr. Robinson says: "Stylistically it's (meaning wood-pulp literature) awful; structurally it's carved out of unreality by the flat side of a venal typewriter. . . ." Mr. Robinson here has not been absolutely true in his judgment of the wood-pulp racket. Wood-pulp literature has about as good an average as any magazine literature published today or yesterday, when it's considered stylistically.

In the light of Mr. Robinson's remarks about style and quality it may interest you to have me quote a paragraph from a letter written by me to a possible author before I had seen or heard of Mr. Robinson's wood-pulp racket.

"Dear Mr. Blank:

"We try to get stories of romantic adventure either in home ports or in strange lands. In these stories there can be a tremendous amount of poetry such as you find in Joseph Conrad's 'Heart of Darkness', 'The End of the Tether' and such things. We are looking for stories with both action and poetry; sometimes we find them."

This, it seems to me, discredits in a small way Mr. Robinson's contempt for the type

(*Continued on page XXIV*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New VIKING Books

By the author of THE TIME OF MAN

JINGLING IN THE WIND

By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

A gay and mocking farce—the tale of Jeremy, the Rain-Maker, who journeys to a Convention, becomes a hero and encounters all sorts of strange people and sprightly adventures. Miss Roberts, author of *The Time of Man* and *My Heart and My Flesh*, has paused to look at the world in a moment of amused detachment. The result is a travesty of American life utterly different from the two novels with which she won her high place in American letters. $2.00

Arnold Bennett *says of*

NIGHTSEED

By H. A. MANHOOD

"He has a genuine, an appealing, a touching, sense of beauty, and his imaginative power is sometimes simply tremendous. Read the book. I guarantee that it will shake you out of the rut of indifference."

Sixteen powerful stories of beauty and horror by a remarkable new English writer. $2.50

SPY AND COUNTER-SPY

By RICHARD WILMER ROWAN

With all the excitement and fascination of a secret service mystery tale Mr. Rowan has shown the development of modern espionage. Crowded with new information and thrilling anecdotes, this is the story of the men and women spies of the world. $3.50

THE HAPPY MOUNTAIN

By MARISTAN CHAPMAN

This idyll of young love and adventure has won an audience of 60,000 readers and is being praised by Sherwood Anderson, Julia Peterkin, Robert Hillyer, Walter Prichard Eaton, Carl Van Doren, booksellers and critics throughout the country. "Don't be surprised", says Bruce Gould in *The New York Evening Post*, "if *The Happy Mountain* is our next Pulitzer Prize novel. We doubt if it will be possible to find another novel as stirring and beautiful as Mrs. Chapman's within the year." Chosen by the Literary Guild of America. $2.50

30 Irving Place · THE VIKING PRESS · *New York City*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Best Abridged Dictionary

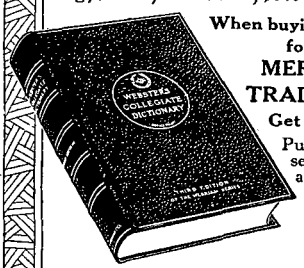
It is Based upon the "Supreme Authority" WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL

When you puzzle over the pronunciation, definition or derivation of a new word—over questions of geography, historic characters, grammar, spelling, punctuation, etc., use

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary

106,000 Vocabulary terms; dictionary of **Biography; Gazetteer;** rules of **punctuation;** use of **capitals, abbreviations, foreign phrases,** etc. 1,256 pages; 1,700 **illustrations.**

The thin-paper edition is especially handsome and convenient to handle. Art Canvas binding, $5.00; Fabrikoid, $6.00; Leather, $7.50.



When buying, Look for the MERRIAM TRADE-MARK

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

Get The Best

Purchase of your bookseller; or send order and remittance direct to us; or write for information. Free specimen pages if you mention this magazine.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

What do you do with your Spare Time? . . .

WOULD YOU LIKE TO EMPLOY IT PROFITABLY?

The Bookman, America's leading magazine of belles-lettres, offers to its readers the opportunity to turn their spare hours to profit.

A liberal commission and bonus arrangement enables our representatives to earn attractive incomes in a pleasant and dignified manner.

Only a few appointments will be made in each locality, so clip and mail the coupon below today.

The Bookman, Circulation Dept.
386 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without obligation, full details of your offer.

Name .....

Street .....

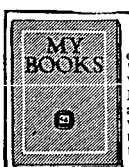
City .....*State* .....

of thing which my magazine, and, I am sure, quite a number of other popular fiction magazines, wish.

So many young writers, and young critics, and young editors have turned to the popular fiction field; have used that field both for support and for personal climbing; and, then have made every effort to cover their tracks in a moment of what they considered literary recognition. It appears to me that the editors of popular fiction magazines are much more given to the discovery and cultivation of new writers than are the editors of the so-called "quality" magazines. As for Mr. Robinson's statement that nothing but an insignificant list of great names can be found in connection with popular fiction, it is very short-sighted and inaccurate. I will

(*Continued on page XL*)

We Publish and Market
BOOKS OF THE UNUSUAL KIND
Those Having a Purpose
ESTIMATES FURNISHED
CATALOGUE MAILED ON REQUEST
AVONDALE PRESS
1941 BROADWAY Dept. F New York City



What is the *Best* Book on—Art, or perhaps Literature or Music? What important Fiction should I read? What books about Business, Sports or the Home are most useful? **"My Books"** answers these questions by listing the world's best books in every field. You need it to buy wisely. Write for your own copy TODAY. **FREE**

Magazine Subscriptions at Unusual Rate

N.Y. Publishing Co., Dept. 20K 25 Dominick St., New York

Outline of Man's Knowledge
by CLEMENT WOOD

A priceless and interestingly written book that contains all the vital facts that every informed man is expected to know about History, Science, Literature, Art, Religion, Philosophy.

700 Pages—$5 at all Booksellers (*By mail $5.12*)

Lewis Copeland Company, 119 W. 57th St., N. Y.

DEVELOP POWER
AT HOME

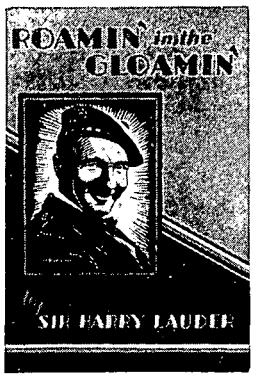
to *initiate, persevere, achieve;* carry on through life your education; earn credit toward a Bachelor degree, by using the 450 courses

The University of Chicago
Gives by Correspondence

Inquire, or check the advertisement to show desire and mail to 335 Ellis Hall, University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTEWORTHY LIPPINCOTT FALL BOOKS



The Most Original Autobiography in Years

HARRY LAUDER

the man who has made the world laugh writes the story of himself and his unparalleled career in

Roamin' in the Gloamin'

29 illustrations $3.50

"The Long-Expected Vindication of . . ."

JAMES THE SECOND

by

HILAIRE BELLOC

"A brilliant and challenging book. To the Whig historians of the past Mr. Belloc throws down the gauntlet; he does not challenge them on small points of detail, but in essentials; and there is a core of conviction and certitude in the book which provides a welcome contrast to the suspended judgments of 'official historians' "—*London Times*

Collotype Frontispiece and Map $4.00

HATE

By A. D. HOWDEN SMITH

Author of "Porto Bello Gold", etc.

The best and saltiest sea story since Cooper's "Two Admirals", portraying, through the character of a young American captain, the international excitement of 1812. $2.00

MULLEINS

By PHILIP GRIBBLE

A daring story of a life struggle against the crippling influence of timidity and false reserve. Mr. Gribble is dealing with a delicate subject, but he faces it boldly and frankly. $2.50

THE RIVER

By TRISTRAM TUPPER

Third Printing.

"A strange, beautiful story that follows the curve of an idealistic first love to a realistic conclusion."—*N.Y. Times.* "Rosalee stands just this side of Hardy's Eustacia Vye and Conrad's Dona Rita."—*N.Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

IN THE LINCOLN COUNTRY

By REXFORD NEWCOMB

No biography has ever given such life and vigor to Lincoln as do these "little journeys" to the places Lincoln knew and loved—the log cabin of his birth, the Rutledge Tavern, the State House at Springfield, etc. Step by step, day by day, we accompany him from the back woods to the White House.

43 illustrations. $3.50

THE ENGLISH BIBLE AND ITS STORY

By JAMES BAIKIE, D.D., F.R.A.S.

Through Protestantism and Romanism, through war and peace Dr. Baikie, one of England's greatest scholars, traces this stormy history, graphically sketching the background of each period, throwing into bold relief the men who championed the Book, the men who tried to stamp it out. 16 illustrations. $5.00

MYSTERIES OF HISTORY

By C. J. S. THOMPSON

An intriguing gallery of rogues whose rascalities stretch across the face of Europe. The poisoning of kings, the perpetration of secret murder, the tricks of charlatans—these true stories from the past rival the "spiciest" tales of fiction.

27 illustrations. $4.00

OLD SILVER OF EUROPE AND AMERICA, from Early Times to the Nineteenth Century

By E. ALFRED JONES, M.A.

This is the first book to give a comprehensive historical account of the old silver of these two countries. Mr. Jones has had access to valuable collections throughout Europe and America and he brings to bear a wealth of information gained through years of study and research. 96 illustrations. $8.50

LIPPINCOTT—PHILADELPHIA

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More or Less Personal

HEYWOOD BROUN
From "On Parade"
Copyright 1928, by Coward McCann

HEYWOOD BROUN, once fired for telling what was wrong with *The World*, is now about to tell what is wrong with *The Nation*. If that doesn't get him fired, he will continue to contribute his weekly page to *The Nation* during the coming year.

H. L. MENCKEN also has a little fault to find with America's largest and oldest liberal weekly. The whole devastating truth about *The Nation* will now be told—in *The Nation's* own columns.

THEODORE DREISER, Fannie Hurst, Edna Ferber, Zona Gale, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Glenn Frank, and Robert Frost are among others who will write for *The Nation* during the coming year.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE will be thoroughly considered in a series of articles scheduled for winter and spring. The decline of the family, the effect of divorce on children, the question of alimony and the barbarity of divorce procedure will be dealt with.

LATIN-AMERICA, its life, its art, its customs, as well as its politics, will receive special attention in the next twelve months. For early issues we have scheduled *New Music in South America* by Carlos Chavez, Director of the Mexican Symphony Orchestra, *Maya Ceremonies Practised Today* by S. K. Lothrop, Director of the Peabody Museum, *Women of Revolution* by Anita Brenner.

Fearless comment on what lies behind the reticence of the daily press will of course be *The Nation's* chief contribution to its readers during the coming year.

THE NATION 20 VESEY STREET NEW YORK

For the enclosed $5, please send The Nation for a year.

Name .....

Address .....

With *The Bookman* $7

$5 a year. Additional postage: Canadian 50c, Foreign $1 for each magazine

B-10-28

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INSIDE • STORIES • OF • PUBLISHING

Unexpected Success

☛ There is a queer story behind the extraordinary success of JOHN BROWN'S BODY, Stephen Vincent Benet's 100,000 word narrative poem of the Civil War. Benet had written several books of verse which were highly prized by a rather small number of discriminating readers. Then he began *John Brown's Body* against the advice of his friends, who told him he was wasting his time. The public would not read long poems, they said; and besides, nobody was interested in the Civil War. Benet, however, was writing neither for his friends nor for the public, but for himself; with the aid of a Fellowship awarded by the Guggenheim Foundation he went abroad and worked on his poem for two years. He completed it and sent it to his publishers, who warned him that while it was a magnificent piece of work it would probably have only a very small sale. Somewhat discouraged, Benet opened no more mail before sailing for home – in the second class cabin, for his money was almost all gone. Meanwhile his book had been published, and a bewildered poet was overwhelmed at the dock by a swarm of photographers and reporters. He found that he had become famous overnight; the Book of the Month Club had made John Brown's Body their August selection; critics had unlimbered their most powerful superlatives in reviewing it; enthusiasm among readers ran equally high; more than a thousand people a week were buying it; it had passed 50,000, passed 60,000, passed 70,000, and it is selling faster every day. The pessimistic friends were among the first to ask for autographed copies of the first edition, which they received properly and crushingly inscribed, and are now holding closely in spite of tempting bids from collectors.

☛ T. S. Stribling, who lives quietly in the Tennessee hills had a similar experience with *Teeftallow*, published two years ago. Everyone was afraid that *Teeftallow*, a bitterly true novel of the Tennessee backwoods, was too grim, too ironic, too realistic for large success – and then it sold 40,000 copies. Now we have just published Mr. Stribling's new novel, and this time we are confident of large sales. It is more than 400 pages long; its theme is perhaps the most important in America today – the conflict between the urban and the rural mind; it is called BRIGHT METAL. ($2.50)

☛ The wide range of public taste today is well illustrated by four of our books now on the best selling lists – JOHN BROWN'S BODY, mentioned above; WINTERSMOON, Hugh Walpole's novel of London society; THE AGE OF REASON, Philip Gibbs' hotly discussed story of the conflict between science and faith; and TWO FLIGHTS UP a love story with a dash of mystery by Mary Roberts Rinehart. No two of them are alike; what is the secret?

☛ As long, then, as the public remains the public, it is rash to predict which books will sell hugely and which won't. But if sales of these authors' past books are any index to the popularity of their excellent new ones, you will in the next few months hear a good deal of these: THE BABYONS, Clemence Dane's coldly brilliant story of four generations of a strange English family (4 vols., $5) . . . THE LADY OF STAINLESS RAIMENT, in which Mathilde Eiker, who wrote *Over the Boatside*, writes unconventionally of a conventional Southern girl ($2.50) . . . Don Marquis' new volume of mellow, merry tales, WHEN THE TURTLES SING ($2) . . . Three realistic stories of the A. E. F. by Leonard Nason, THE TOP KICK ($2) . . . The medieval romance Sir Philip Gibbs has praised so highly, HERE COMES AN OLD SAILOR, by Alfred Tressider Sheppard ($2).

For sale at Bookstores all over the country

Doubleday Doran
Garden City, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUDYARD KIPLING
reveals the gathered wisdom of his life in
A BOOK OF WORDS

New DOUBLEDAY DORAN Books

What would you give for a four-hour talk with the man who wrote *If* and *Soldiers Three*—to have Rudyard Kipling give you his rules for success—his helpful views on self-training, leadership, and culture? That's what you get in his new book. . . . *"I've wrung more salt water out of my mittens than you have ever sailed over, by Godfrey!"* said Cap'n George Fred Tilton to a sailor who riled him. Guess he had—he's nearly seventy now and his life was spent in the South Seas and the Arctic. He tells his own story. and it's like a page from Jack London or Melville . . .

A BOOK OF WORDS
by Rudyard Kipling $3

CAP'N GEORGE FRED
Told by Himself $4

H. G. WELLS
draws blue prints for a world revolution in
THE OPEN CONSPIRACY

"This is my religion," writes H. G. Wells of his new book, which he calls blue prints for a world revolution. "Everything else that I have ever been or done seems to have been contributory to these ideas and suggestions. Here is a scheme for human conduct." . . . More of a dandy than Brummell, more autocratic than Nash, the Earl of March out-gambled, out-drank, out-loved and out-lived his contemporaries. Lewis Melville tells his story . . . Dickens readers will be glad to hear that J. W. T. Ley has now completed the important task of annotating and completing the famous biography by Forster . . . Have you read Major Burnham's story? He is the great adventurer of modern times.

THE OPEN CONSPIRACY
by H. G. Wells $2

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS
by John Forster, Edited and Annotated by J. W. T. Ley $10

THE STAR OF PICCADILLY
by Lewis Melville $6

SCOUTING ON TWO CONTINENTS
by Major F. R. Burnham, D.S.O. Elicited and Arranged by Mary Nixon Everett.
Popular edition $2.50

LORD BEAVERBROOK
tells some amazing and unwelcome truths in
POLITICIANS AND THE WAR

The usually calm British public was thrown into an uproar by the revelations in Lord Beaverbrook's memoirs. "An immensely interesting addition to the political history of our times," said the London *Morning Post* . . . Further insight into English politics and policies is provided by Prime Minister Baldwin in his collected

DOUBLEDAY · DORAN
Garden City, New York

For sale at all book stores

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . of WIDE GENERAL INTEREST

speeches, just published here . . . It is extraordinary to find, in reading Mrs. Cecil Chesterton's *St. Teresa*, how modern a woman lived 400 years ago . . . The last of the King's Sergeants tells the story of Ireland in his time, her triumphs and downfalls, woes and successes.

OUR INHERITANCE
by Stanley Baldwin $2.50

ST. TERESA
by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton $2.50

POLITICIANS AND THE WAR
by Lord Beaverbrook $5

OLD IRELAND
by A. M. Sullivan, K.C. $5

STANLEY BALDWIN
speaks on topics of world import in
OUR INHERITANCE

False ideas, whether they be new or old, priggish or radical, have always been the target of the vigorous physician who wrote *The Doctor Looks at Literature* and *The Doctor Looks at Love and Life*. His new book is largely devoted to the problems of modern marriage and parenthood—a volume of really *practical psychology* . . . This fall sees the publication of two books important to all lovers of Joseph Conrad. One contains his letters to Richard Curle, afterwards his literary executor. The other contains Mr. Curle's beautifully written account of the last years of Conrad's life . . . This fall's Kitbag Travel volume is a guidebook to Switzerland which combines history, romance, and essential travel information.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT MARRIAGE AND MEDICINE
by Joseph Collins $3

CONRAD TO A FRIEND
150 Selected Letters from Joseph Conrad to Richard Curle $2.50

THE LAST TWELVE YEARS OF JOSEPH CONRAD
by Richard Curle $2.50

SWITZERLAND
by Arnold Lunn $2

STEWART EDWARD WHITE
points the way to success in
WHY BE A MUD-TURTLE?

"Are you a mud-turtle?" asks Stewart Edward White. A mud-turtle retreats from what he wants to escape—but a man licks it. How to conquer self—how to conquer life, is the subject of his new book . . . The untimely death of Dr. Stuart P. Sherman was a sad blow to American letters, for he was one of the most vigorous and inspiring of modern critics. Some of his best-known essays have now been collected into a volume of permanent value . . . Another book of immense literary significance is *The Hogarth Essays*, by Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, Rose Macaulay, Logan Pearsall Smith, Herbert Read and Gertrude Stein, shapers of modern letters . . . History rolls back thousands of years in Dr. W. C. Willoughby's experiences with a Bantu tribe in the African jungle.

WHY BE A MUD-TURTLE?
by Stewart Edward White $2.50

SHAPING MEN AND WOMEN
by Stuart P. Sherman $2.50

THE HOGARTH ESSAYS
$3

THE SOUL OF THE BANTU
by W. C. Willoughby $5

DR. JOSEPH COLLINS
talks practical psychology in
THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT MARRIAGE AND MEDICINE

MAJOR F. R. BURNHAM'S
life story is amazing and inspiring in
SCOUTING ON TWO CONTINENTS

DOUBLEDAY · DORAN
Garden City, New York

For sale at all book stores

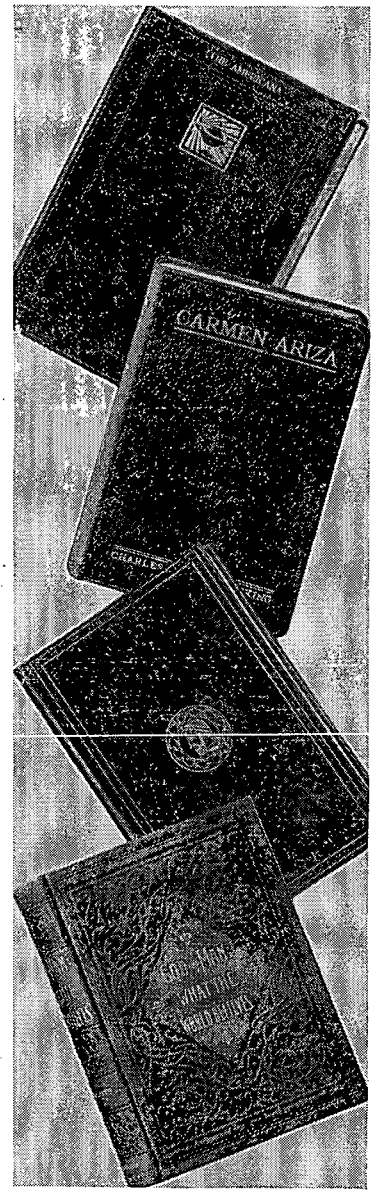
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good Books

are appreciated Now more than ever

TRASH literature has gone the way of trash book-binding and printing. Today people are buying books to keep — books that will become a worthy addition to the modern home library. As much thought is given to selection by appearance — cover quality, paper and typography — as there is to the contents.

The W. B. Conkey Company is one of the largest and most complete book-manufacturing plants in existence. The advantages of employing this half-century-old institution are obvious, and the workmanship of this company's product is such as to insure long book life. The Conkey Winged Horse imprint should be in the books you buy.



W. B. CONKEY CO.

Printers, Binders and Book Manufacturers

HAMMOND, INDIANA

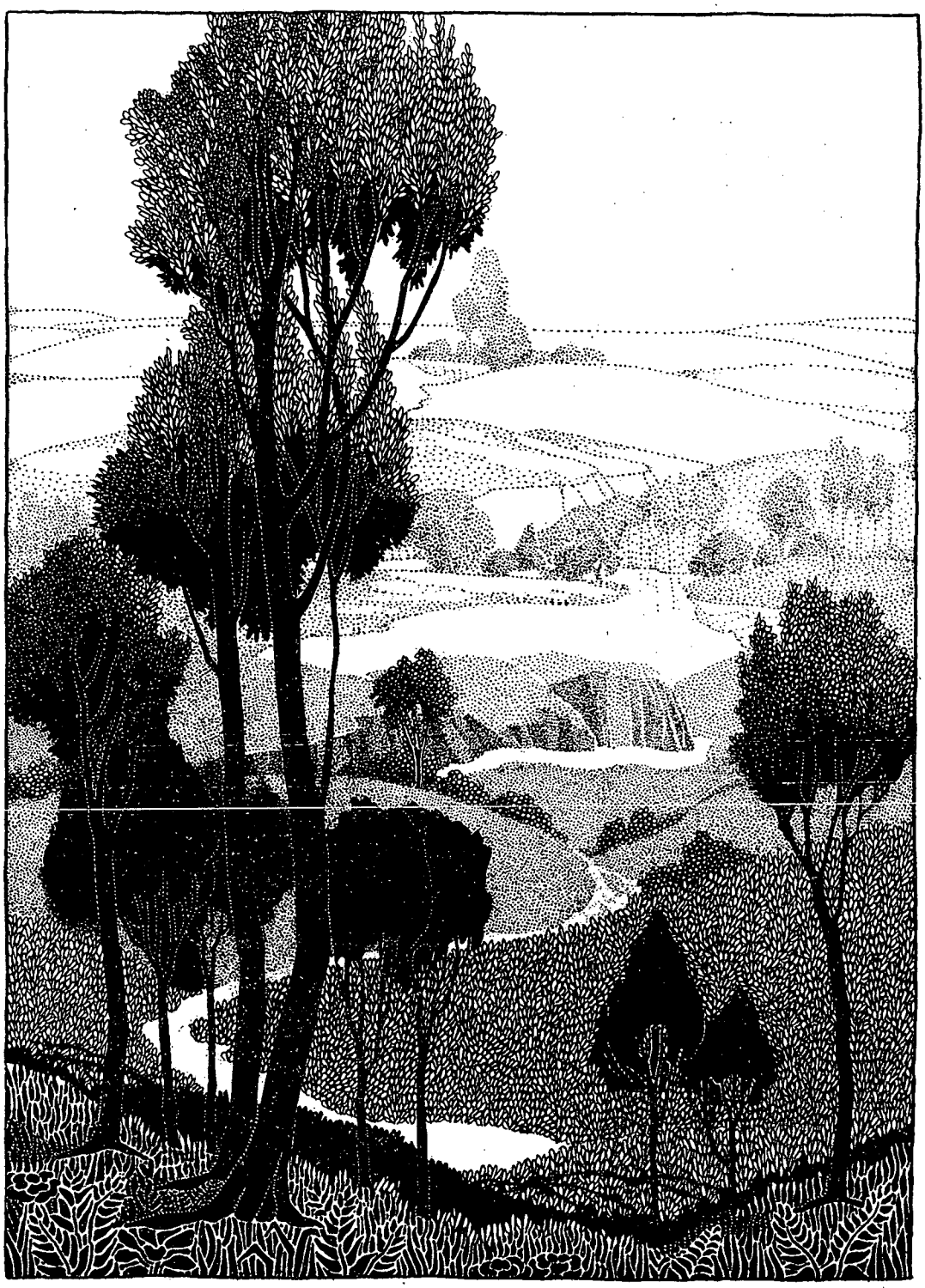
CHICAGO and NEW YORK

The Mark of Good Book-making Since 1877

CONKEY-MADE BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



By Jeannette C. Shirk

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OCTOBER, 1928 VOLUME LXVIII, NO. 2

The BOOKMAN

ALAIN-FOURNIER

By Havelock Ellis

IT is little more than a year since, moved by the praise of good French critics, I obtained *Le Grand Meaulnes* by Alain-Fournier, and was fascinated by its quality. But if I am a novice in the appreciation of this fifteen year old book, it may be added that even in France the growth of Alain-Fournier's reputation has been slow. A quiet story of rural life—as on the surface it seems to be—put forth by an unknown author on the eve of the most catastrophic episode of recent history, in which he himself perished, it was not likely to make much stir in men's minds. Acclaimed from the first by a few fine judges, like Péguy, Madame Rachilde, and Julien Benda, it was only by a slow process of penetration, when the war was well over, that *Le Grand Meaulnes* began to take the high place which at length it has won. Now, fifteen years after its first publication, there is no doubt about the reputation of this book in France and the neighboring countries sensitive to French influence. Thus Jaloux, perhaps the best critic of the modern novel, has repeatedly described *Le Grand Meaulnes* as one of the masterpieces of our time, and a chief source of inspiration to contemporary literature. In Belgium, where strains of temperament congenial to the spirit of Fournier may be found, the influence of this book on the new writers of to-day is pronounced; a delicate and mysterious work, bathed in so intimate and profound an illumination of silence, as one of their young writers puts it, that one almost dreads for it the noise of fame. *"Le Grand Meaulnes,"* the young Belgian novelist Thialet has written, "remains in my mind and my heart as at once the most beautiful memory of a whole epoch that no one has understood and the most impassioned hope for the novel of to-morrow." In Holland, a little more afield but again on a soil we can well believe congenial, Dirk Coster, a notable Dutch author of to-day, lately remarked to M. Frédéric Lefèvre in the course of an interview: "There is a beautiful novel—I do not know what you think of it in France but everyone knows it here—which I had the luck to read when it appeared, *Le Grand Meaulnes.* It is like a child's smile, like a ray of sunshine on the face of a child or a youth. This book of adolescence awakes in me the same impression as the paintings of Douanier Rousseau; it reveals the freshness of soul as of a child who, by some marvellous chance, possessed the power of expression of a man and of a great artist". Put in another way, we see in this book the work of a man, a great artist, who had still retained the vision of youth.

To-day we can for the first time come near to the elusive personality of Alain-Fournier. This is due to the recent publication, in four substantial volumes, of his intimate correspondence with his lifelong friend Jacques

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rivière, who later became editor of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, the most distinguished of French literary periodicals, and until his premature death was one of the most interesting figures in contemporary French letters. By the piety of Madame Isabelle Rivière, sister of one of the friends and wife of the other, the letters of both have been brought together and published, seemingly in full. It is a fascinating record of the development in character and experience of two sensitive youthful figures, one of them at least an exquisite artist, who stood at the center of the revolutionary change in the orientation of the French literary spirit which took place during the first decade of the present century.

II

Henri Fournier—to use the name by which he first comes before us—was born on October 3, 1886, at Chapelle-d'Angillon, a small place, to the north of Bourges in the Département of the Cher, on the border of Sologne, a land of marshes and ponds thinly populated under unhealthy conditions, but also a land of tender and delicate solitudes, with many a more or less decayed old mansion or château still marvellous and exquisite amid the wild scenery. We have to note these traits, for it was background predestined for the adventure of *Le Grand Meaulnes*, "the country of my dreams", wrote Fournier in later life of Nançay and the Sologne, "the country from which I am exiled". But it was more especially the still smaller village of Epineuil, at the extreme north of the Département, where his parents were for a long time the village teachers, that his childhood and boyhood were passed, leading the life of a little peasant. This region, in the center of France, the old province of Berry, is in its southern portion the literary land of George Sand. But Fournier was in the north of it, a region of different aspect, quieter, a land of alders, rushes, and reeds, in a horizon which, it has been said, recalls the miniatures in the old French Books of Hours with their delicate little pinnacles against the sky. It was the region which alone Fournier knew in early life and it made on him a profound impression. He loved it, but in some mysterious way, while far from the sea and from international routes, it was the background which favored the ardor of his adventurous spirit. We know how that flame was fed. At the beginning of July, every year, the books arrived which were later to be distributed as school prizes. These books Henri and Isabelle carried up to the attic to devour greedily beforehand. It was in this way probably that he first read *Robinson Crusoe*, a book that always meant much for him, though at first merely as a story of actual adventure; and this was the beginning of his attraction to England, which for him was the land of adventure. Naturally it was towards the ocean that his thoughts were directed (it was by no accident, as Pilon remarks, that Frantz de Galais belonged to a family of sailors) and at the age of thirteen he resolved to become a naval officer.

After a short period at school in Paris he went to Brest to prepare for this career. But here, although he had done well in mathematics, he seems to have found the work uncongenial and felt out of sympathy with his surroundings. He left Brest with regret, but with his adventurous temper unquenched, and throughout his work we catch subtle suggestions of ships and the sea.

It was from lack of anything better rather than from any immediate sense of vocation that Fournier turned from the sea to letters, thinking, no doubt, that all his early dreams had gone for nothing. It was not so. We do not understand Fournier unless we remember Bougainville, the great French navigator who found and fascinatingly described a Paradise in the Pacific, and unless we bear in mind the scheme of *Robinson Crusoe*, the great English epic which is the prototype—however remote it may seem—of the adventure of Meaulnes in Sologne, in the heart of France.

At the age of seventeen, then, in 1903, Henri Fournier went to a well-known Secondary School, the Lycée Lakanal, delightfully situated to the north of Paris, with the idea of preparing for the Ecole Normale Supérieure. Here his independent temper quickly manifested itself in revolt against various antiquated regulations and humiliating obligations; he placed himself at the head

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a group of rebels and circulated revolutionary petitions aimed at the scholastic officials. Jacques Rivière, who from Bordeaux had entered the Lycée at the same age and the same time and with the same object, observed his comrade's proceedings with interest, even with secret sympathy, but his own temperament was different and his character more timid. These dissemblances at first held them apart. But before long a revelation, which came to both at once, served to bring them together.

When we are young we do not immediately know where we shall hear those voices of our own time to which our virginal hearts will deeply and instinctively respond. They must come from figures of our own time, older than we are or they would not have found expression, but not old enough to have "arrived", so that we do not at once learn of their existence. Our teachers, as well as popular fame, thrust upon us the figures of the last generation, by whom they had themselves been inspired in youth, and these are, in general, precisely the figures to whom our instincts are most rebellious—though later we grow able to estimate them better—while the great figures of the past can only be genuinely understood when we have ourselves reached maturity. Young Fournier seems to have discovered nothing of literature or art at Epineuil, and at Lakanal the figures that came before him—Racine, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, even Flaubert—had nothing to say to his heart, for the great masters presented in a scholastic framework can scarcely make any strong appeal to the young mind. But one day a professor read to the class Henri de Régnier's *Tel qu'en Songe*. A new note struck both boys at once. They turned towards each other and from that moment were friends; "We came upon words," as Rivière later put it, "without even knowing before that such existed, chosen expressly for ourselves, words which not only caressed our sensibility but revealed us to ourselves. An unknown spot was touched in our souls; a harp we had not suspected within us awoke and replied." It was the process of religious "conversion" which so often occurs in youth. With Fournier—though he, too, was at one period touched by religion—the experience was decisive; he had, once and for all, found the path to his own Heaven.

Henri de Régnier is perhaps the most exquisite poet of the so-called Symbolist Movement which at that moment reached its full expression in French literature. It was natural that these two youths should respond harmoniously to the spirit of their own time. But it must not be concluded that Alain-Fournier (or Rivière either) is to be classed among the Symbolists. Symbolism was the porch through which Fournier entered to take possession of his own mysterious domain, but while echoes of the Symbolists' delicate music linger about that domain, it has a vigorous life of its own completely independent of the fashions of a movement which had in it much that was merely decorative and artificial and evanescent, though it opened a new home of the soul for the young poetic natures of the end of the last century. We are not surprised to find the youthful Fournier, who had not yet discovered Mallarmé or Verlaine or Rimbaud or even Baudelaire, reading with congenial enthusiasm Henri de Régnier and Maeterlinck and Viélé-Griffin, but more especially Laforgue and Jammes. These two really embodied aspects of his own temperament, and if at this time they may seem to have excited a certain degree of formative influence over him, while Rivière was at first carried away by Barrès, they were merely aiding him to discover his own path. In Laforgue he found a temperament closely allied to his own, tender, timid, proud, ironical ("ironical because wounded, and only on that account"). Physically, Rivière remarked, Fournier was far from being timid, but he had a deeper timidity of the spirit, in the sense that while he was strongly attracted to women he could not endure the idea of being disconcerted or ill-used, and required for the development of love the perfection of purity and innocence. In this way, as will happen to the idealist, he manifested the cruelty of those who demand more than life will yield. At this period of youth he formed a relationship, of quite innocent nature, with a student girl who became his companion on Sunday excursions and whom he tried to form to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the shape of his ideal. But he suffered from the limits she imposed to his imagination; he desired more sincerity, more openness, and her little feminine coquetries hurt him.

Francis Jammes was a rather later but still youthful influence; he appealed to Fournier on the naturalistic side, to that sensitive realism which was never submerged in his idealism. Fournier was enchanted by Jammes's close and fervid grip of Nature and the felicity with which he has sometimes been able to incarnate the very scent and color and shape of things in verse which, it has been said, "may sometimes be grasped like a pole and sometimes be crushed between the fingers like a sprig of mint", while Jammes's great maxim, "We do not separate art from life", was adopted by Fournier and carried to a point of exquisite perfection which Jammes never attained. It was at this time—while absorbing Gide and Claudel and Rimbaud and Ibsen—that Fournier began to seek after his own personal style in the art of writing. Now also, at the age of nineteen, he began occasionally to write verse, always in free form, and, while personal and genuine, hardly the utterance of a born poet. But it remains interesting to us precisely because it is personal and genuine. Some poems have been printed since his death and are important because they record (especially *A Travers les Etés,* one of the earliest) the precise germ of the future *Grand Meaulnes.*

One day (it was Ascension Week in 1905), Rivière narrates, while walking in Paris along the Cours-la-Reine, Fournier met a marvellously beautiful girl whom he was impelled to follow. He even succeeded by some lucky ruse in obtaining her name and address. The next time he saw her, although her air was extremely reserved, he approached and spoke. Strange to say, for she appears to have been of superior social class, he was favored with some words of response which led him to think he was not altogether disdained. He felt that this lovely apparition was exerting an effort over herself to say: "We must separate; we have been foolish". She left Paris; Fournier had the greatest difficulty in finding her traces. At last, in 1907, he learnt—on the very day after he had unexpectedly failed to pass his Ecole Normale examination—that, as he at once wrote briefly and in deep grief to tell his friend Rivière: "Mademoiselle de Q. was married last winter. What is now left to me, dear friend, but you?" That corollary was wrong. The great adventure of Alain-Fournier's life was indeed over. But Admiral Meaulnes had set forth to seek Yvonne de Galais, and a masterpiece of art was slowly growing beneath the surface.

The woman who incarnated for Fournier the essence of a mysterious domain which was hardly of this world (in his later letters he always refers to her as Yvonne de Galais) continued to live in his memory, though there were episodes in his life, we clearly discern, which left behind an oppressive burden later to be echoed in *Le Grand Meaulnes.* But the anniversary of the day on which he met the young girl in the Cours-la-Reine was a sacred season for Fournier. Later, the year before his death, he met her again, married and more inaccessible than ever, and wrote to Rivière: "That was really the only being in the world who could have given me peace and repose. It is now probable that I shall never achieve peace in this world".

We have gone a little ahead in the story of Fournier's life. Another significant event belonged to the year 1905. From childhood he had felt an attraction to things English; now he resolved to spend the summer holidays—from July to September—in London, and secured an easy post as French correspondent for a London merchant, into whose house he was admitted as a boarder on friendly terms. All the impressions of this episode are duly recorded in letters to Rivière. They are mainly favorable; indeed in many respects England and the English made an intimate appeal to the French youth.

When we read the detailed reports of his impressions we note a touch of critical amusement from time to time, but always mixed with sympathetic appreciation. He lived in the western suburb of Chiswick within easy reach of Kew Gardens and Richmond, and was delighted with the green freshness of England and the pleasant little villas, with white-curtained windows, each in its own garden, so unlike Paris. He quickly began

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to observe English girls, with whom he came in touch both at the office and in the house, and the impression they made on him was not altogether favorable. He seems to have felt that—"with their masculine gestures and noses in the air"—they were often incompletely aware of the fact that they were women and only concerned to be good comrades. They were too far away from the Frenchwoman, whom he describes as "unknown beneath her veil, silent and remote, shut up in her distant salon, and so femininely enwrapped in her dark dress". There are exquisite young girls in England, he remarks, but they become at once too comradely. He himself, on the other hand, seemed to them cold and reserved.

England, he said later, enlarged his vision of life. He studied a new national temperament. He learned to love Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Rossetti, and Morris. He grew seriously interested in painting. He was specially drawn to the Pre-Raphaelites. To-day there is a revulsion of feeling against that wrongly named movement, and it is no longer easy to realise the new revelation of beauty and naturalism which Burne-Jones and his fellow-workers brought to the youth of forty years ago, disgusted with the dead academic conventions of the epoch. For Fournier it was still new, and it embodied in painting something of the same union of realistic detail with dreamlike vision which he himself was already foreseeing in the novel. His favorite in contemporary French art at this time, Maurice Denis, may be said to have similar points of affinity. Fournier left England (in excellent reputation with his hosts) "with much tenderness of heart", for "in many points I resemble these English", and he carried away, not only the memory of exquisite countrysides, but a new confidence and serenity in the road he was himself to follow.

Next year Fournier settled in Paris with his grandmother and sister and attended as a day-pupil the upper courses at Louis-le-Grand. His aim was still the Ecole Normale. But when the day of examination arrived he was suffering with brain fatigue from the strain and he failed in the oral. The career he had aimed at was definitely closed to him.

In 1907, Fournier wrote and published in the *Grande Revue* (with a dedication to Maurice Denis) his first personal little essay in prose, though still a rather poetic prose, *Le Corps de la Femme*. With that indifference to "pure beauty" which Rivière said he hated in his friend, Fournier here revolted against the classic image of woman, the nude pagan idol which he associated with Taine and Louÿs and Gourmont, and celebrated a more modern ideal which had passed through centuries of Christianity, and emerged frail and tender, yet with something of the simplicity of the peasant and the fragrance of nightfall in spring, all the delicate essence of her body expressed in her garment. In 1907 also he began his two years of military service and endured the miseries, fatigues, and forced oppressive comradeships which that life brings to men of his temperament, emerging, however, at the end as a sub-lieutenant, and carrying away with him not only an enlarged knowledge of the France he loved (there are exquisite passages of description in his letters) but a precious familiarity with the lives of the men of the people, his comrades.

At one moment of discouragement Fournier proposed to go out to China to enter the Customs Service under Sir Robert Hart, and at another almost accepted a post in an English school at Margate. Through everything he became increasingly occupied in the absorption or the criticism of contemporary letters and art and music. At an early period he recognized that his own field was the novel, and he realized, with remarkable lucidity in self-judgment, the precise nature of the art he was bringing to the novel. That art was so natural to him that we cannot discern the moment at which *Le Grand Meaulnes* began to grow in his mind, though we may follow its development and modifications for five or six years before it was finally completed and published.

But a definite step in the growth of the book took place in 1910. He had not yet completely left Symbolism behind and was struggling with a method which he felt to be difficult and artificial. At this time he was much impressed by Marguerite Audoux's *Marie-Claire* and R. L. Stevenson's *Treas-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED.

ure Island; they gave him a new impetus towards a method he had already felt within him, and now he writes to Rivière: "In the end I have scrapped it all, for, one fine evening, I found my *road to Damascus.* I began to write simply, directly, as in my letters, in little tight voluptuous paragraphs, a simple story which might be my own. Now it goes by itself".

Alain-Fournier lived in the Observatory quarter of Paris in a quiet and isolated street recalling the streets of Bourges, and his room, we are told, was simple and neat and orderly. He might often be seen in the Luxembourg Gardens, a slender young man dressed in black, with a dark serious face and slight moustache, "the face of an imperious young prince", it has been called. Pilon says he recalled the figures described by Pater in his *Imaginary Portraits* when dealing with Watteau. "You could not see him without loving him," said Paul Fort. But Paul Fort had no intimate knowledge of the man he found so lovable; to come near to Fournier may well have been a difficult experience; his sensitive tenderness was not incompatible with hardness and violence. There was a certain awkwardness in him—even in his hands, we are told—and he lacked patience. "Only women who have loved me," he himself said, "know to what point I can be cruel. Because I want the whole. You see," he adds, "my hero Meaulnes!" And Valentine in the story, I may further add, was based on Fournier's personal experience. In a letter to his sister he narrates the episode with the real Jeanne B. whom he treated so badly. Fournier mentally prescribed to women as Rivière says, the angle at which they were to enter his life, and at the smallest lapse on their part he would overwhelm them with reproaches for their innocent failure to attain his ideal. The ideal demand, he himself remarks in 1907, which he would make of his wife, was "audacious initiative" blended with "superhuman tact".

He formed various literary relationships during the last years of his life, the most notable being with Péguy, whom he first met in 1910. Péguy, for all his obstinate temperament, was often influenced by Fournier and always ready to follow his advice. Fournier on his side found in Péguy the most congenial of contemporary writers. He felt a strong sympathy with his instinctive, child-like peasant's nature. Péguy was not without influence on *Le Grand Meaulnes* and, during Fournier's last years, seems to have been his nearest friend.

Over these last years we seem to feel a hovering obscurity. Rivière in after days reproached himself—though the reproach was unnecessary—with a neglect that led his friend to fall, we gather, into what Rivière regarded as evil courses and to come under disturbing influences. Amid episodes with women which brought him no satisfaction because, as he said, he had "once met an Antigone", we find Fournier still actively pursuing his aims in literature and with the promise of success. But often we only see him through an atmosphere of melancholy. He realizes that he has lost his childhood vision of the world and at times he is inclined to recover what he has lost by turning to religion. He obtains a copy of the Bible and is touched by incidents in the Gospels; he is deeply impressed by Dostoevski, especially by *The Idiot.* At one moment it even occurs to him that he would like to enter a religious order and seek new adventure as a missionary.

When the Great War broke out in the summer of 1914 Fournier happened to be in the south of France. Like others—like Rivière, also in the south and who chanced to be in the same army division—he was hurried among many hardships to the front, and found himself eventually in the Meuse, near Vaux-les-Palameix, at a later period of the war occupied by the Americans. Fournier's captain was an unintelligent man whose own idea, against the better judgment of his lieutenants, was: "Hunt out the Boches!" Fournier, "timid but fearless", for whom life was a "great game", never drew back. The inevitable end swiftly ensued. Fournier led a company; the captain was in command. On the 22d day of September at Saint-Rémy a vague figure was seen in the enemy's lines. The captain rushed forward, revolver in hand, followed by Fournier, but only by a small number of men. They were being led into an ambush on the edge of the wood.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Most of them were shot down. Fournier fell struck in the forehead, according to the only report that could be obtained, but his body was not recovered. Until the end of the war his friends cherished the hope that, like his friend Rivière, he had been imprisoned and conveyed to Germany. When after the war, Rivière came to search the ravaged and desolate ground for traces of his friend he found little memorials set up by the Germans—some "to a French hero"—but they were all of later date than Fournier's disappearance.

Five years earlier he had written in a letter: "I am seeking for the key to these escapes into desired lands—and perhaps it is Death, after all".

There are people to whom *Le Grand Meaulnes* seems a simple and insignificant story, just as there are people who inhale in vain the most exquisite fragrance of flowers, or, to keep within the sphere of art, find only trivial the music of Mozart which transports others beyond the earth. For, as Racine said, all creation is out of nothing. And while Jehovah on the seventh day beheld everything he had made as good, for an unseeing eye it may still have been chaos.

That is why it has seemed worth while to trace the career of Alain-Fournier with some care. It is worth while, that is, to give his possible reader the clue to the process of creation he achieved. Fournier disliked intellectual abstractions; he moved in the sphere of the intangible. Yet he was an acute critic with the most precise knowledge of the subtle course of his own mind. Although receptive to outside influences, he only admitted those that were akin to his own temperament. He knew from an early period his exact aim, and the exact equipment he possessed for attaining it, although he was not at first sure of the path by which it was to be reached. The letters written to Rivière from school days on to maturity —besides being one side of a most notable record of friendship—form a fascinating document of the sensitively self-conscious evolution of an original artist and are a real contribution to the psychology of art.

The posthumous volume of Fournier's fragments is entitled, in accordance with the headings of some of them, *Miracles*, and that title chances to indicate the nature of his work. In a supreme masterpiece of literature which describes and symbolizes what are called "miracles", it is told how the divine artist may turn simple water into wine, or make a little everyday bread suffice to feed a multitude. Such always is the miracle of the finest art, stupendous only in its simplicity. *Le Grand Meaulnes* holds us, not as a brilliant achievement of rural romance such as George Sand accomplished in the same region of France with *La Mare au Diable*, nor as a fantastic fairy-tale allegory such as Theodore Powys has presented superbly in *Mr. Weston's Good Wine*. Alain-Fournier put forth no magnificent effort. He remained true to his early maxim of the unity of life and art. It is possible to say that there is nothing in *Le Grand Meaulnes* from one end to the other but the trivial details of real life as its author had known life. Only they had fallen slowly from childhood on to a peculiarly sensitive and vibrant organism and when at last they were transformed into art a miracle was achieved and the water had become wine.

We realize the fidelity to his own life of the episodes and the atmosphere in Fournier's novel when we read the correspondence. Not only is he himself in the narrative all through, so that, as he once remarks, he hardly knew whether he was Meaulnes or young Seurel or Frantz or the writer of the book, but we may note how in the smallest details he seeks to come as close as he can to his own personal life. The place-names of the book are, with little or no change, those around his early home. So are the personal names; Fournier's father was Auguste, and Meaulnes, after some changes, was finally called Augustin; Uncle Florentin, with his large family and large shop, corresponds to the real Uncle Florent of Nançay ("the land of my dreams"), as described in Fournier's letters. The sounds and sights and odors that sank into the sensitive spirit of the real youth—all the traits of this remote and lonely spot of old France—live again transposed in the novel. Nor must we conclude that Alain-Fournier was merely a regional novelist. His outlook was too wide for this; his alert intelligence and emotional

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sensibility were equally alive in the totally different atmosphere of cities. He projected a novel in which he would do for Paris, his later home, what he was doing in *Le Grand* and even began several novels, and a fragment of one (*Colombe Blanchet*) has been published.

Rivière has somewhere remarked that it is not easy to describe the method of Fournier in words that might not equally apply to the method of Maeterlinck's early plays. The methods are, however, totally different. Maeterlinck's structures were of romantic material, heightened by the skilful use of silence, even (to use the phrase of Villiers) a *crescendo* of silences. Fournier's structure was severely realistic in every detail, and it was the interstices of the structure itself that were subtly interpenetrated with dream-life. Rivière, always a severe critic of his friend, told him in early life that he had too much "sensiblerie", that he was inclined to be sentimental, and to find everything "touching", too much in the vein of Dickens's *David Copperfield* and Goncourt's *Germinie Lacerteux*. That certainly was the danger for Fournier; but he was saved by his own acute self-criticism, in spite of his profound contempt of the intellect, and, above all, by his instinct as artist, for, as he himself replied to Rivière, "sensiblerie" could not come in where perfect art was attained. All his life he was haunted by dreams, but it was his good fortune to be instinctively aware that, as Paul Valéry has put it, "to tell one's dreams one must be infinitely awake". Fournier has been called the brother of Gérard de Nerval, and it is probably true that Nerval is the one figure in French literature with whom Fournier may be instructively compared. Gérard de Nerval was a fascinating and original dreamer, but there was this profound distinction: that he was never fully awake and his final suicide was the natural outcome not only of his life but of his art. Fournier himself found Gérard de Nerval's *Sylvie* rather conventional and artificial. But it must be remembered that Fournier in spite of his eager interest in all that books may yield, had a deep distrust of "literature", and felt that it was his own business as an artist to hold aloof from it. "Every effort to bend my thought to literature, ancient or modern, is vicious". While as to abstractions and formulas, "the formula must unroll itself as slowly as life". But this attitude involved neither an insensitiveness to what others were doing—that must already be clear—nor any egotistic concentration on himself. "The novel that I have carried in my head for three years," he wrote as early as 1905, "was at first only me, me, and me, but it has gradually been depersonalised and enlarged and is no longer the novel which everyone plans at eighteen." And, again in the same year, he explains that his aim in seeking to express tangible life in the form of a novel is to produce, not himself, but "the rich treasury of accumulated lives" he already held within him in the form of a moving "dream"—and such dream must embody everything in the vision of the people described which is not mere social or animal mechanism. With all his vivid sensibility to the subtlest facts of real life it was by his "dream" that Fournier was led, and that dream, as he explained, was at once the reality of the past and the desire of the future, since we are made of old memories, and impressions that are unconscious, so that Desire is Recollection. "Behind every moment of life," he wrote in 1907, "I seek the life of my Paradise; behind every landscape I feel the landscape of my Paradise. I am content." Or, as in another mood he puts it: "If I have been childish and weak and foolish, at least I have, at moments, had the strength in this infamous city to create *my life*, like a marvellous fairy-tale".

In every poet—in the heart of everyone who shares in the poet's spirit—there is a certain restless homesickness of the soul for which each seeks to find his own expression; Poe, for instance, in *To Helen*, Shelley over and over again, and once at least in the record of a personal experience, *Epipsychidion*. Alain-Fournier was similarly inspired by his own life, and if we seek in prose an expression of this nostalgia of the soul we can perhaps nowhere find it so well expressed as in his book, which may now be counted among the permanent human possessions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON TEACHING ENGLISH

By Atwood H. Townsend

TO study the plight of literature in this pluto-democracy of ours, we must first Survey the Situation, next Analyze its Origins, and finally Recommend a Remedy. In accordance with accepted precedents, we shall begin by viewing with alarm certain Statistics.

For instance, a recent *Publishers' Weekly* listed the book production of the leading nations. Now if we divide into these figures the population of the respective countries and suitably adjust the decimal point, we shall arrive at the number of books published annually per 10,000 population, which may be taken as a sort of literary I. Q., as follows:

Denmark	11.4
Latvia	9.5
Holland	9.0
Germany	5.2
Norway	4.7
Russia	3.9
France	3.8
Great Britain	3.0
Poland	2.1
Italy	1.4
Spain	1.4
United States	.86

Most of these nations owe us money, and yet they go right on publishing three and six and ten times as many books proportionately as we do. It doesn't seem right, does it?

With every dollar spent annually for books, the American public spends two for ice cream, three for rubber tires, four for silk goods, five for cigars and cigarettes, and seventeen for automobiles. It is a curious phenomenon that American civilization, the most prosperous the world has ever known, gives its love and its money to the manufacturers of cigarettes, sedans, cinemas, and pink silk pantalettes, instead of to the purveyors of food for our minds. Periclean Athens, Augustan Rome, Renaissance Italy, Elizabethan England, France of Louis XIV, Victorian England and other historical periods of great national prosperity have also been periods wherein great art and great literature were produced, appropriately appreciated, and lavishly rewarded; but Coolidgean United States puts its faith in Chevrolets, Chesterfields, and Coca-Cola.

Less than one-half of one percent of our population, it has been estimated, constitutes the entire book-buying public, counting in all consumers of trashy fiction, but excluding occasional purchasers of subscription sets peddled from door to door, books of etiquette, Bibles, and cook-books. W. E. Pearce, for many years manager of the book-store at Syracuse University, reports: "As a definite estimate I should say that three-fourths of the students come from non-book-reading homes". Note that—not merely non-book-*buying* but non-book-*reading*.

I shall try to show that our national illiteracy, at least so far as the reading of books is concerned, is primarily due to our professors of English Literature. First, however, we must recognize that certain other factors help to confer on the United States the lowest literary I. Q. of the nations of the world. For instance, the United States Post Office charges from seven to fourteen cents for delivering one pound of literature bound in book form. One pound of the same text published as a newspaper or a magazine will be delivered for a cent and a half. This postal idiosyncrasy and the growth of advertizing have effectively subsidized our periodicals, so that our low status in book publishing is somewhat counterbalanced by the fact that we lead the world in the production of magazines. Unfortunately the utter insignificance of most magazine "literature" is so obvious as to need no comment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The movies are blamed for almost everything, and no doubt they have somewhat lessened the demand for printed entertainment. A French observer suggests that the American custom of moving every couple of years discourages the accumulation of such heavy baggage as books. Efforts have been made toward reducing book costs, and hence widening distribution, through the use of paper covers in the continental style; but such efforts have not been successful. More important factors in the high cost of literature are the printers' unions, the juicy wages they exact, and the arbitrary restrictions they place on efficiency. In this they have been given aid and comfort by the protective tariff, since we are one of the very few nations to penalize intellectual free trade by an import tax on books. But all these hindrances to the distribution of literature—postal rates, the photoplay, moving-day, cloth bindings, the printers' unions, and the tariff—are petty in comparison to the prime difficulty: an educational system which trains its subjects to shun books.

Vachel Lindsay blames the bewhiskered portraits of aged poets found on school walls and in school books—Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson, and so on—for giving children the idea that literature is something ancient and dreary, the product of funny old fossils. Certainly our grammar schools do not inculcate the book-reading habit. Perhaps the teachers lack the time for it, the schedule being so crowded with lessons on spelling, grammar, arithmetic, sewing, geography, history, physical training, drawing, carpentry, civics, music, safety first, physics, cooking, nature study, and folk dancing. Perhaps the emphasis in the lower grades on technical details of spelling, pronunciation, grammar and punctuation, instead of on the thought-content or the pleasure-content of books, makes the usual reading lesson a bothersome bore instead of a fascinating venture. Perhaps the use as readers of artificial compilations of excerpts and short pieces, many of them traditional "classics" not spontaneously interesting to modern children, is a dubious preparation for the reading of books that are books. Perhaps the mechanical analysis of longer supplementary readings, through a systematized catechism of question and answer, sours the souls of the youngsters. Whatever the cause, the certain result is a taste for only that species of literature which clutters the average newsstand. However, the possibility of a brighter tomorrow is indicated in experiments being made by schools here and there to break away from the traditional routine of "Four score and seven years ago", "This is the forest primeval", "The stag at eve had drunk his fill", "Friends, Romans, countrymen", "We are lost, the captain shouted, as he staggered down the stairs", "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

In most high schools the literature courses are cramped by the straight-jacket of the College Entrance Board, with its petrified list of traditional texts: *Ivanhoe, Silas Marner, The Sketch Book, Macbeth, L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso, A Tale of Two Cities.* What might be the result if a revolution, preferably not too bloody, should put into the hands of high school students *Richard Carvel, Babbitt, The Gentle Grafter, Marco Millions, Spoon River Anthology,* and *Huckleberry Finn?* Pending such a frightful overthrow of sacred tradition, the teachers of some high schools snatch time out of the curriculum to acquaint their *protégés* with a few modern writers, but most of them are so harried by the necessity of preparing their students for standardized examinations that they have no time for explorations off the age-worn trail. And this preparing for examinations carries with it two sad corollaries: First, the study of the text is dragged over such a long period that the student is inevitably wearied by it; second, questions likely to be asked on the examination have to be so prepared for that all the life of the narrative is chopped into mince-meat. Long, long weeks are given to the analysis of such a swift-moving story as *A Tale of Two Cities,* and it is considered a serious breach of etiquette to read ahead and discover the tragic fate of Sidney Carton before the lesson assignment has reached the final chapter. The younger generation is more sinned against than sinning.

But the crux of the problem is not in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grammar schools nor in the high schools, but in the colleges, for two reasons: first, the standards and methods of the lower schools are largely patterned after those of the colleges, so that what is done to literature in the lower schools is only a pallid imitation of the atrocities perpetrated in the halls of higher learning. Second, the colleges supposedly produce the intelligentsia of the nation. It may possibly be true that appreciation of literature is an upper-class function. If so, then at least we should be able to expect that all college graduates would enter the world clutching a properly certified diploma in their hands and cherishing a warm fondness for literary masterpieces in their hearts. Such, alack, is not the case.

When the average collegian leaves his *alma mater*, he packs away his Shakespeare and his Thackeray in the same trunk with his football jersey and his ukulele. After he settles down to selling bonds, real estate, sealing wax, or socks, he reads only newspapers, trade journals and his bank book. The female of the species is more apt to retain bookish inclinations, but these far too often take the form of devouring sexy novels and haunting lectures by visiting English authors. The literary inoculations performed in colleges do not seem to take.

What is the matter with the colleges? Four things, it seems to me: compulsion, colonialism, traditionalism, and pedagogism. College courses are not designed to lead students to refreshing water, but to make them drink whether they will or no. English Departments, as their names suggest, have not yet signed the Declaration of Independence. They reverence a variety of ancestral delusions, and they are addicted to all sorts of unholy pedagogical practices, largely due to the extraordinary course of sprouts used to turn a human being into a Ph.D.

Resistance to compulsion is one of the basic human instincts. If you hold tight the arms of a four-weeks babe, he will struggle to free himself, getting red in the face and yowling. If you enact a law making the use of Pilsner, Haig and Haig, and Sauterne a criminal offense you secure all sorts of amusing results, but you do not get prohibition. If you force students to read specified classics, you can be sure that the majority of them will pass the examinations thereupon, but you can count even more surely on the fact that most of them will never be good customers for book-stores.

It is not hard to interest college freshmen in Defoe, Swift, Conrad, Wells, and Shaw, but it is like pulling teeth to get them to read Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, George Eliot, or Dickens, for the very good reason that these latter authors have been so effectively taught in high school that the freshmen never want to hear of them again.

Most college literature courses are based upon a list of specified required readings. Last year I gave such a course. This year, instead, I allowed the students to read whenever and whatever they liked, within the field of the course, with the following results: increase in quantity of material read, 117%; increase in value of discussions, 166%; increase in net knowledge residue, 253%; increase in student interest, 1492%. These are, of course, rough estimates.

The proverbial relations of the horse, the water, and the drink apply with equal validity to that balky mule sometimes known as a college student in his relations to the well of English undefiled. If we are ever to get rid of the compulsion neurosis in the study of literature, we must have libraries which are pleasant places for lounging and browsing instead of inhospitable research laboratories; we must have college book-stores which sell, not text-books solely, but also books; and we must have instructors who can get students to read without forcing them to it. Try to find them.

As for colonialism, so far as I know, the United States is the only important country which places the chief emphasis in its schools on the literature of a foreign nation. Big Bill Thompson had better look into this, and leave history alone.

The causes of our literary vassalage are various. Our forefathers were too busy conquering a continent to do much writing, and so naturally looked to Europe and especially to England for their reading matter. Throughout most of the nineteenth century the lack of international copyright permitted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American publishers to issue here, without the payment of any royalty, the best-sellers of England and the continent. This legalized piracy encouraged the widest destribution in American homes of English books, while the unfair competition kept down the profits and the fame of home-grown authors. Until recent years most American school readers, particularly that popular series edited by McGuffey, gave the lion's share of the space to the work of British writers. But more potent than any of these has been the influence of Harvard. "The true Bostonian always knelt in self-abasement before the majesty of English standards," wrote Henry Adams. Harvard still bows in reverence before the imperial majesty of English literature, and Harvard has been for years the most respected source of professors of English. A Ph.D. degree in English sanctified by the seal of Harvard is worth at least $125 a year more to its possessor than the same combination of letters from any other university whatsoever.

In most American colleges the literature of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland rules the roost, with American literature a sort of poor relation, usually given less attention than the study of French or German. Two or three generations ago this might have been excusable, but the time has come—in fact, it is decidedly overdue—to fling the Star Spangled Banner to the breeze and to shout for the shining stars in our own national literary firmament.

Such relatively unhonored prophets as Franklin, Paine, Melville, Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne, Poe, Whitman, Clemens, Howells, Hearn, Bierce, Crane, London, Lindsay, Sandburg, Churchill, Glasgow, Frank Norris, Phillips, Sinclair, Dreiser, Cabell, O'Neill may be poor weak things in comparison to Spenser, Milton, Addison, Pope, Johnson, Wordsworth, Lamb, Arnold, Pater, Meredith, and Dunsany, but at least they are our own. Sooner or later our colleges will wake to the realization that America has grown up, that we have a literature to be proud of. When that time comes American letters will lead the collegiate procession, followed by a meek and subdued sequence of French, German, Russian, British, Scandinavian, and Italian contingents, in the order named.

But meanwhile and for some years to come the teaching of the literature of Great Britain remains the chief medium for introducing the youth of the land to the republic of letters. Even this potentially delightful highway to the rich pleasures of a cultural life is made perilous by a complexity of hurdles, traps, and detours constructed by the professors.

Traditionalism serves most efficiently to make irksome the student's pilgrimage toward books. Chief among the hangovers from the dear, dead days are three pedagogical obsessions: the rhyme and rhythm obsession, the grave-yard obsession, and the Mrs. Grundy obsession. These we shall analyze a bit.

The rhyme and rhythm obsession is rooted in the archaic tradition that poetry is somehow more literary than prose. Homer found it easier to keep his stories straight when he made them up into jingles. Those who came after the blind poet followed him blindly. For numerous centuries English authors labored under the delusion that anything that rhymed was art and anything that didn't wasn't. But since 1700 or thereabouts prose has been coming into its own. The dying sun of poetry flared into a brief brilliance about the beginning of the last century, but thereafter most important work has been in prose.

This is a prosaic age. The modern reader grows up in an atmosphere of prose. Newspapers, magazines and books combine to feed him a thousand lines of prose to one of poetry. Only occasionally does he find a brief lyric tucked away in an odd corner of a magazine.

Now what are the universities doing in the face of these obvious facts? Mostly their literature courses turn their backs on actualities, kowtow to tradition, and cling to rhyme and rhythm as the shibboleth of what is worth studying. Prose is allowed in by the back door for incidental discussions, but it is poetry that chiefly delighteth the heart of the professor and putteth the student to sleep. For instance, one of the standard volumes of selections for use in English

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature courses has 61% of its pages dedicated to the syllable-counters and only 39% to those who expressed themselves naturally. It devotes eighteen pages to Rossetti and twenty-one to Swinburne, but only four each to Wells and Conrad. It includes poems by Morris, Meredith, and Kipling, but none of their prose. It consecrates fifty-four pages to Elizabethan and seventeenth century lyrics, but refuses to yield the space for a single modern short story. This particular collection is no worse than the average of its class. It merely typifies the rhyme and rhythm complex of the pedagogue.

Perhaps a saner plan for the professors would be to snare the students' interest first with novels and tales such as they are used to, and to introduce poetry incidentally and absent-mindedly, as it were. It is possible that if undergraduates were led casually to stumble upon a few vivid products of the poetic imagination, some of them would be impelled to seek out for themselves other such curious gems of word-music. It is certain that the present system impels to the seeking out of nothing above the level of Irving Berlin.

Another time-rotted tradition that deserves a decent burial is the grave-yard obsession, the notion that because a thing was great, or thought to be great, a century or two ago it must still be discussed at length in all histories of literature. The universities go on forever; meanwhile changing conditions have rendered meaningless books that in their day may have merited the highest praise. Other things being equal, the importance and interest of a book to a modern reader is in direct proportion to its chronological and geographical nearness.

Anything that must have footnotes to be understood has given up the ghost. It may still fascinate the special student, but it is not even caviar to the general. For instance, why should Dryden's satires on the political and religious squabbles of his day have any greater claim to the title of literature than the platitudes of Arthur Brisbane or the wisecracks of Will Rogers? Why must sophomores endeavor to discover and fix in their minds, in preparation for the final examinations, the meaning of the allegory in "The Faerie Queene", when the evidence is that Spenser did not know what he meant himself? Footnote literature is grave-yard literature.

The standard lists of accepted classics need thorough overhauling. Regardless of ancient notoriety, only those works should be retained which are of value to the normally intelligent and educated individual of this generation. If the modern reader can get the thrill of human character in action, a genuine emotional experience, a stimulating idea out of a book, then it deserves to be kept in print. If you or I read it only because we have to, or because we think we ought to (which amounts to the same thing), then the sooner it is entombed in research libraries the better for the peace of mind and the genuine literary culture of the college man and woman. Particularly prompt and thorough burial should be given to those specialized literary formulae that came and went with the changing periods, and that are the particular pets of the pedagogues: the Elizabethan sonnet sequences, the artificial epics and heroic poems, including Milton's *chef d'œuvre*, and the neo-classic play with its three unities.

Another hallowed tradition is the tendency to place excessive emphasis on the first writer to exploit a new field or a new formula. Beginning at the top of the list, to what extent is the fame of Shakespeare due to the fact that he happened to be the first man of genius to realize the possibilities of the newly developed drama?

When we think of the periodical essay we think of Addison and Steele, who were indeed the originators of the type. But they had imitators by the hundred who wrote essays totalling up into the tens or hundreds of thousands. Is it not conceivable that in all this mass some may have equalled or surpassed the pioneers, in intrinsic merit if not in fame? What placed Spenser on his private pedestal, if not the fact that he was the first to reveal the music latent in the English tongue? Possibly there are dozens of living writers producing novels which, compared to those of Thackerary, are as humanly realistic, better constructed, and considerably more interesting to modern

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

readers. Possibly Walter Scott has been beaten at his own game by Stanley Weyman, Zane Grey, Robert W. Chambers, Mary Johnston, Rafael Sabatini, and G. A. Henty. But these speculations are dangerous. They parallel such bolshevistic notions as that Betsy Ross did not make the first American flag, that prohibition is not a great success, that Calvin Coolidge is not personally responsible for the present prosperity of the United States. Let us no longer challenge the very foundations of our republic, our religion, and our English Literature textbooks.

One of the most pernicious of the hangovers of tradition is the Mrs. Grundy obsession, which shuns sin and sex and gives the benefit of the doubt to old time religion and conservative politics. Most histories of American literature treat respectfully the theological metaphysics of Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards, but pass hurriedly by Thomas Paine's *Common Sense* and *Age of Reason,* which are at least as important and much more readable. The elemental force of Swift is deprecated as "violent and revoltingly cruel" or "coarse and indecent", while the pleasant trivialities of Addison are dubbed "gentlemanly, tolerant, and urbane". The radical ideals of Burns, Shelley, and Byron are pedagogically regarded as regrettable discords in what should have been the pure melody of pretty verses free from the annoyance of minority opinions.

The chief beneficiary of fundamentalism in literature is Milton. *Paradise Lost,* when originally published, took three years to sell out its first edition of thirteen hundred copies. It has never been generally read or genuinely popular. And yet, chiefly because of this volume of Puritan propaganda, Milton is conventionally accepted as second only to Shakespeare. But can *Paradise Lost* be justly kept on the list of immortal literature when it has always lacked the spontaneous lure of readability, when we moderns can bore through it only under the compulsion of a required reading assignment, or perhaps of a sense of duty?

The Mrs. Grundy obsession zealously guards the youth of the land against contact with sin and sex. Of the various literary types contained within the *Canterbury Tales* the bawdy *fabliaux* lead all the rest in number, but instructors discreetly pass these by for the safer *Nonne Prestes Tale.* How many college courses dare include *Tom Jones* in a list of readings? For years the bad repute of Poe and Whitman caused their works to be shelved in this decorous country until Europe told us that they were great artists.

The modern age demands facts. On the lower levels it craves picture papers and true confession magazines. The upper-crust turns more and more to realistic fiction, factual biographies, and informative books of various types. Censorship by Nice Nellies has resulted in the revolt of modern youth. Victorian prudery is a dead duck, whose ghost lingers only in secluded corners like Departments of English.

Compulsion, colonialism, and traditionalism do their respective bits to teach the young idea how to shun books, but perhaps even more malignantly effective are certain peculiar penchants of pedagogism:—the pseudo-science habit, the anatomy-lesson habit, and the cross-word puzzle habit. All of these pedagogical perversions are essentially vicious, for they treat literature from the viewpoint of the professor rather than in the interest of the student.

The pseudo-science habit is the result of the futile attempt to reduce the art of literature to the level of a mechanical science. It means historical sequences, names, dates, schools, sources, periods, correlations, influences, statistical analyses, all sorts of things which mean everything to the true pedagogue and nothing to anybody else. Of course the archbishop of this dogma was M. Taine, with his entirely logical and quite silly attempt to define the creative urge of the artist in terms of a mathematical formula. What does it matter whether Dickens was influenced by Fielding or Cervantes or George III? What counts is that *Pickwick* sparkles with the heady wine of vivid human nature vividly portrayed.

No human being in his right senses ever voluntarily started a reading program with King Alfred and labored straight through a conscientious chronology to Alfred Noyes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It simply is not done, except in college courses. The evolution of literature, if it is to be taught at all, should be included as an integral part of the history of civilization. There might be a decided gain in eliminating from the conventional historical summary a few battles and treaties, and inserting in place therof comments on dramas, romances, and sonnets. This would leave the English professors free to teach literature as such, instead of facts about literature.

Generalizations upon literature should come, if at all, only after the student has read, primarily for his own pleasure, most of the works that are most worth while. With our present sorry scheme of things, the average sophomore has poured into his cranium a ready-made analysis of the Neo-Classic Period before he has read Dryden, Addison, or Pope outside of required readings. What does it profit a man that he be able to present at least a 70% response to the demand: "Give a historical account of the rise of the lyric during the eighteenth century"? Why should not all historical outlines of literature be allowed to gather dust on the reference shelves, between the *Statesman's Year Book* and *Bartlett's Quotations*? Then the soul of the undergraduate would no longer be tethered to chronology but would be free to adventure at random among masterpieces.

One amusing result of the historical obsession is the Beowulf situation. The pedagogues gazed about them and observed with melancholy that every self-respecting literature, except the English, had an epic or two to start off its history with a bang. And so the recent generations of text-book writers by common consent have dragged in *Beowulf* to provide the desired sort of flying start. This despite the undeniable fact that *Beowulf* is a mixture of Swedish and Danish history, pagan fairy stories, and Roman theology; is written in a Saxon dialect which is scarcely as near to modern English as Cicero's Latin is to Poincaré's French; and has about as much to do with England as a Czechoslovakian version of *Æsop's Fables*.

The anatomy lesson habit is the most revolting of the pedagogical vices. A botanist may delight in pulling a fragrant and colorful rose into a dozen pieces and labelling stamen, pistil, corolla, and so forth, with the appropriate terminology, but for you and me and the average man that rose, under these other names, no longer smells as sweet. A first reading of *The Eve of St. Agnes*—or a second, or third, or fifty-seventh, for that matter—ought to be a delight to the soul. A scientific analysis of the same poem—relationship to the Romantic movement, influence of the Gothic novels, sources in medieval legend, use of the Spenserian stanza with its complicated nine-line rhyme system—has the certain effect of creating in the normal undergraduate a life-long aversion to Keats and all his works.

Naturally I recognize the right of the specialist to perform whatever technical operations he finds necessary in his investigations, but I should protest if an ardent physiologist attempted to vivisect my pet canary on my breakfast table. If there be those who find pleasure in reducing Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* to a hash of Plutarch, Marlowe, and political propaganda, let them perform their ghastly surgery in the seclusion of laboratory or library, not in public where it may turn the stomachs of youthful students who might otherwise relish living in imagination with the noblest Roman of them all.

Finally, there is the cross-word puzzle habit, the pedagogical belief that whatever is simple and clear cannot possibly be great and that whatever is obscure and symbolic deserves the most careful study. There is a quite practical reason for this. If students were allowed to get the notion that they could understand literature without guidance, what would happen to the jobs of the English profs?

Once a student has read through a ballad by Kipling he knows as much about it as the instructor. But Browning! Ah, just think of the perplexities of Browning! And so the pedagogue ranks Browning above Kipling and all other poets who do not provide enough puzzles for the teacher to expound. Again, the verbal gymnastics of George Meredith and Henry James automatically endow them with higher ranking than that of novelists who wrote normal prose.

One serious result of this puzzle expounding is the historical disproportion of litera-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture courses. Even an undergraduate can understand without assistance most of the good work that has been produced by the past generation or two. Therefore the pedagogue focusses his courses on the ancient writers that require explanation, historical background, and all that wearisome machinery. A more sensible plan would be to give half the time to the twentieth century, one-quarter to the nineteenth, and one-eighth to the eighteenth, and so on back in accordance with geometric progression. This system would allow just one minute and thirty-seven seconds for classroom discussion of Beowulf and his playmates, which is plenty.

Compulsion, colonialism, traditionalism, and pedagogism are the four horsemen which trample underfoot the budding literary tastes of undergraduates. And this situation, it should be pointed out, is an important Moral Problem, imperatively demanding Reform. The increasing distribution of wealth, the shortening of working hours, the new freedom of women and of young people all combine to create a greatly increased demand for leisure time entertainment. At present the American public seems to be obsessed by sport, sex, and drink. If its pleasure-hunger is ever to be sublimated and turned toward art and literature, a radical operation must be performed on our Departments of English. The modernization and humanization of the teaching of literature would materially lessen the menaces of prize-fights, gin, and companionate marriage. Probably it would also reduce the crime wave, solve the problem of farm relief, and provide a means for the disposal of safety-razor blades. We might try it.

Now it may be objected that such a revolution would require an entirely new set of English teachers, and thus would destroy the sacred vested rights of the present incumbents. Therefore I propose that all English professors be subjected to specially contrived psychological examinations. Those who revealed themselves as essentially human in spite of their Ph.D. degrees would be released, after being warned to go and sin no more. But all confirmed Ph.D.'s would be inexorably exiled—say to some pleasant southern isle such as Bermuda or one of the Bahamas. There libraries would be provided, and there they could live out their lives quite harmlessly, publishing articles in scholarly journals for each other. But the sexes would have to be segregated; otherwise the breed might perpetuate itself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THREE POEMS

By Carl Sandburg

Cheap Blue

Hill blue among the leaves in summer,
Hill blue among the branches in winter—
Light sea blue at the sand beaches in winter,
Deep sea blue in the deep deep waters—
Prairie blue, mountain blue—
Who can pick a pocketful of these blues,
a handkerchief of these blues,
And go walking, talking, walking as though
God gave them a lot of loose change
For spending money, to throw at the birds,
To flip into the tin cups of blind men?

Is God, Too, Lonely

When God scooped up a handful of dust,
And spit on it, and molded the shape of man,
And blew a breath into it and told it to walk—
That was a great day.

And did God do this because he was lonely?
Did God say to Himself he must have company
And therefore he would make man to walk the earth
And set apart churches for speech and song with God?

These are questions.
They are scrawled in old caves.
They are painted in tall cathedrals.
There are men and women so lonely they believe
God, too, is lonely.

We Have Gone Through Great Rooms Together

And when on the dark steel came the roads
Of a milky mist, and a spray of stars,
Bunches and squares and a spatter of stars,
We counted stars, one by one, a million and a million.
And we remembered those stars as fishermen remember fish,
As bees remember clover blossoms, as crops remember rains.
And these were rooms too; we can so reckon.
We can always say we have gone through great rooms together.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE READING OF THE CANDIDATES

The Bookman presents below a study of the literary interests of the three candidates for the Presidency. Each article has been prepared by a man who has long been a friend of the candidate he writes about and who has been actively connected with his work in recent years.

Herbert Hoover

By William Hard

IT IS one of Mrs. Hoover's steadiest daily duties to try to keep the reading shelf beside Mr. Hoover's bed full of books. He does his general reading at night. He sleeps only between five and six hours nightly. He sleeps in two "takes"—one at the fairly early start of the night and one toward dawn. In the interval between the two "takes"—that is, from about two o'clock to about five o'clock—he has a splendid convivial party all by himself. He gets lemonade; he gets apples; he gets other fruits out of the California fruit baskets that are always handy in his house; and he reaches for books.

Mrs. Hoover undertakes to have them there. To that end she frequents old Washington book shops and ransacks the Congressional Library and reads numerous literary magazines and book sections of newspapers. She has a normal need of sleep and cannot keep ahead of her husband reading books; but she tries to keep ahead of him reading the book reviews.

He reads by subjects rather than by authors. He takes a fit of interest in Egypt or in Central Asia. He thereupon wants all the most authoritative books on Egypt or on Central Asia gathered in a line or in a heap at his bedside.

He happened to pursue his passion for Egypt for some four or five months. During that time he rambled or galloped over virtually all of the leading works on Egyptian history and civilization. Then the desire to spend his nights with the Pharaohs left him and has never again with any fervency returned.

He was smitten once with a severe thirst for information about Genghis Khan. Nothing would satisfy him then but all the Genghis Khan literature extant. He devoured or swallowed it and became incidentally quite learned about Tartar settlements in Afghanistan. Suddenly he wholly abandoned Central Asia for something else.

In his younger years he for a long time gave his nocturnal reading hours to tales of travel. He became intimately familiar with the Asiatic journeying of Marco Polo. He read thousands upon thousands of pages of the explorations of English sailors as embodied in the publications of the Hakluyt Society. In fact it is said that Mrs. Hoover formed the view that her husband was the one complete consuming recipient of the Hakluyt Society's colossal reprinting endeavors.

In later years Mr. Hoover has transferred his interest considerably from history and travel to biographies or autobiographies of contemporary or recent statesmen. Of such books, since he has been a member of the American cabinet, he has run through hundreds.

He reads with immense rapidity; acquires few favorite authors; has little concern about bindings or "editions"; reads for information; and, if he has any final abiding favorite theme, finds it in the labors of George Washington and Alexander Hamilton in the laying of the foundations of American practical political and economic life.

Not long ago in a second-hand book shop in Washington, Mr. Hoover found a work entitled *Commerce of the United States in 1802 and 1803,* in some sixteen volumes. This, with its side lights on the results of Hamilton's policies, fascinated Mr. Hoover for several nights.

Mr. Hoover has also caused to be con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

veyed to his night-time notice great sheaves of unpublished George Washington papers from the Congressional Library and other sources of unedited materials. Mr. Hoover likes to "slosh about" in the "original data" of his subjects. His subjects thrill him. Then, if they make him too wide-awake, and if he feels that he really ought to get back to sleep again, he seeks a sedative. The sedative is murder mysteries. Of these he reads—it seems to his secretary, who has to get them for him—myriads.

Satiated with murders, he falls asleep, and in two and a half hours or three is out of bed again for breakfast and for another day of Government and Administration, and of no reading outside the offerings of his office desk.

By day he confines himself to his own activities. By night he roams the activities of others, present and past.

Alfred E. Smith

By Henry Moskowitz

Governor Smith reads more with his ears than with his eyes. He is one of the most eloquent listeners I have ever met and he has the rare gift of getting at the meat of what you say to him in incredibly quick time.

But the Governor has decided reading habits. He reads the newspapers, of course. They are a part of his daily breakfast. He follows not only the friendly press but he scrutinizes carefully the opposition papers. The Governor is very unconventional about his attitude toward newspapers. He doesn't hesitate to "debate" (he loves that word) with them and sometimes he visits a newspaper without notice and asks to see the man who wrote a particular piece about him. He makes a clear distinction between legitimate difference of opinion and unfair personal attack not based on facts. One of these visits resulted in an intimate friendship which lasted until Frank Munsey died.

Newspapers are not his chief mental pabulum. He gets his intellectual "kicks" out of reading bills, reports and public documents. These constitute his detective stories and his novels. He reads a law with a practised clinical eye and can detect the jokers with ease. He reads reports with the same rapt attention. He loves to manipulate figures and finds them at times quite exciting.

The Governor got this reading habit early in his legislative career when he was on the Ways and Means Committee. He was one of the very few legislators who actually studied the three hundred page appropriation bill and did not use the thin pages for shaving paper in the morning like so many of his colleagues. He has a statistical imagination which can see a whole human story behind an item in an appropriation bill. He has often displayed this reading habit much to the discomfiture of his political opponents.

So that while Governor Smith is not "bookish" he reads his stuff with a fresh unencumbered mind which cuts into the essentials presented.

Sad tales do not interest him. He gets his Katharsis from the actual tragedies in human life. There is enough sadness in life without having to read about it, is his point of view. He loves comedy and the light touch in literature, in the drama and the movies.

He loves orations. As a school-boy he won the oratory prize in the competition among the Parochial schools of New York City on the Death of Robespierre. He is familiar with some of the classic orations he learnt in his boyhood. Among his favorite modern orators he puts Bourke Cockran in the front rank. He can quote pages of Cockran's arabesque prose, imitating his delicious Irish brogue and intonation.

His tastes run to the romantic and the wholesome in the drama, and in the movies he has a naïve appreciation of the comic. He is fond of Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and even the cross-eyed comedians.

The Governor has an instinct for the right word. His literary sense is highly developed. He is one of the deadliest phrase makers on the stump. When in the Gubernatorial campaign of 1926 he was informed that Hearst was supporting his opponent,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ogden Mills, he said, "Hearst has given Mills the kiss of death". That sentence was devastating and illustrates his power of using crushing words.

Smith's writing reflects the vigor, the simplicity and the clearness of thought of the man. In his case we can well say: "The style is the man".

Norman Thomas

By Benjamin Stolberg

If it is not it ought to be an open secret that Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for president, does not expect to move into the White House; not next March. In the very nature of our political circumstances, the Socialist party, especially in a presidential year, is more of an intensified forum in social politics than a party of political action. This year, for the first time in its history, its candidate is really equipped for his educational task. The late perennial Socialist candidate Eugene V. Debs was as untutored as he was saintly.

It is impossible to tell bibliographically what Norman Thomas reads for the same reason that it is impossible to tell what Charles A. Beard or Wesley Mitchell read. They read everything that went and goes into the making of our social culture and polity. In this sense Mr. Thomas reminds one of the European intellectual politician, such as Clemenceau or Heriot, Stresemann, MacDonald, Trotzky.

Let me illustrate. To Norman Thomas the name of Thomas Jefferson is not a totem for demagogic excitation. Jefferson, to him, is a symbol for the association of certain political and social ideas. There is, for one thing, the American career of the Jeffersonian idea and Democracy, beginning with its classic expression by Jefferson up to its final deterioration in the affected speeches of Woodrow Wilson. I know few men who have followed as expertly as Mr. Thomas the career of the Jeffersonian ideology and polity through its Jacksonian period, its fortunes in the building of the American frontier and in the history of American labor, and in its struggles against the various phases of Hamiltonian conservatism and final reaction. At present Mr. Thomas does not waste his time looking for the Jeffersonian conception in the Democratic party, but is rather inclined to look for it in professional liberalism, in its specious decay in our philanthropic and other palliative agencies, in the pseudo-modernism of the liberal church, and in the other forms of contemporary "progressive" evasiveness.

But Jefferson was no more than other significant thinkers a strictly indigenous American phenomenon. In his writings we can trace the influence of the French Enlightenment with its doctrine of Natural Rights, which preceded the French Revolution; and especially the influence of John Locke. It was Locke in turn who gave the impetus to the utilitarian movement of Bentham, the Millses, Ricardo, Adam Smith and the other founders of the classical economy, which is still at the basis of our social order. Locke is also the precursor of the British empiricists, whose logical expression we find in Hume, and in reply to whom Kant built his system, incalculable in its influence on the modern world. Post-Kantianism led on the one hand to the national-imperialist doctrine, and on the other hand veered sharply to the Left into the Marxian economics. It is well to remember that the primitive syndicalism of the American Federation of Labor is as much an intellectual derivative of Marxism as are its more militant anarchist, syndicalist, Bolshevist and political socialist expressions elsewhere.

I merely used Jefferson as a peg on which to hang the kind of approach which characterizes Norman Thomas's thinking in social theory and history. He approaches the social order as an organic complex, whose "scientific" understanding cannot be gained without a knowledge of its underlying ideas. It is this sort of approach which colors his work as publicist, journalist and social politician. His reading in the field of contemporary social problems and social politics is simply enormous. With Smith and Hoover he shares a tremendous physical capacity for work, most of which goes into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keeping informed on public questions. His weekly releases to the labor press, his constant contributions in the magazine and newspaper field (he is a contributing editor of *The World Tomorrow*, *The Nation*, and *The New Leader*), reveal an alert and sophisticated acquaintance with the actual state of social democracy in America as expressed in labor and in the various forms of organized dissidence from the established order. He is conversant with the policies and editorial attitudes of both the American and the leading European press. I doubt whether anyone besides Governor Smith really digests the publications of the government of the state of New York as carefully as Mr. Thomas. He is intimately acquainted with the research and the publicity literature of both the government and the private agencies of public interest. When he speaks or writes on Water Power, on Housing, on the Transit Question in New York City, on the Tariff, on our foreign policy, on any of the innumerable social issues which confront the American electorate, no one can say that he lacks the specific knowledge of all the relevant material on these subjects.

On the other hand, his acuteness suffers somewhat the defects of his temperamental pre-occupation with social problems. For one thing, being a responsible economic and political dissenter, he unconsciously compensates himself by a certain indifferentism in other fields, such as the contemporary revolution in sex and marriage. His interest in educational theory is moved primarily by his interest in civil liberties rather than in modern psychology. Psycho-analytic literature and the war between the various psychologies in general leaves him rather cold. On the fine arts, on music and on the revolutionary forms of contemporary creative literature, especially in poetry and the ultra-realistic novel, he is sufficiently of an amateur to distrust himself. When tired, he "confesses" that he occasionally looks into Shelley and Keats, into Shakespeare and the English Bible. For real pleasure he reads biography, history, and the modern social novels directly bearing on contemporary life. His speech is studded with the vast and queer and fascinating information of the omniverous reader. He likes such books as *The Forsyte Saga*, G. B. Stern's *The Matriarch*, some of the works of Sinclair Lewis and Upton Sinclair's *Oil*. His sixth sense tells him that much of this fiction does not live up to the standards of a truly cultivated literary criticism. But then his real creative literature he seeks and finds in the history of social ideas and in the practices of social life. And in this field few Americans are better informed and more astutely learned than Norman Thomas.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN WRITERS AND ENGLISH READERS

By R. le Clerc Phillips

A DISTINGUISHED public man has complained to me recently that English readers continue to ignore American writers. He had, he said, recently returned home from a visit to England and had found that the English were still completely self-sufficient in the matter of literature. They were not interested in American books and poetry and, moreover, they showed little desire to foster any scheme by which they might be made interested. I replied that at the moment two foreign books were the literary furore of England, Alfred Neumann's *The Deuce* and Thornton Wilder's *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. I said, too, that literature had a way of finding its own level, and that I did not believe that much good would be done in promoting any schemes to work up an interest in any foreign literature. "If American writers desire the English to read their books—and I don't in the least see why they should desire it," I continued, "the American writers need do nothing more than write books that might interest them."

Now, the complaint made by this well-known American is not a new one. It is heard constantly, although, perhaps, not so frequently today as formerly. It finds its way into the columns of newspapers and magazines and is sometimes discussed with a good deal of heat. My bookish friends have questioned me on the matter; and when I have told them that American writers do not often make a great stir in England because English readers as a rule prefer their own authors, they have wanted to know *why* English readers prefer English books. Sometimes I have given them what I believe to be the reasons for this relative indifference on the part of the English, and sometimes I have not, according to the make-up of my questioner. But whether I gave these reasons or not, the English readers have a case. I am going to state it.

I shall begin by saying that I am no literary jingoist, since in general I much prefer French literature to that of my native England. Having admitted my preference for a foreign literature, I feel myself free to confess that I seldom find great pleasure in reading an American novel and that I find none at all in reading an American short story. And neither do I find any pleasure in reading British short stories, which are execrable productions. But although I love a large number of English novels, when I settle down to read for nothing more than pure pleasure, I invariably choose a French author. I find in the French writers certain qualities which I admire intensely and I find them far less frequently and in much smaller measure in the writers of my native England. I admire before all things absolute clarity of thought and expression; I admire grace and good tone; I admire wit and vivacity; I admire hard-headedness combined with warm-heartedness. And all of these qualities I find infinitely more developed in good French writers than in good English writers. And as for that almost supreme quality in literature—that indefinable element known as charm—it is so common in French writers and so rare in English that it may almost be said that the French possess the monopoly.

Having thus praised French literature at the expense of that of my own country, I do not think that I ought to annoy anyone by insisting on the argument that if the English do not read American books it is conceivable that the reason for their neglect is the superiority of their own. I mean actual superiority, judged by the accepted canons of literature. I am aware, of course, that such a statement is never made in these days,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while countless persons make observations to the contrary; but what really *sensible* explanation other than this can be found to explain the fact that Americans continue to read English books? Indeed, it is very hard to understand why Americans should feel aggrieved at this state of affairs, as some of them unquestionably do. For America is so strong, so rich, so powerful, so prosperous, so unhurt and whole, that it does not seem generous on their part to grudge the English and other Europeans that last consolation to which they cling so resolutely—the belief in the literary and artistic preëminence of the Old World. The Romans were the masters of the known earth of their day; yet they failed miserably to duplicate the artistic and intellectual achievements of the conquered Greeks. The gods seldom give one man or one people all the gifts. America has so many and such great ones; why should she insist that she has all?

Naturally, if I state that English books are better than American, I must give my grounds for holding this opinion, which I propose to do. For it is fairly certain that any English reader when canvassed on the same question, would agree to some, if not all, of the reasons I give and many, I suppose, would give additional reasons of their own. But I am sure that no English reader would reject all my reasons.

Now, in the first place of all, I believe that American writers as a whole do American life injustice in their novels. I mean by this that in reality life in America is far more interesting than one would suppose it to be from reading fiction pictures of it. Far more interesting and considerably more "colorful". Writing offhand, I cannot think of any American novel I have ever read which, had I not seen America for myself, would ever have aroused in me a desire to see her. I cannot explain why American novelists should thus fail to do their country justice. But they do. It may be that the fault lies in the failure of their own literary powers, or again, it may be that the American scene does not lend itself very readily to novelistic treatment. I am inclined to think that the latter is probably true, although I do not understand why the writers have to make it so dismally flat and uninteresting as they do. Of course the retort will be that the native novelists do not make it flat and uninteresting. But the point is that it is flat and uninteresting *to Europeans*.

It must not be forgotten that England and France have extremely long literary traditions. Other European countries also have literary traditions, though less long and continuous than those of England and France. (I can hear sneers and loud jests at the mere mention of the word "tradition".) Rightly or wrongly, European literature has in the main dealt more in the presentation of upper than of lower class life. Its heroes have tended to be nobles and knights and gallants more than shopkeepers, salesmen, and clerks. And its heroines have been fine ladies more often than country wenches or school teachers. Blame the tradition, if you will. But there it is, and its chief exponent is Shakespeare himself. I do not in the least know what were Shakespeare's reasons for making nearly all his heroes kings, princes, cavaliers, and fine gentlemen; but since he was a very great artist I can only suppose that he had his reasons for this policy. I think that possibly he may have found them more interesting types than the butchers, glovers, weavers, and shopkeepers of his day. But whatever his reasons were, the tradition has very largely been maintained in Europe, although it is less strong today than formerly.

Now, American novels run counter to the European literary tradition in this matter of the type of life presented in them. Naturally they do not present portraits of knights and nobles against a background of castles, mediaeval châteaux, private parks, Grosvenor Square or the Champs Elysées. All the better, you may say; and you may be very right. But the fact that you may be right does not abolish the tradition, and so long as the tradition is not abolished it operates against the European acceptance of American novels. For, although kings and cavaliers and knights and nobles may (or may not) be worthless and dissolute persons as a class, I do not see how anyone can deny that their lives are more colorful, varied, and glamorous than are the lives of salesmen,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brokers, and newspaper reporters—yes, even of newspaper reporters. Now, pictures of colorful, varied, and glamorous lives are highly advantageous from the fictional point of view.

Imagine readers in England and Europe who have been brought up on this tradition being confronted with novels in which no amount of searching could unearth a really romantic figure. Nothing but astute young men, or young men who are not so astute because they want to paint, or write poetry, or compose symphonies, but cannot because they are caught in the hideous maelstrom of huge banks and bond houses and advertizing campaigns. And the maelstrom sucks them down with their songs unsung. But in Europe the swirl and roar of the maelstrom do not as yet obtrude themselves unduly on the consciousness of the people. So in European novels the young men sing their songs.

I think that this lack of dignified and romantic male figures in American novels is one of the most potent reasons for the lack of interest on the part of English and European readers. A hero may be honest, energetic, virile and anything else one likes; but if he addresses his fiancée as "kid", an Englishwoman at least will not like him. She does not find the appellation either dignified or romantic; in short, she is not interested in young men who do not make use of more glamorous and less commonplace terms of endearment. A small matter perhaps. But multiply it indefinitely and it becomes a very important matter. The moralist, I know, will say that a hero may address his fiancée as "kid" and yet be worthy. That is true. But what man ever loved a woman, or what woman a man, just because he or she was worthy?

Not only the background of the novels, but the characters who people them are, then, in the estimation of English and European readers, less interesting than those they find in their own novels. For I think that the same fault may be found with the American heroines as with the heroes. They tend to be colorless, though considerably less so than the male characters. The uplifter, the schoolmarm, the clubwoman, the small town married woman—how insipid they are! And as for the young woman in revolt against sex conventions—well, I, for one, am heartily tired of her and I find her an unmitigated bore. She is, of course, the latest find for the new school of novelists, and in the beginning she was not without interest after the long procession of uplifters, schoolmarms, and clubwomen. But she has been very much overdone.

So strange to a European is this flat, colorless, monotonous, noisy background of the American novels, and so unreal and unsympathetic these practical, unromantic, or repressed characters, that even to this day, after I have lived in America for seven years, American novels appear more foreign to me than those of countries which I have never even visited. I do not sense this "foreignness" in anything approaching the same degree in Russia or Scandinavian stories. The men and women who people them do not speak my language and do not live my life, but they dream, and they sing their songs, and though they may be dissolute and unpractical, one catches glimpses of their souls. I have never once caught a glimpse of a man's soul in any American novel. They drink and sin and sometimes shake their fists in impotent rage before the horror of the maelstrom, but I do not see their souls. One does not care for men who seem to have no souls.

One last word on this question of the background presented in American novels and the sense of strangeness of the characters who stand out against it. Miss Willa Cather's *A Lost Lady* was one of the most enjoyable American novels I have ever read. But all the time I read it I was conscious of what, to me, was the peculiarity of background. It seemed so thin, so bare, so barren, so uninteresting, and there was something about the characters that made them seem slightly unreal. I thought that the book was extraordinarily well written, but I kept wishing that Miss Cather had chosen a European instead of a Nebraska background for her story. This will, I am sure, be thought a streak of undiluted prejudice on my part. I suppose it is. But in any discussion of the case of American writers versus British readers one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has to make note of unreasoning prejudices as well as of well-founded objections and impediments. Prejudice or not, however, I could not help thinking as I read the book how much richer and more colorful a tale it might have been if only Miss Cather's characters had lived in France, or Germany, or England, or Spain.

I am quite ready to admit that pioneer life can be made into a capital novel. But it must be a novel of pioneer life and of nothing else. Immediately the novelist begins to make a psychologic study, or a study of character and manners, setting it casually against a more or less pioneer background, the effect is thin, gray, and—to Europeans—horribly unsatisfactory. A pioneer background requires an adventurous action story, telling of the triumph of man over nature and the elements. It is not a fitting background for such studies as the struggles of conscience, the adventures of souls, the development of character, or the play of manners. Knut Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*, one of the greatest of modern novels, does not in the least run counter to this opinion, for Norway is a small country, whose pioneer days are hidden in the mists of the past. The hero, it is true, turns a waste corner of land into a smiling garden; but always near at hand are communities and settlements far, far more ancient than the oldest living memory. And, as distance is judged in America, near enough are towns with universities, theatres, concert-halls, and scholars and artists and judges and prosperous merchants. No, the northern reaches of Scandinavia are not pioneer lands in the same sense that the Nebraska of *A Lost Lady* was and the European reader senses the subtle difference of the two primitive scenes. The Nebraska scene may possess far more of the external and mechanical contrivances of what is called civilization; but the Norwegian scene has the advantage of an older soul.

I leave this question of background and characters and turn to the more technical aspects of the case. What are the things that will, rightly or wrongly, strike the English or European reader as flaws?

An officer of a New York publishing house renowned for the brilliance of its lists once said to me that there was in America far more of what he called "office-boy" writing than there was in England. Writing, he said, was much more of a professional thing in England than it was in America. Men prepared themselves for it and considered that certain qualifications were necessary before they were entitled to embark on it. "In America," he continued, "there is a tremendous amount of book-writing done by persons utterly without the qualifications necessary for producing anything worth while. The office-boy knows that money is to be made out of stories, so he writes them in his spare time. The results, of course, are painful."

But if American writing is unprofessional as compared with English, English writing is unprofessional as compared with French. Matthew Arnold spoke in strong terms of what he declared to be the *provinciality* of English writing as compared with French, and attributed it to the absence in England of any institution corresponding to the French Academy. "The less a literature has felt the influence of a supposed centre of correct information, correct judgment, correct taste," he said, "the more we shall find in it this note of provinciality." And he goes on to extol the French at the expense of the English writers, for the former were, of all people, the possessors of a literary conscience.

But if French authors possess a literary conscience in a far greater degree than do their English colleagues, how far below the French standard do American authors fall! It is, of course, largely this lack of conscience that imparts the note of provinciality of which Arnold complained. Barring the heaven-sent literary genius, to whom all things are possible and who appears, perhaps, seven or eight times in a hundred years, the writer of talent requires other qualifications than his talent. But one would not imagine that our modern writers had any idea of this necessity. A salesman in lampshades lightheartedly sets out to write a romance of true love of Colonial days; a village school teacher laboriously pens what is intended to be a psychological study of the effect of city life on the country maiden; a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

commercial traveller writes a novel showing the blighting effects of college education on the business prospects of the victims. These authors have lived severely restricted lives and have read nothing, nothing, nothing—except some fiction. Every page they write proves their lack of information, judgment, and taste. In a word, they do not have any glimmering of the idea that there exists such a thing as a literary conscience, and that, in seeking favorable criticism, they have to compete with those writers who do happen to possess one.

I have noted this lack of literary conscience in English writers over and over again; and I have noted it more times than I can count in American writers. Those who do possess it realize fully that they cannot sit down and just spew stories from their heads; they must first of all acquire high standards. This involves wide reading of the best writers—not merely of the popular fiction writers of the day, but of the native and foreign masters of literature. And this, in turn, eliminates the office-boy type of literature. The existence of such a large mass of this particular type of writing proves how large is the lack of literary conscience.

Writing, in France, is undertaken in the main by educated men who write for a critical public. Indeed, it has been said that French writers are strongly inclined to write for one another, counting the approbation of their colleagues as of more consequence than that of the public. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the provincial note is practically absent in French authors? Or that urbanity and good tone are present in a degree lamentably lacking in those authors who rush into the field of literature because money is to be made by writing for a highly uncritical public? I regret very much the fact that so many English novelists fall into this category; but I do not believe that they equal either in numbers or in the extent of their literary sins the condition that obtains in America. Incidentally, was it not Mr. Sinclair Lewis who once said that English writers were "too darned literary to be any good"?

Turning from novels to short stories, I think that all the—to Europeans—drawbacks that are found in the first are repeated in the second with an addition which it is possible exists only in my mind. It is this. I find the point in American short stories is frequently too obscure for me to catch it. That, of course, may easily be my fault more than the writers'. I may be thick-headed, although I can find the point of a French or Russian short story fast enough. But it seems to me that American short story writers, in attempting subtle and elusive effects, sometimes go too far and push their stories to the uttermost limit of what a reader of average intelligence can endure. (I am speaking now, of course, of the more literary type of tales in the "quality" magazines.) The other day I read a short story by one of the most famous novelists in America. I did not understand one word of it—neither the meaning of the dialogue, nor the purpose of the characters, nor the point of the story. Immediately after finishing it, I gave it to a friend who has held an editorial position on a magazine and is now a professional short story writer herself. She read it. "What does the thing mean?" I asked. "I don't know," she replied "I didn't understand it any better than you."

Subtlety and elusiveness of effect are all very well, but, after all, a writer owes something to his reader. Anatole France once said that it was a matter of ordinary politeness for an author to make himself immediately clear to his reader. Obscurity was merely bad manners. (It may, of course, be literary incompetence as well.) But some authors seem to attach a special virtue to meaning a good deal more than they say, and leaving their readers to puzzle it all out for themselves. French writers are not guilty of this barbarism. I like them because they are not, and I do not like American short stories because I so frequently do not understand what they are about, and I am not interested enough to take time and pains to find out. Once, when reading a collection of prize short stories, I failed to understand even one story in the first six. No doubt I might have if I had gone over them slowly again and yet, perhaps, again. But why should I? Are they indeed worth so much effort on the part of the reader when beauti-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful books abound whose authors have not thought it beneath their dignity to write very simply and very clearly?

As for charm, that quality that sheds its magic glow over every page written by the man or woman who possesses it, what American author has it? Has Mr. Sinclair Lewis? Has Mr. Sherwood Anderson? Has Mr. Theodore Dreiser? Has Mr. Hergesheimer? I do not find it in Mrs. Wharton, in spite of her admirable qualities. Miss Willa Cather comes the nearest to having it. Yet when one thinks of the pages of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, of Renan, of Anatole France, of Pierre Loti, of Goldsmith, and of Thackeray, one is not so certain whether it is really there or not. How one comes by the possession of literary charm remains a secret. Why should Rousseau, a thieving footman, a vagabond, a reprobate, have it and Mr. Lewis not? Why should poor, foolish Goldsmith fill *The Vicar of Wakefield* with the fairy gift and Mrs. Wharton, wealthy, cosmopolitan, and successful, fail to light her pages with even a flicker of it?

My last word in defense of English readers is this: the settlement of the problem of American writers and English readers lies with the writers and not the readers. When an American writer produces a book which pleases them, he will not need to complain of neglect on their part. The public will buy the books that please and interest them, irrespective of their country of origin. They will not buy books which do not please them, even if they are written by their own nationals. I have read many angry comments by Americans in magazines and newspapers concerning English indifference to American books; but I say very frankly that I do not think the Americans have a very good case. Indeed, I do not think that they have a case at all. If English authors are widely read in this country, it is not because they have deliberately forced themselves on the notice of the American public. Americans read English authors at a time when little literature was produced in this country, and they have kept up the habit; and the only force and artifice used in creating the taste was the ordinary practice of commercial advertizing. It is true that of late an immense importance has come to be attached to the American market by foreign, and, especially, British authors; but I do not believe that any of the best ones—Galsworthy, Wells, Bennett, May Sinclair and one or two others—have ever bothered very much about writing for any special market or pleasing any special public. They merely have happened to be able to produce highly interesting books which Americans, as well as English people, desired to read. And I end where I began, because the point is worth emphasizing. At the moment of writing a German book and an American book are sweeping England.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NOVELIST'S USE OF HISTORY

With an Afterword on Alfred Neumann and "The Devil"

By Wilson Follett

A COMMONPLACE of literary history is that what we call transient modes of fiction never actually die. They are originated at the high level of literature, or at any rate of creative literary endeavor. There they flourish for a decade or a generation. Then, instead of passing altogether, they continue to exist at an inferior level, serving a part of the reading population which just can read and no more, and which as an audience for literature is as yet submerged. At this level many scores of hack writers and a handful of popularly gifted narrators minister to the desires of the great multitude of grown-up adolescents—folk of simple minds and hearts, whose literary taste is as yet unformed; to many of whom, indeed, literary taste is congenitally impossible. It is hard for those to whom literature is a special and technical interest to remember even the existence of a class of reader to whom a book is so many hours' worth of reading matter and nothing else. This forgotten reader is really, of course, a vast numerical majority. His preponderance over the reader with standards is expressed in the ratio between sales of half a million and sales of three thousand or ten; he consumes tons of paper to the literary man's pounds; and for him are created and maintained the vast supplies of "wood-pulp literature" so amusingly described by Mr. Henry Morton Robinson in the August BOOKMAN as "bought by the bale and sold by the long ton". Well, it is to this forgotten and submerged majority, of whom highly articulate persons seldom think at all, that good literary forms go when they die. They drop out of a transiently polite recognition into a lowly immortality.

A form which illustrates the point is the tale of crime and punishment—called, in its modern stage of quantity production and consumption, the detective yarn, or, more pretentiously, the murder-mystery. In the early stages of its development, contributed to by Poe in America and by Gaboriau in France, it was distinctively a story of intellect, or of conscience, or of both—of intellect, especially, as opposed to mere ingenuity. That is to say, its central situation was contrived to test and to reveal under abnormal pressure the sort of human characteristics to which the situations of ordinary life give least play. The discovery of its utility as an exploitable formula came, presumably, through the vast success achieved by Conan Doyle and his Sherlock Holmes—since whom the detective story is appraised strictly according to its fidelity to the expected pattern, by readers who want a touch of novelty in the circumstances but are contemptuously intolerant of any variation from the standard design.

Correspondingly, the tale of adventure on the Western or Northern frontier, of cowboys, prospectors, and gun-play—the Wild West yarn beloved of all-fiction magazines—is a sort of demoralized Bret Harte with perhaps a touch of Dumas. (No need to raise here the problem of what the original itself was demoralized from.) And the most genuinely popular style of all, that represented in the past by "The Duchess" and Charles Garvice, or at its more avowedly juvenile level by "Oliver Optic", and in the present by Mr. Harold Bell Wright—what is this mode, in its sentimentality, its justified confidence in human credulity, and the extravagant humor of its "character" parts, but Dickens infinitely diluted, immeasurably sugared?

The basic destiny of all such forms is in no wise altered by the fact that, from decade to decade, attempts are made to re-create them for the beguilement of more exacting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

readers, sometimes by amalgamating them with other types. Mr. Chesterton, who threatened to give up literature and address himself to the writing of "penny dreadfuls", could no more carry out his resolve than Belfast could execute his appalling threat to "chuck going to sea for ever and go in a steamer". His stories of Father Brown do not so much reconstitute the detective story as use its apparatus to an end which is nothing if not literary; and in capturing the higher and smaller audience he simply abrogates his claim to the larger and lower. Neither is the popular course run by the frontier motif at all impeded by the fact that its material has been put to fairly distinguished uses by Stewart Edward White, Jack London, and Alfred Henry Lewis, and above all by Owen Wister in *The Virginian*. The novel-according-to-Dickens had an extraordinary resurgence, beginning in 1905, at the hands of William De Morgan. Also, combined with just the modish suspicion of naturalism, it has flowered during the past decade in what Mr. Nathan superbly named our "rented-dress-suit literature", as provided in America by Mrs. Rinehart (whom he does not name) and everywhere by Mr. Arlen (whom he does). Messrs. A. S. M. Hutchinson and, a few rungs up the ladder, Warwick Deeping might be added. But such things are offshoots and byproducts. It still remains true that most of the traffic in these commodities is not creation, is not even invention: it is simple purveyance.

The status and present uses of historical fiction show no exception to this general law that types, instead of becoming actually obsolete, find renewal of life unofficially and at a lower level. "Historical fiction" is one of those broadly inclusive terms which achieve accuracy by vagueness. By it I wish to denote for the moment any species of fiction which derives a considerable part of its claim to the attention from the use of personages, periods, or events not supposed to be wholly unknown to the reader who has smatterings of historical information, and therefore not wholly dependent upon the impact of the novelist's fresh inventions. Examples so widely contrasted as Bulwer's *Rienzi*, Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities*, Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* and its sequel, George Eliot's *Romola*, Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda*, and Lion Feuchtwanger's *Power* will serve at random to suggest the scope of the area meant.

It is obvious that historical fiction in this sense was, for practical purposes, re-created for modern readers by Scott. (The *Iliad* is, of course, historical fiction in its way; and so, perhaps, are parts of Herodotus in a slightly different way.) And what Scott evolved was, primarily, not a mode of the novel, but a mode of romance—that is, a pattern in which the reader's sympathies are deliberately enlisted and gratified, and in which the heroic or tragic conventions are suffered to outweigh both the details of history and the ordinary probabilities of human events and even of human nature.

Now, Scott and his American counterpart, Cooper, are admirable reading for very young readers. If modern children miss this part of their birthright, they may charge the deprivation to the schools, which outlaw both authors from ordinary enjoyment by making "requirements" of them. The whole range of historical romance—from its modern inception in Scott, through its minor renascence in Stevenson, and down to its enfeebled and imitative, but once overwhelmingly popular, revival at the hands of Anthony Hope Hawkins, Stanley J. Weyman, Sir Gilbert Parker, Winston Churchill, and many another—is practically defunct as an invitation to the competent adult reader, and at the same time most flourishingly alive as a province of endless joy to children. Of good readers, none reads it, but all have read it. The last romance of Mr. Weyman, *The Lively Peggy*, published posthumously this very season, seems negligible among the adult fiction of 1928 and could hardly win enough mature readers to keep it in print; but it will be recommended in official lists of children's reading a generation hence, as *The Black Arrow* and *St. Ives* are now. This is one of the ways in which any derivative of the official literature may find unofficial longevity. It changes the age-level of its readers; its classics become classic "juveniles".

But meanwhile historical fiction was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also seeking perpetuation at the level where it was created. And its search, taking place in a generation when realism was succeeding romance, took inevitably the form of converting the historical romance into the historical novel. Thackeray and George Eliot, Victor Hugo and Tolstoi, wrote their historical *opera,* not in conformity to the heroic conventions of Scott, but according to their own grasp of the most exacting laws that had as yet been formulated for non-historical fiction. Some of their attempts were spectacular failures: George Eliot is curiously unsuccessful in transcending the mental outlook of the age in which she composed, and Victor Hugo more than replaces the renounced effect of heroic pageantry by making every scene a pageant of his own rhetoric. But these are simply the personal limitations of the writers. The form of art itself was coming of age.

And eventually there was to be devised a form of historical novel which should be the vehicle not only of reality, but also of modernity. George Eliot had come near to blundering on the valuable paradox of a modern spirit educed from the remote past: the only difficulty is that her modern Romola is a creature of ideas and impulses not easily conceivable as of the late Cinquecento. She modernizes the past by ignoring its basic differences from the present. But the generation after her began producing a treatment of history which affirms the parallel by the opposite device of stressing the even more basic resemblances—by uncovering in the past those traits, ideas, and movements which, embryonically present in a former age, have come to intellectual fruition in our own age and therefore have a peculiar expressiveness to the modern mind.

Of works of the imagination in English which have some significance in the evolution of this form, it suffices to name two in which deeply conscious artists elaborate a past scene for the most exacting uses of their personal expression: Pater's *Marius the Epicurean,* and *The Valley of Decision,* Mrs. Wharton's two-volume narrative of eighteenth-century Italy. Both are quasi-philosophical; both prove their profound seriousness by inordinate length (as fictional measurement goes) without a trace of superficial glamour; and both are of that small class of books which mean nearly everything to the readers to whom they mean anything at all. Neither implies even the possibility of a general tendency, a school; neither is anywhere nearly in the mid-stream of an age's spirit, as Fielding, Thackeray, and Hardy successively were at great stages of fictional history. Rather, both are unconscious and uncausative anticipations of something widespread that was to happen later—something that, unless I mistake the signs of the times, has now begun to happen.

It is a reasonable supposition that the future literary historian of our epoch will have to construct one of his important chapters out of the interaction between the novel and the art of biography which began about the time when Mr. Lytton Strachey published the four studies which make up his *Eminent Victorians.* From that day to this, "fictional" or "novelized" biographies, covering the widest possible range of usefulness and truth down to the vanishing minimum, have followed one another to greater and greater acclaim. They have in fact so changed the popular and critical assumptions about biography that a publisher who issues an old-fashioned documented life is compelled to make a special point of the fact that it is what, so short a time as fifteen years ago, every life was expected to be—that it is not one more example of the "new biography". The characteristic biography of the decade 1918-28 has been a novel, more or less hampered by (and submitting with less or more grace to) the historical outline and relationships of a life that was actually lived and therefore is not exactly at the disposal of the inventive faculty. And the writing of the novel has been enormously affected by this peculiar development in biography.

It is now no part of our responsibility to weigh the exact merits and defects of biographic writing of the new model. The form is obviously serviceable to the imaginative historian who has to present a fresh and creative view of a great personality—a view which is valid to his intuition, but which the documentary evidence may neither validate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nor deny. Just as obviously, it lends itself to all manner of incompetence, laxity, cheap sensationalism, and sheer laziness in the self-styled biographer. In the matter of truth to the spirit and the probability of events, it is clear that a bad "new" biography can sink far lower than a good novel. Indeed, Herr Ludwig's bad biography of Jesus, because it is ostensibly a biography, is probably even less defensible than *The Brook Kerith,* Mr. George Moore's bad novel about Jesus. The gradations from this level upward are thickly sprinkled with other works of Herr Ludwig himself, the "psychographs" of Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, such works as Carco's *Villon* and Benjamin's *Balzac* (both in the French series called *Romans des grandes existences*), the two brilliant performances of M. André Maurois, and Strachey's *Queen Victoria.* Some of these and their imitations are completely self-justified as biography, even by the old-fashioned canons of biographic truth; others can be justified only as novels—in which event the choice of a historical subject is of course a defect rather than a merit.

But the question of biographical merits and defects has no bearing on the consequences to fiction. The underlying *idea* of the new school and its *method* of interpretation, rather than any of its actual performances and results, have been the direct agent of an enormously important development in fiction. Post-war novelists have been partly growing, partly groping, toward a new necessity. It is my present contention that the recent developments in biography have crystallized their sense of a vague need into awareness of a practicable *form,* which form is the most characteristic new sign in the fiction of this decade. And this is a theory which tallies excellently with the fact that the tendency has gone especially fast and far in the country which came out of the war with the most overwhelming sense of new needs and the most vigorous courage to devote to the re-creation of its literary values—namely, Germany.

The new Germany, alone of the countries of post-war Europe, seems to be producing a world literature. The basic reason for its preëminence today is two-fold. First, the German artists have been the most wholehearted in acceptance of social and intellectual change, the most generous in relinquishment of traditionary machinery which the progress of events has rendered makeshift. Secondly, they have been the first to throw off hysteria, settle down to work in a spirit of patient construction, and, with a happy avoidance of mere eccentricity and violence, to adapt the methods of art to a deepened content.

Now, it happens that the tendency which this paper is written to diagram—a tendency amounting to re-creation of the whole mode of historical fiction via the purposes and methods of the new biography—is absolutely central and regnant in the younger generation of German fiction, and even in the post-war *opera* of the former generation. A cursory survey of the field results in a momentary impression that positively all of the German writers are engaged in serving the present by revaluation of the past; in deepening the content of their art by filling it with reinterpretations of the spirit of great men seen in a new light—the light of ideas which, although they may have existed before, could have been brought to complete focus only by modern discoveries and a contemporary attitude.

Feuchtwanger, with his *Power* (followed this year by *The Ugly Duchess*), was the first of the Germans, I believe, to bring the new spirit commandingly before readers of English. An element of slightly tawdry sensationalism which the best judges in both America and Europe have sensed in his effects may, for once, have performed the useful office of preparing a vastly increased audience for more scrupulous workmen in the same vein. There has been no question in any quarter about the complete scrupulousness of Bruno Frank, who in *The Days of the King* worked out a staggering interpretation of that enigmatic monarch and man, Frederick the Great. His *Trenck,* likewise of the period of Frederick, may be available in English before these paragraphs are read. Max Brod, in *The Redemption of Tycho Brahe,* infers the eternal conflict between science and authority from the ancient battle between two great theorists of astronomy,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the ages-old conflict of race from the medieval career of Reubeni, "Prince of the Jews". Ricarda Huch, whose position in Germany corresponds to that of Mrs. Wharton here, constructs in three volumes a great panorama of the life and times of Garibaldi and the birth of the New Italy.

And in every one of these, as in others not named, the quest is not for strangeness in the past, but for familiarity; or, rather, it is for the strangeness which, to a discerning eye, runs through all life, past or present. The object of this quest, for all novelists in all countries, has become "the island within". The explorer of the new generation is on the track of that last riddle, the mystery of personality. Like the psychologist, the novelist is trying to know about the human being those secrets which he does not know about himself. It is not that, as psychologists childishly suppose, fiction has been stealing chapters from their lugubrious science: fiction does that to no end but its own undoing. Rather, the new novel, the new biography, and the new psychology together are pursuing the one interest which is most inalienable from their time.

Man learns the way about the surface of his world, and then turns to what lies under the surface. He masters its buried resources and makes them contribute to his own well-being. He roughs out a working solution of his problems of organization. And then, last of all, he addresses himself to the individual mystery. If he should actually cross that last frontier, he would have done away with the necessity, almost with the possibility, of any more novels. For the only tolerable subject of novels now is the unknown. Fiction and psychology, on parallel courses, may almost be said of late to have joined the professions which, like medicine, are working toward the ultimate success of rendering themselves unnecessary. Fortunately, the goal is a long way off. Not much of the human mystery has become, as the saying is, an open book. But the works of the younger novelists are opening here and there some restricted areas never before penetrated in the writing that tries to be art.

Many thousands of readers who have not forgotten their youth must remember *Quentin Durward* as being not only quite the liveliest of Scott's historical romances, but among the freest from his characteristic defects and inconsistencies in the treatment of character; indeed, as being the one British historical romance of pure action which does not too greatly suffer by comparison with the best of Dumas. It is, then, a happy enough chance that the modern consummation just described in general terms finds its one most brilliant embodiment thus far in a tale which not only can, but must, be contrasted with *Quentin Durward,* which it deliberately overlaps in period, scene, and characters. For a startlingly graphic representation of what a century has wrought upon the uses of history to the worker in fiction, I can think of no device to compare with the examination side by side of Scott's *Quentin Durward* and *Der Teufel,* by Alfred Neumann.

The comparison is one which readers of English will be able to make for themselves before this suggestion is in print: a workmanlike translation by Mr. Huntley Paterson is being published here (Alfred A. Knopf) under its proper title, *The Devil;* and the book has already appeared in London, with its title queerly enfeebled to *The Deuce.* Neumann is one of the younger German writers—he was born in 1895—who have won the thoroughgoing respect of their fellow artists in the generation of Wassermann and Thomas Mann, and *Der Teufel* has had an immense artistic success in Germany in addition to an unusual popular distribution. Since both subject and treatment are without racial, national, or continental restrictions, the book is as likely as any translation of our time to have a corresponding success in America. And, more important for our purpose here, its inherent qualities make it a crystallization of all that is stated and implied in the foregoing discussion. Its author, for the reason that he was by profession a publisher before he was an author, and is therefore certain to have been among the first to have prescience of any concerted movement in creative writing, has condensed in one glowing narrative our age's sense of its needs and its vision of truth and beauty.

The Devil, under all its tumult of action

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and agony of suspense, is essentially the story of a relationship which involves the progressive mergence of two personalities, not through the breaking-down of their separate identities, but through their losing the consciousness, the memory, that they are two —in a word, through self-forgetfulness. They fight for a time against the perceived destiny of absorption into each other; they deny their involuntary love by cultivating voluntary resistance, even hatred; but the double trap made of their congenital adjustment and their powerful common interests is too strong to leave a real possibility of escape.

The two are Louis XI of France and his obscure lieutenant Oliver Necker of Ghent—Oliver the barber, Oliver le Daim, "le Mauvais" of familiar legend. This low-born servitor, the "Devil" of men's contemporary hatred, becomes the king's secret agent, his pander, chamberlain, and cup-bearer, his privy counsellor; eventually his conscience and other self—his *real* self.

Oliver's boyhood years in the Necker household, in the village of Thielt near Ghent, are of such horror as to freeze in him for all time the softer human qualities which are called virtues. From adolescence, he is incapable of respect for the ordinary definitions of good and evil. By the time his extraordinary gifts have come to the notice of the distant king, the surviving components of his strange make-up are an impenetrable armor of cynicism, a tremendously ingenious talent for intrigue, a virtuosity in drugs and poisons hardly less proficient than his mastery of human nature, a determination to make his place in the world, and a quite simple and devout adoration of his beautiful young wife, Anne. Between him and his royal master there springs into being, at their first encounter, an inexplicable attraction; they are so much alike that each recognizes in the other a complement of his own personality.

This is the arrangement of the chess-board that Herr Neumann compasses in two of the most adroit and powerful preliminary chapters ever written. From this point, his problem is to make a graphic reality of a process so mysterious as hardly to submit to definition—the coalescence of master and servant. The machinery which he invents keeps the whole process in the full glare of a pitiless comprehension; no obvious tale of mere stabbings, poisonings, or avarice was ever told more concretely. The royal lecher has begun to covet Anne; and, characteristically, he lets it become known to Oliver while Oliver is shaving him. "Oliver bit his lips till his teeth were stained with blood, and Louis asked him gently: 'Is it very difficult, friend Oliver, to cut a throat?' He smiled. Oliver leant slightly forward, but not a muscle of his face moved. He might have been deaf. The razor laid gently on edge glided smoothly over the King's cheek." Oliver unearths a conspiracy which, if it succeeds, will certainly destroy the King and disrupt the realm. Sent away on a confidential mission and commanded to leave Anne behind, he involves himself deeply in this conspiracy, fully persuaded that he intends to take his easy revenge for what he knows is happening at Amboise. But when the crucial moment is at hand, Oliver, astounded at his own conduct and acting as one in a dream, snatches the King from the trap, lets its jaws close on the hands that set it, and uses his dangerously acquired knowledge for the consolidation of the realm. Not until then does the King say: " 'I have not touched Anne, my Oliver.' 'Sire, forgive me, I have—' 'I forgive you, my Oliver, because I guess and have long guessed all there is to be forgiven.' "

And when, at length, the King does take Anne, the two men have so far grown into one that the three souls of this strange triangle suffer as much for each other as for themselves. Anne sees Oliver in the King; the King feels Oliver in himself; and when Oliver returns to the castle late at night and, in a drunken agony of jealous despair, summons the King from his dalliance, there occurs between them a scene the meaning of which transcends all irony:

> In the room below he seated himself in the King's high-backed chair, before the King's vast table. With his hands clasping the lions' heads carved on the arms of the chair, he waited. Now, for the first time, he felt that he was drunk, for the circular room

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seemed to be turning ever faster and faster about him as he sat in the centre. Or was it not drunkenness? Was it the intoxicating sensation of being King? He waited with a slightly haughty look on his face.

He heard the door above being drawn aside; heavy footsteps lurched down the stairs, and Louis, scantily clad, stumbled into the room, his face bloated, his eyes hollow. He grasped the table and stood there. Oliver made no attempt to rise.

"Have I disturbed you, brother?" he asked the King, looking firmly into his eyes.

"Oliver . . ." stammered Louis, and pressed a hand to his brow. Necker smiled an evil smile.

"*Who is Oliver? Where is Oliver?*"

"Here is Oliver!" cried the King, thumping his own breast.

Necker raised an eyebrow, and in Louis' sonorous voice replied:

"Then return to Mistress Necker, brother. I will not keep you any longer."

Louis pressed his fingers to his temples and shook his head.

"No, no, I cannot now!" he muttered. "I cannot now. God have mercy on our soul, brother!"

"Who cannot now?" cried Necker, in a loud voice, standing up. "Who is King?"

Louis staggered back, as if he had been struck a heavy blow. But in a moment he recovered himself.

"I am King," he said softly, as if he were ashamed.

"And I, Sire?" Oliver enquired humbly.

"Thou, brother? Thou art my conscience."

After that, the two are one exposed, tortured, writhing personality. Oliver plays his part in the unification and strengthening of the realm. He makes the King provide for the succession, and gives him the strength to trample on his own sensibilities that he may accomplish the necessary act. Without a word said, he concocts the poison that removes a danger in the person of the King's brother. When Anne is gone from them both, he wages in behalf of the aged King a morbid battle against death, as if the King's fear of death were his own. In the latter years he takes upon himself the hatred of the people, that the King's memory may be built up into a popular legend of beneficence. And when, at the last, an earth-smelling sack shut out the world from his eyes, it seemed strange that there was among the bystanders not one who knew how much of the sinister King had until that moment survived in his person, and how much of Oliver had lately died at Amboise.

It is my conviction that *The Devil* is among the most profound of novels; also that, short of a quarter century or more, there will be very, very few readers who will be impressed by its profundity. It will be read as a thriller; as a *tour de force* of sheer construction; as a pageant of the horrors of a grisly reign; as the chronicle of a bizarre adultery; as an ingenious reinterpretation of some facts and figures of history—as everything that it incidentally is, and with the least possible reference to what it is centrally and uniquely. Herr Neumann has written it as if he had not a preoccupation upon earth but to tell an astonishing tale. What he has actually done is to take a piece of the history of a past era and turn it into an illuminated piece of the history of the human soul. And that is to say that he has also created, by the same act, an additional piece of the history of the novel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CURE FOR CRITICS

Painting Defended from Both the Cynical and the Rapturous

By Thomas Craven

EVERYONE has read *The Innocents Abroad.* The book has become a classic in the true sense of the term—a work which is enjoyed by the majority of mankind through the passing generations. Rereading that classic, after many years, I must confess that I was filled with the deepest irritation, for in it is embodied an attitude toward art that is all too common in the land of the silver screen and the loud speaker. It is not that Mark Twain had no right to criticize the masterpieces of Italian painting and to challenge the accepted glories of antiquity—he knew as much about these matters as most professional critics, that is to say, precisely nothing—but that he should have regarded them with such fleeting and cynical attention.

Here is a strange paradox: a man blest with a remarkably clear and penetrating intellect, in literature a shrewd and original critic, a lover of music and a dramatist of exceptional capacity, and yet completely insusceptible to the other fine arts! Confronted with the great works of the Renaissance, he became a snickering buffoon and remarked, "As usual the reproductions are superior to the originals". Titian's nudes were an insult to his notions of decency, but the same moral code which amounted to a religious passion and which inspired him to the defense of Joan of Arc and Harriet Shelley yields to the inevitable jibe when he gaped at Leonardo's "The Last Supper". "Napoleon's horses kicked all the beauty out of it fifty years ago," was the best he could do.

There is something profoundly disheartening in Mark Twain's point of view. In his desire to be honest he descended to horseplay and ridicule, and gave popular expression to bourgeois suspicions. To his credit, let it be said that he was one of the first Americans to contest the sanctity of European authority, and had he directed his wit and his savage acumen against the critics and all those who gabble about painting in stale, memorized phrases, he would have rendered art inestimable service. He had consulted the guide books and the guide books had lied to him; he had discovered therein cant, superstition and reverential bosh; he had been advised to drink in the miraculous color of pictures that had, in the smoke and grime of centuries, faded into monochromes; he had been urged to seek out certain ineffable qualities—qualities which no man has ever been able to define and which no picture has ever possessed. Accordingly, he concluded he had been hoaxed, and that art, like medieval chivalry, was another grand fraud supported by popes and princes. Knowing that anything, however sacred, powerful or deep-rooted, may be killed by ridicule, and convinced that it was his duty to slay this false god worshipped in the name of art, he proceeded to mock painting with the most corrosive sarcasms ever hurled upon a noble subject by a writer of eminence.

Such an attitude is one of the heaviest obstacles in the way of the appreciation of painting. It enforces the assumption that the significance of a picture can be grasped at a single, hasty glance, and that if nothing is revealed to the beholder in this cursory inspection, the work is empty of meaning. Furthermore, it has resulted in a cheapening of all art; and in America, at the present moment, we have a veritable school of authors—critics, novelists, dramatists and biographers—whose sole business seems to be the debasing of masterpieces and the slaughtering of heroes; in short, who are practicing with large pecuniary rewards the debilitating formula of *The Innocents Abroad.*

Had Mark Twain, with his belligerent curiosity, his first-hand knowledge of crea-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive struggles and his freedom from academic hypocrisy, accorded to painting some of the extravagant attention which he lavished on far less worthy subjects, he would undoubtedly have produced an exceedingly interesting and useful book—and a readable one. That such a book is sorely needed, I think no one will deny, for it is a notorious fact that critics of art, as a class, are the dullest and most incompetent of writers. Aside from artists, no one seems to know what to do with pictures, and the artist, unfortunately, in his critical moods, usually ignores questions of general interest and constructs an ingenious defence of his own work. This, of course, is a matter of self-preservation. He is well aware that the public, for some inscrutable reason, will not look at pictures independently, but must first hear the critics, and his experience with critics has taught him that the so-called authorities are not to be trusted.

As concerns the fine arts, the public may be divided into two classes. First, the bumptious infidels, the procession of laughing jackasses who speed through Europe desecrating the monuments of the past. You have seen these travellers; you encounter them wherever you go; and you blush with shame for your own country, and for the moment are quite continental in your opinion on the cancellation of the war debt. Like so many scurrilous, dwarfish Mark Twains, they stare and smirk in cathedrals; they amble through galleries translating the titles of pictures into current slang; they flock through Florence and Seville spreading a contagion of jazz and cynical humor. On the other hand, we have the orthodox faction which may be subdivided into two units—a relatively large number of humble souls who are honestly interested in art but who admit their ignorance, and a small body of disingenuous braggarts who know nothing but affect to know everything. From the approaches of the two major groups—the jocular heretics and the unquestioning believers—one cannot expect an appreciable improvement in public taste. Contemplating this condition in a morose frame of mind, Rudyard Kipling declared that not more than a dozen Anglo-Saxons know what art is about; and Bernard Shaw, addressing the Fabians, recommended, in view of the appalling degeneration of popular taste, that ninety per-cent of the pictures esteemed by the public should be immediately destroyed.

The curious thing about this sad state of affairs is that no one seems to be capable of looking at pictures with his own eyes and of forming his own opinions on them. The old apology attributed to the layman, "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like" is another popular fallacy which has been repeated so often that it is accepted at its face value. I wish that it were true; I wish the layman did know what he liked, and that he would say so, plainly, fearlessly, and in his own language. As a matter of fact, in the judgment of art, he is without conviction; he assents to whatever is fashionable; he does not wish to be set apart from his fellows; he gathers his impressions from someone else who, in turn derives from another, and thus popular opinion is consolidated. But this opinion invariably is based upon the utterances of critics. I do not mean to imply that the interest in art in the United States is a perceptible force or that it is of the slightest influence in the moulding of our national ideals, but whenever you hear anyone discoursing on painting, you may be pretty certain that he is repeating the ideas of some nondescript critic.

The inability of the public to appreciate pictures without the intervention of critics has always puzzled me. The average reader of fiction is at least capable of preferences. His taste may be of the lowest order, but he reads with pleasure and is apparently unaffected by the opinions of the reviewers. It is a matter of common knowledge that a poor novel—a book acknowledged by all competent judges to be villainous rubbish—may become a best-seller in spite of the concerted denunciation of all the critics in the land. Not only does the average reader enjoy certain books, but he does not hesitate to define his preferences and to argue about them. Similarly, he responds to the stage. Here again, his taste may be nothing to boast of, but he possesses an approach to plays; he understands that actors are sup-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posed to be characters in contrived situations, and that a drama is composed of acts and scenes. In some instances he can tell the difference between comedy and tragedy. He may believe the dramatic critics and possibly respect them—I can see no reason why he should do either—but in the end he goes to see what he likes. The same is true, though in a lesser degree, of music, architecture and poetry.

With painting it is another story. The average man is completely bewildered by pictures. Undoubtedly he suspects that the combination of colors and forms on the canvas before him must have been put there for some intelligible reason, but of the meaning of the picture—what it should convey as an emotional excitant—he has not the faintest conception. If, as frequently happens, a painting really appeals to him, he is afraid to profess his admiration. Previous experiences have taught him to hold his tongue. Comparing his responses with those of the critics, or the followers of critics, he discovers to his sorrow that he is all wrong, and that a work of art contains a mysterious, impalpable beauty which has eluded him entirely. True, he is utterly at a loss to know what the critics are driving at, but he is impressed by the technical vocabulary and the pompous arrogance, and he decides that art is an affair for highbrows and specialists. Nor is the layman alone in his befuddlement. I find that literary critics, novelists, musicians and the practitioners of the various other arts, have little or no knowledge of painting and that their views in most cases may be traced to writers on art from Ruskin to Clive Bell.

This condition grows more and more enigmatical as we survey the attitudes of critics, past and present, and analyze their mental operations when compelled by necessity to look at pictures. If anyone credits the authority of critics or is inclined to trust them as guide-posts, prophets or expositors, all he need do to undeceive himself is to glance through the history of art during the last hundred years. At the famous Salon of 1824, an event which may be said to mark the organized beginning of modern art, when Delacroix, Constable and Bonington were fighting the tyrants of the French Academy, the critics almost to a man assailed the new spirit; forty years later they branded Manet's "Olympia" an obscene performance, and in the following decade inveighed officially against the Impressionists; not long ago they went into hysterics over Cézanne, Picasso, Matisse, Van Gogh and Gauguin; and today, in a transitional period, there is hardly a writer who knows where to cast his allegiance. After the artists have battled their way into the exhibition rooms of the dealers, after rebellious tendencies have become safe and standardized, then, and not until then, do the critics voice their approval. As movement succeeds movement, we see them tagging along behind the artists, groping for ideas and wondering whom to praise and whom to condemn. They are afraid to gamble with new issues and to risk their reputations with radical developments.

Nor are the critics on safer ground in the purely technical sphere of authenticating pictures. The average critic, as Samuel Butler pointed out, is a slave to signatures; his admirations are founded largely upon names which his conventional habits and his smattering of erudition have warned him to venerate. Visiting a museum or gallery, he looks at the identification plate and then at the picture. If canvases were exhibited anonymously, he could hardly distinguish between a Rembrandt and a Hals, and such guarded enjoyment as he extracts from name-worshipping would automatically cease. Hence his confusion when called upon to criticize the talent of an unknown contemporary. He is shifty, ambiguous, and, more often than not, absurd. Even the experts disagree. Recently the Metropolitan Museum acquired for the trifling sum of $125,000 a portrait which has been pronounced a genuine Titian. But the French doctors, laughing in their beards, assert that America has been swindled. And there you are! It has been said that Corot painted 3000 pictures, 18,000 of which are in the United States! I have been advised that several French artists now in high repute in the modernist faction turned out most of these Corots to keep from starving in their salad days.

Oddly enough the number of Old Masters

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is augmented annually. It is quite within the bounds of probability that a few of these discoveries are genuine—the Renaissance painters were extraordinarily prolific, and we have record of many pictures that have never come to light—but most of them are copies and some are fakes. The testimony of experts is of dubious value, inasmuch as they receive large retainers from the international dealers. When an art critic is paid to pass judgment upon a canvas which if properly authenticated will fetch half a million from an American Gadget Manufacturer, but which will be worth nothing if declared spurious, is it unreasonable to suppose that he may be just a little prejudiced in favor of his clients—especially since he doesn't really know?

From this it would seem that the critical problem is insoluble. The layman, considering the nature of painting—its apparent simplicity and its definite, concrete appeal—rubs his eyes and gives up. Here is a picture: a yard or two of stretched canvas covered with pigment. That is all. Surely no other art offers itself so compactly, so candidly and so intimately! Surely there is less room for mystery and deception in painting than in the other vehicles of expression! Either the canvas has or has not a meaning; the artist is honest or he is a humbug, an original mind or an imitator. What is his intention? Has he anything to say? Is his work merely a repetition of a hackneyed studio formula, or does it contain an intelligent commentary on life? Do those forms which strike the eye with their tempting color—those trees, rocks, faces and figures—represent only geometrical objects faithfully copied by a trained hand, or are they symbols to communicate in a dramatic style certain experiences in the career of a man whose experiences are worth recording?

These fundamentals the critic never pretends to answer. He approaches a picture with but one idea in his head, a fixed, predetermined, obsolete idea. He believes that there is only one type of painting, and if the canvas upon which he bestows fully two minutes of his valuable time does not conform to this type, it is not art. In plain words, he does not attempt to appraise the creative purpose of the artist; he makes superficial comparisons and chatters in an unfamiliar lingo of the externals of the craft, of crepuscular shadows, nacrous flesh tints, textural brilliancy, glowing *morbidezza,* and so on. If he is a critic of the old school, he employs the esthetic criterion of the past generation and preaches a sermon on the obvious sentimental ingredients of the canvas; if he is a modernist he sneers at sentimental values and raves about form and organization.

Take for instance, Leonardo's "The Last Supper", a picture adjudged by critics of whatever creed or school to be of the world's great masterpieces. I have selected "The Last Supper" because it is one painting on which the public and the critics are in perfect accord. But the layman, mistrusting his own reactions, goes to the arbiters for confirmation of his opinions, and for light on the secrets of beauty. Consulting first the old-fashioned gentlemen, he is repaid with something like this:

"It is nightfall in an upper chamber of a lowly house in Jerusalem. The Saviour has summoned his disciples for the last foregathering, and we behold them breaking bread together. The characters of the most tragic drama in Christian art, are but faintly adumbrated, for the picture has hopelessly disintegrated, suffering from inundation, barbaric ill-treatment and complete over-painting by way of restoration. But even today the gleam of the original indestructible beauty surpasses that produced by Raphael Morghen's popular engraving. In shape the picture is a long rectangle divided horizontally by a table which is supported by four wooden trusses. On the table are scattered loaves and here and there flat salvers which in modern times would be called plates. The right and left walls of the room are of the same dimensions and homologously placed and converge into a tripartite window opening upon a vista which, alas! is no longer discernible.

"The Saviour sits in the exact center of the picture with the disciples collocated in equal groups on either side, six on one hand, and six on the other. Some of the disciples have their hands upraised, three are convers-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing among themselves, all are fearfully excited. There is a strange contrast between the solemn brooding head of the Saviour and the dramatic rendering of the other characters. Each of the disciples is moved in a different way by the Master's portentous words, 'One of you shall betray me', and the feelings of all are translated at once by the expressions of the faces, the gestures and the attitudes. Only the Master sits unmoved. His face is an abyss of thought, and broods over the immense revolution in the ordeal of mankind which throngs inwardly on his absorbed eye, as, in the beginning, the spirit creative fluttered over the water's darksome wave, undisturbed and quiet."

All of which may be perfectly true, but to describe in detail what is clearly visible, and to expatiate on facial characteristics and attitudes within the grasp of everyone who is not blind, can scarcely be called criticism. Turning to writers of the advanced tendencies, the layman ponders over the following:

"Examining this magistral organization with an eye that is sensitive to plastic volumes and placements, one is instantly carried from the representational and associatory factors into the esthetic realm of pure form. Leonardo, in whom we discover a perfect blending of the artistic impulse with the scientific vision, has transcended nature; he has seized upon the discrete and irrelated elements of his subject-matter and organized them into a single organic totality. Not a form is superfluous; the individual figures and the parts of the figures, the loaves and plates, the trusses and the windows—all these have been established in recessive space according to the exigencies of tri-dimensional design, and are indispensable units in an elaborate structural synthesis. The composition is a broadly truncated pyramid within a rectangle, and the figures are beautifully organized in three groups—held together by sequences of balanced masses and rhythmical lines. The attention is inevitably drawn to the central figure, a pivotal form essential to the involute movement of the main lines of organization. In the minds of those who are capable of enjoying the formal relationships of art, this picture produces a unique psychological pattern which is known as the esthetic emotion."

This also may contain an element of truth and conceivably may be of some service to an artist involved in technical difficulties, but the layman angrily exclaims, "What of it?" You will have noticed that the conservative critic is moved to tears by the illustrative aspects of painting whereas the fashionable modernist is voluptuously titillated by the "organization". Without organization there would, of course, be no esthetic emotion, and hence no art. It is only within the last few years that the esthetic emotion was invented and I may add that it is the logical explanation of the appeal of modernist art. With the advent of Cubism and Futurism, a number of critics, after interminable argument, finally admitted that a work of art is to be judged solely by its organization. If an artist hasn't this property he is simply nonexistent. As a consequence Velasquez, Raphael and many of the Renaissance painters heretofore esteemed as artistic giants, have suffered an appreciable decline in popularity, while Giotto, El Greco, the Primitives and others particularly rich in organization have come into an immense fund of adulation.

It remained, however, for the disciples of Cézanne, notably the Cubists, to evolve a purely abstract art, that is, an art wherein organization triumphs to the exclusion of every human element. Naturally, the critics, accustomed to telling the story of pictures and describing poetic moods and soulful madonnas, were flabbergasted. At first their hostility was bitter in the extreme and open warfare ensued. "What of the Greeks?" they cried. "What of the Italians? The Dutch? The Spanish? What does all the art of the past say to your crazy distortions? You are either madmen or charlatans!" Retaliating, the artists insisted that no one in the Twentieth Century believes in the pagan gods, or in Dutch madonnas who resemble maidservants, and that no one is interested in the biographical side of the portraits of Rembrandt or Rubens. "As realistic conceptions, the saints of Giotto are naïve and incredible. It is form that gives vitality to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

art. Form and organization, and we have an art that is all form—all organization."

To explain the human appeal of an art compounded entirely of geometrical cubes and cones was a more formidable undertaking, but happily two English critics rose to the emergency with the neat and plausible theory of the esthetic emotion. Briefly they asseverated that certain combinations of lines and colors produce "significant form", a form which is provocative of a curious emotional state of mind, namely, the esthetic state. Today critical opinion is divided. The majority of writers continue to talk about the soul of art, the rest confine themselves to the form.

As a result of all this dissension, the public is completely at sea. When the critics quarrel violently over the merits of so decorous and apprehensible a painter as the late John Sargent, what, in the name of goodness, is the layman to do? Sargent, on one hand, has been hailed as the greatest of modern painters, as an artist whose portraits are distinguished not only for their unapproachable technical skill but for their profound psychological insight and uncompromising truth. Such a dictum, I need hardly say, is typical of the old-fashioned critics who regard art as a medium for character interpretation in the literary sense. On the other hand, the modernists find his work stupid, unimaginative and artistically without value. They concede his mechanical cleverness, his uncanny ability to capture likenesses and his honesty in setting down what he saw before him, but they deny that such accomplishments make for genuine art. I should advise the layman, in this case, to disregard the critics and judge for himself. Let him compare Sargent with Rembrandt, Hals, Velasquez, Rubens, or even Manet, and if, after honestly studying the masters of portraiture, he is convinced that Sargent is a great painter, he need not feel ashamed of his conclusions—he is one with the overwhelming majority.

The trouble with the critic—and it is equally true of the public—is that he never really studies pictures. He doesn't have to study them. In discharging his professional duties, as I have said, he is not obliged to do more than ascertain whether a picture conforms to his illiberal preconceptions. As long as the public will not, in any circumstances, investigate his utterances, he need have no fear of being exposed or brought to ridicule. To keep the layman at a safe distance, he surrounds himself with a cloud of hazy erudition and fosters the illusion that art is a grand mystery beyond the understanding of the ordinary mortal. One of his favorite methods in effecting this end is to employ an imposing, unintelligible technical vocabulary. This procedure, besides leading to the superiority he covets, begets the feeling that he must be an artist himself since he uses scraps and phrases of the studio idiom. In his occasional contacts with painters he is instructed in the meaning of such expressions as values, broken color, local color, tactility, contoural drawing, luminous shadows and saturation. He repeats these terms to the end of his days, never suspecting that technical processes are not virtues in themselves but only a means to an end. Unable to fathom the artist's state of mind, to weigh results and connect the painted surface with the thought of his time; incapable of perceiving that a picture is executed in a certain way because of the necessity for communication, he falls back upon his studio jargon and attempts to define the meaning of a work of art in a lot of high sounding nonsense about minor technical attributes.

Painting, in many respects, is the most perspicuous of the arts. To decide whether it is simpler or more complex than music or poetry is a waste of time—my point is that it is certainly not a dark secret or a transcendental substance for a handful of God's favored children. The world is full of pictures, both originals and reproductions, and with the recent improvements in color-printing, the reproductions are astonishingly fine. There is only one way to understand pictures and that is to look at them. Study them for yourself and take no man's word upon them. Once the public has formed the habit of looking at pictures the critics also will begin to look at them, and, more than likely, to speak an intelligible language. And then we shall have an interest in art that will be worth while.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BRIDGE OF DON GENE'S NOSE

Being a Report of the European Hike of Gene Tunney and Thornton Wilder, Written in the Manner of One of Them—You Must Guess Which.

By Robert Benchley

PART ONE

Don Gene

THE reputation of Don Gene Tunney, *campeón del mundo,* arose from three sources: a powerful right, a roving left, and an incurable reverence for the classics. Citizens who had seen him fighting in the prize-ring doubted that he could read; those who had seen him under a catalpa tree with a book doubted that he could fight. And yet Don Gene went on fighting and reading, pleasing nobody, least of all his opponents.

His mind was filled with naïve speculations: as to the authenticity of the second half of "A Winter's Tale"; as to the all-but-obscured date on the first folio of Machiavelli's "Prince"; as to the probable course and potential discomfort of the freckled fist belonging to the new *Desfiador.* To all of these, and many more problems, Don Gene turned an ingenuous attention. And, in the meantime he lived immaculately, read much, and punched a large, harassed, leather bag.

It was not strange, therefore, that people who read but little themselves, or those who lived maculately, or those who punched no bags, should look askance at this young man who did all three. There is no more suspicious character in the world, nor one more worthy of ill-natured surveillance, than the man whose life is an open book.

PART TWO

El Novelista

Members of the American Academy at Rome at the beginning of the third decade of the Twentieth Century recall a quiet young man named Wilder who wrote. Everyone knew that one day he would do something great and everyone was very kind and misunderstanding. And so when, a little later, the young man finished an excellent novel, there was great searching of hearts among the members of the American Academy at Rome; for it was found that the novel was dedicated to them. As is often the case with excellent books, this one was read by such as were implicated, by the young man's relatives, and by nobody else.

El Novelista Wilder re-introduced delicacy in style to a world which had long been living in squalid sin with realism; he re-wrote his first drafts; he polished his adjectives with meticulous and loving care; he took pains with his work in violation of all the rules of his craft. Later he was to have the distinction of being the first writer in history who, having described one of his characters as being master of lovely phrases, proceeded to fortify his description by actually giving her lovely phrases to use. It is true, in his first book he affected a confusing disdain for quotation-marks; but the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts and as youth grows older its thoughts come closer.

From Rome *Novelista* Wilder emerged with a modest knowledge of mankind, a curiosity as to its navigation, and a commission to instruct the youth of his native land in such matters as he himself had learned at the supple knee of William Lyon Phelps. Peace was in him; things were not going badly. Serene in his conviction that he had presuffered the penalties of gregariousness, he settled down to a platonic strolling through academic groves; he took his time; eventually he wrote another book, which, because of its exquisite treatment of certain Peruvian eccentrics, was awarded a prize for the novel best fostering the standards of North American home-life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PART THREE

The Prize-Writer and the Prize-Fighter

How it was that Don Gene Tunney and *El Novelista* came to cross the sea together, nobody knew; how it was that they ever met at all, nobody seemed able to say. It was one of those spectacular partnerships by which Nature proves that she knows her Thoreau. Only those who have walked can ride; only those who have ridden can walk.

And so it was that one warm afternoon late in the third decade of the Twentieth Century the two were overheard in conversation as they sat resting under the hedge which bordered the estate of Don Speranza Machihembrada y Pegujalero. Don Speranza, being a man of affairs, happened to be in his garden opening letters; he listened to the voices for two reasons: first because they interested him; second, his alternative was to listen to the voice of his conscience, always a tiring conversationalist.

"It seems to me," one voice was saying, "that if Shakespeare had meant 'Nerissa' to imply suicide he would have written it into the play. I cannot take Royce's notation as an established fact."

The other voice waited; there was a pause.

"A short punch is sometimes more effective than a wide swing," the second voice was speaking now. "Look, if you will, at the blow which settled the South American Firpo. Not more than a six inch arc."

"A literary man *en tour* with a boxer," said Don Speranza to himself. "An odd combination; or perhaps not so odd. I will see for myself and perhaps add them to my collection." Don Speranza had the second finest collection of ivory rabbits in all Spain; the other, and still finer collection, belonged to him also.

The first voice spoke again; it told of the theory held by Gilbert Murray that in Book 22, Line 52 of the Iliad the comma should come *after* δσμοισιν, making it read "sorrow"; of the contemporary account which told of Milton's being drunk, not blind; of the lost page of Tasso which held the key to the puzzling use of the subjunctive in dealing with Orlando's love for Wordsworth's "Lucy".

To these, and many other, observations the second voice interposed its owner's belief that within two more rounds in Chicago Dempsey would have gone to his long home; that a "one-two", if properly timed, is the most effective form of fisticuff; that the "rabbit-punch", no matter how prolonged, serves only as an incentive to its victim.

On hearing these words as he made his way through the hedge, Don Speranza gave thought to the problem of salutation which confronted him. "The one who speaks of Shakespeare and Tasso," he said to himself, "must be the literary man. Being a literary man myself, having written a preface to the Granada edition of 'Pepita Jimenez', I will address myself to him first." It will be seen from this that Don Speranza thought things out; his mind was two-edged and keen; he also had the third finest collection of ivory rabbits in all Spain.

Now according to all satirical badinage in the land of Don Gene's birth, where he was known as the reading-fighter or the fighting-reader, this account should end with Don Speranza's discovery that the one who spoke of Shakespeare and Tasso was the boxer; that the one who spoke of fisticuffs, the writer. Such tales have a way of so ending. But life itself has a confusing tendency to be conventional; life itself is possessed of little satire. And Don Speranza was right; it was *El Novelista* who spoke of Milton; the one who recalled Dempsey was Don Gene, the boxer. And so all three made merry until long after sundown; *El Novelista* telling of Chaucer; Don Gene of Heeney; Don Speranza of ivory rabbits, of which he had the fourth finest collection in all Spain.

Some say that we shall never know what to think about our fellowmen, and some say, on the contrary, that the world is a crystal for those who will look into it. And why should it not be so; or, if you will, why should it?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WISDOM OF MRS. TREVANNA

By C. E. Montague

FOR thirty years I have lived out of the world. I mean the great world that keeps itself on the go and has fashions and "movements" and things that "everybody is doing" and faces that everybody is making. I am a gamekeeper in Africa: not in the part where such a crowd of the "best people" from England are squatting, to get away from the Reds and the Rads: I work more inland, nearer the Equator. It's very rural thereabouts, and the tsetse fly is king of the place; but England has now been given the job of swatting him, if she can, and running the show in his stead. And I am in England's pay. Some day we shall fall on that fly—as soon as we know what he most hates to be hit with. Meantime I run down the fellows who kill too many elephants.

It's quite a good life for a hale man of fifty, like me; all out of doors; walking all day through the wilds with your file of black porters; sleeping under the stars with a lion, perhaps, coughing confidentially in the jungle. Any boy would jump at it.

And yet it is work, in a way. You have to be wary with good old Nature: she bites. Miss your way to a well, and you and your string of black boys may be dried meat surprisingly soon. Besides, little famines blow all about Central Africa like the squalls on a sea. If you butt into one you'll be for it. So mind your Intelligence work. Then there's tact to be shown. Use a word in some playful, fanciful way, and some sizable king may think that you're just the rude sort of beast that would put the evil eye on his cattle: then you're booked, too. And all the time you mustn't let down the good name of the whites. Of course, our good name is a bit of a bluff, you may say. We're not the demigods the natives want to think us—not by a long chalk. Still, a lot hangs on our not being swine in their sight. And it isn't always so easy. There's plenty of prime stuff to steal, all over the place; and in some parts a chief who is putting you up for the night will offer you, last thing, the run of his wives.

You see the sort of life—all a muck of cause and effect, and all deuced simple and quick in the working; play the fool and you're starved; talk through your hat and you're knived; do yourself well, beyond reason, and somebody else is done in, if not you. It's like Judgment Day in full blast, on the premises. I fear it gets you into a cramped way of talking—every word used with a literal, obvious meaning; no playful crying up of a thing unless you're game to go through with it. This may make you rather unfit for good talk among brilliant people; so much of their game is a starting of hares that they can't be bothered to hunt. So each time I come home on leave I fight more and more shy of the wits and good talkers. I can't keep it up on their lines. I bore them and they dazzle me, and I have to ask too many questions that they think ironic or somehow offensive, although I only just want to know.

So I go back more and more to the Alps when I am on leave. The good old peaks and passes don't do the brilliant nor put on fine manners. Give me mine ancient ice-axe, a pocketful of food, and a few rocks or a glacier to play with, and I shall be all right for the day.

II

That was how I came to be walking alone, one hot afternoon, this last August, up the rough track from the village and valley of Saas to the wee Weissmies Inn on the snow-line above. It's a four-hour walk, and the rise is some four thousand feet. The slope faces West and my rücksack was full. So I fried happily in my fat as I walked, and thought how good it would all look about six o'clock, when I ought to be at the inn—the sun just dipping behind the Mischabel's high

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

snows, the cool Saas valley darkening below, the glacier streams falling silent with frost and the air getting crackly with crispness; and then hot food and mulled red wine, and perhaps two or three decent strangers at table, men of the kind you meet at such places, plain fellows that laugh at small jokes and will talk about routes and short cuts by the hour. I can get on with such men.

Half-way up, I was roused from these pleasant thoughts by the sight of some little flag of a thing, about half a mile further on. I made out with the glass a young woman's light skirt. At her side was a man in plus fours. They were not going strong.

I don't care to hustle past people. Still you couldn't walk more slowly than that pair. When I drew level each of them had taken a seat on a baking hot boulder. They seemed to be working each other up to despair of ever reaching the inn. The man was damning "this bad eminence"—I think he meant the whole Eastern wall of the valley. The girl was widening still further the scope of this malison. "All mountains," she shouted, "are bloody." She seemed to shout whatever she said, as it were in disdain of anything so pusillanimous as reticence.

Both were of the long, straight, loosely jointed English make—the well-to-do one. Both had a rather standardized sort of good looks. While the girl cursed the day she was born, she re-whitened, with a few broad flowing touches of a powder-puff, the sepulchre of a deceased complexion.

The man and I exchanged the straight-flung words and few that are prescribed by British custom in such cases. At the end of this rite he asked, "Is there any serious ground, Sir, for believing that an inn was ever hoisted up this foul gradient?"

As a dull man, I could only tell him that I had slept there last week, and could now see the building. I felt that it was a witless and bald thing to say. Still, you can't get water to rise higher than its source.

They certainly looked as if I had committed a pretty bad gaff, calling for tact on their part. "Well," the man forbearingly said, "as the House of Loretto sailed across seas, I suppose a pub may go up a ladder."

The girl had taken my offered Zeiss glass and was looking through it up-hill. Espying the inn she shouted, "Built, I perceive, in the Street Lavatory style of architecture". She still kept the glass to her eyes. "The beastly thing," she hallooed, "seems to be real. Clothesline, and washing and all. Realistic, in fact—the landlady's undies are out in great force." She dropped the glass and glared at the man and me as if these words ought to have told on us somehow or other.

The man, at any rate, exhibited no reaction to the stimulus. "Real?" he grunted wearily. "Of course it is. That's just the vice of this damn perpendicular Sahara. The mountains really go up; the sun is real hot; my feet are real sore. Jill, I tell thee flat I'm out of love with all these overdone realities. What I want is more unsubstantial reverie."

"Well, you *are* a filthy disheartener, Jack," bellowed Jill.

They smoked cheerlessly for some moments. Then the girl shouted to Jack, "Say, you—are we to leave our old bones here, or a bit further on?"

Jack scarcely looked at her. "Leave your prabbles, 'oman," he said. Then he turned to me. "You, Sir," he said with suavity, "are a strong and determined man. Should you win to yonder height and find there a Mrs. Trevanna—"

"Trevanna!" I fear I must have bellowed like—well like some girls of the period. For I too have my Mrs. Trevanna.

"A lady," he said, "lightly stricken in years. Tell her, from her daughter and the least deserving of her friends, to bid the management not to wait dinner for us unless this can be done without injury to the food. One other word—tell her, if we should not turn up at all, that we died as we had lived, each true to his or her self and no other. Say—"

"Chuck it, Jack, before you make me vomit," yelled the fair Jill.

For myself, I felt that a little of Jack's persiflage would go quite a long way towards supplying my needs. Besides, I was doing no good where I was. The distinguished cross-chat of this couple would go all the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

better without me. So I waited no more than to give them the basic facts that the inn dined at seven, that all its staff were always snoring by nine, and that it was still a good two-hour walk to the door. Then I stumped on up the track.

III

The shadows were fantastically long when I topped the last sharp rise to the inn, and stood to take breath at that door. The sun was just dipping, according to program, behind the white peak of the Balfrin, throwing out wild and rather sensational shafts of horizontal light. Romance, you know—beauty mixed with strangeness.

Joylessly eyeing this pomp, from four iron chairs on the inn's tiny terrace, were two men and two women. One man and one woman were quite young. The two others must have been forty or so. All were legibly stamped upper-middle-class English—the brainy variety, not the purely gold-digging sort, nor yet the horsy. I caught the characteristic intonation of Oxford, familiar in my youth.

This exquisite falsetto was still echoing pleasantly down the corridors of memory when there was granted to me a yet more agreeable resurrection of the past. Out of the inn stepped, serenely genial as ever, only sunnily mellowed as with a fine autumn, the one, the authentic Mrs. Trevanna, mine and my friends', not seen for nearly thirty years.

As the young, ardent and beautiful wife of one of our dons at Skimmery, Mrs. Trevanna had elder-sistered us all when I was at that famous college. Unpriggishly, unprudishly merciful to our conceits and inflations, a tender solvent of shy petrifactions, a banisher of boyish glooms, a diviner and disengager of any high impulse concealed by the vapors of hobbledehoydom, Mrs. Trevanna had made us all talk, get it out, clear our breasts of the perilous stuff, while she listened with genius, the kindest of comrades, confessors and confidants. There must be middle-aged men all over the world who remember Mrs. Trevanna as the friend who helped them more than any other to get the full use of their own latent powers.

There's eloquence for you! But really, when one thinks of what that woman did for us—well, I suppose I mustn't begin all over again.

Her face had ripened rather than changed. Genial lines that used to come to it for a second or two, as occasional means of expression, had etched themselves lastingly now: her friendly life was printed upon her in those letters. Afterwards I half thought her voice was almost too perfect in its habitual use of certain tones of warming frankness. Some of the kind heart's sudden improvisations, as they had seemed long ago, came almost wearily now. Can a divine benignness become too much of a custom? But I am a beast to say this.

True to the habits of the race, I betrayed the least that I could of my surprise and joy. Then I gave her my news of the two dawdlers soon to be involved in night.

"Ah!" she said, lightly. "My Jill, and Jack Poynder." She turned to pass on the news to the four intellectuals on the terrace.

"Ho! Ho!" the younger man laughed. "Jill cast away! And who said it was feeble to ride up the side of a mountain? Jill. Who asked should she order tea for us here? None other than Jill. Pride, thy very name is Jill. And thy second name is Jack." That man made a flute of his voice—a rather high-pitched one. He played on it. And he was very blond and extremely pretty rather than handsome—you know how long some men will keep the looks of pretty boys. "What shall we write on their gravestones?" he fluted.

" 'We spurned God's gift of mules, and here we are,' " was lazily suggested by the youngest woman. She was dark, and must have been at least half Jewish. She had curly lips, curly contours of cheek, curly hair, a whole system of seductive curliness. The effect was enhanced by good work with the paint-box.

"Why a gravestone at all?" the third woman said in a rather mincing and carefully chiselled voice. She was the forty-year-old. She was lean and precise, with black hair and black beady eyes that twinkled frostily when she spoke. "Are there no Alpine robins to cover lost babes with leaves?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There spoke the Wicked Aunt," the elder man cooed, and I guessed from this that the beady-eyed one was a younger sister of Mrs. Trevanna's. There was, indeed, a faint likeness between them, but Mrs. Trevanna had all the milk and the marrow, the ruth and humaneness.

All this was wit, I assumed: wit, or what does in its stead in places where some sort of vivacity, some little shake of the rattle or other, is *de rigueur*. Either way, I confess I was bored: it's only the natural sparkle I like in a wine. Besides, there was plenty to look at, just then, without listening to sallies. Mrs. Trevanna, for one thing. And also the going to bed of the sun. I can't describe such glories—won't try, either: gush about sunsets and dawn is so rife that I guess wise people look the other way when they see a bit of it coming. The thing itself, though, bowled me over—knocked me dumb while it kept reeling off its film of miracles that melted into one another.

IV

When I could pay some attention again, I made out by degrees that I had butted in with my news in the midst of a grand palaver about frankness of speech, as these people called it. They had gone back to it now, hammer and tongs, with Mrs. Trevanna to act as a kind of informal Moderator of the Assembly. She did it mighty well; and I can't deny that, to my old-fashioned thinking, some moderating was wanted.

Miss Laura Sturt, the beady-eyed, was running, for all it was worth, if not more, the good old proposition that free speech should stick at nothing whatever. All reticence, she explained, was mere morbidity; no one who wasn't a primitive savage ought to taboo any topic; thoughts went bad if they were kept in dark holes in one's mind. Her voice grew sharper and sharper to match, as I took it, her growing sense of having got hold of the right end of the stick. "We haven't the *right*," she laid down, "to shut out *any* side of life."

"'Call nothing unclean or common', eh?" Mrs. Trevanna pensively murmured.

I fear the friend of candor did not quite like this imputation of being in agreement with Scripture. "'That God hath made?'" she said rather loftily. "Is that anything more than the old *lèse-majesté* business? Well, well," she conceded indulgently, "the Holy Ghost is welcome to his own sense of relative values. But what we've got to do is to stick fast to ours."

"'This above all—to thine own self be true,'" the elder of the two men quoted, in a sort of demure purr. He had a merry eye, that fellow. It struck me that this must be his little joke—to tease the advanced Miss Sturt by quoting old tags out of the Bible and Shakespeare by way of hinting that she was not half so modern as she supposed.

She parried and lunged. "Is that Shakespeare?" she asked. "Please instruct me. I fear I'm not so well versed as you are in the primitives."

This riposte had more effect than you might have expected from such simple fencing. All but Mrs. Trevanna rushed to wash their hands of any complicity in the old Shakespeare cult. With anxious speed they settled the hash of the poor Swan of Avon: why, he was as *vieux jeu* as Tennyson, Thackeray, Arnold —"whichever of them", Mrs. Trevanna murmured benignly, "was the goosiest goose on the green, and we poor Victorian villagers used to think that they too were swans!"

That set them off on the Victorians, mowing the poor things down. The idols of my youth were soon lying in long swathes. Austin Hood, the boyish blond, slew them by dozens, and then Audrey Myers, the curvilinear Jewess, slew them by twenties. But it was she who gave the next turn to the debates of this senate. When a spring tide of advancement has flowed up and up till it can flow up no more, the only advanced thing that is left for it to do is to ebb. I think that must have been Audrey's notion. When most of the tall figures embalmed in the Dictionary of National Biography had been heartily mauled, it was Audrey who first opened out on the clemency tack. "I must admit," she said, with a cool, complacent sort of slowness, "the old Bard had a staggering trick, now and then, of reaching out about three centuries forward and catching almost the note of the best work of to-day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You should read, if you haven't, the little back-chat that Helena has with Parolles—in *All's Well,* you know. Diana Myrtle might have written it—in her *Ripe Medlars,* you know—the book the stupids sent her down from Girton for."

I didn't take to that girl, Audrey Myers. There was a smear of lazy, tepid sensuality about her much-curved lips and dimples. Salome might have looked like her—not when strung up to dance, but when basking on a flat roof in the sun, blinking down at the young men going by in the street, like some sleek Baudelairean cat, a creature exotic, chimeric, alluring, a sphinx with some secret not fit to be printed. I didn't take to her the more for having once read the stuff she referred to—real stinking stuff with no quality but a stink—the kind of tap that the divinest genius ever born would turn on when he was dead out of form but remembered how well dirt will sell, any day. You know those croppers of old Shakespeare's? In my job one soon loses patience with that sort of playing with fire: that cause and effect are related is only too damnably clear, and the fire a lot too hot to be played with.

Still, one can't go testifying. So I held my peace and stared at the small rim of sun that was left, still throwing out a few fierce horizontal rays.

Miss Sturt, it appeared, was incommoded by this celestial pageant. "I really can't stand," she said, rubbing her eyes, "this somewhat garish effulgence." She rose and went into the inn.

Informally, the session stood adjourned. In a minute or two there was nobody left on the terrace but Mrs. Trevanna and me.

She took a good look at the crimson glow that was now dying down in the West. "Do we all seem," she said, "very insensitive people?"

"You? No!" I said. Hadn't she taught me perception when I was a young lout rather proud of his own callowness? "Your friends don't worship setting suns, though, do they?"

"Does anyone," she asked, "in his own youth?—unless, of course, one is very uncommon."

V

I put that in my pipe and smoked it awhile. I had time, having no change of clothes to get into. Well, these young things, I thought, seem to have a funny outfit of new gods. Could the gods that we had sworn by, thirty years ago, have ever seemed as funny to people thirty years older than I, with *their* fond recollections of mighty movements by which they too had been carried away in their youth?

Your youth has a way of returning upon you under some visual image or symbol—a scene, a typical moment of life as it used to be then, only quickened, intensified, doubly charged with meaning and with at least a semblance of beauty. Such visions may drift in at any odd moment. One visited me then. A sense of all the height and heat of such enthusiasm as had animated me when I was twenty-one recurred to me suddenly as a picture of four or five men of about my own age sitting out after dinner in the Trevannas' garden at Oxford and talking the June sun out of the sky: eager, immature talk, much of it the joyous whooping of young discoverers of delights that seemed wonderful then, though perhaps they were not quite new to the world—delight in Rossetti's haze of luxurious reverie, and in the cool, pearly dews on Tennyson's bird-haunted lawns, and then the tonic thrill of standing, with all your wits braced and alive, under the stinging shower-bath of sparkling spray from Meredith's astringent wit. But when dusk had released mind and tongue from the last bonds of shyness, then it came out that what everyone there had hugged closest to heart all the time was a secret joy in old Browning's adjurations to men and women not to have a scrubby life of it, nor a mawkish one, nor a dirty. By some miracle we had for once been made unashamed of a private wish to live stoutly; and that dropping of masks had united us all, for the hour, in a kind of sacrament of confession—of mutual trust in each other not to misread or to sneer.

All of it came back to me so movingly now that I could see the solemn sky-line of the carved yew hedge in the Trevannas' gar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

den, and two bats twirling about in the twilight, and Mrs. Trevanna sitting with the beauty of her face in dark shadow, though I could swear she was glad. For it was her work. She brought such moments to pass—disengaged the clogged spirit, and called the waters from the rock.

VI

At dinner that night at the inn, I must have been in the way, they made such a point of insisting that I wasn't. Still, they got through a fine lot of talk.

I'm oldish now, but most of them were, in a way, much older than I; they had got past so many things, or seen through them, and they clearly had no use at all for most of the things that had always seemed biggest to me. They seemed to compete with one another in offering proofs that they never wondered at anything now, and never admired.

First it was public affairs, as they're called. One Sir Ludovic Sturt, a brother of Mrs. Trevanna's, had just taken a fall in a bye-election at home, and his other sister disclaimed, almost anxiously, any surprise or distress at this misadventure. "Why *should* anyone vote Conservative now?" she asked. "If we did ever get the past back, we'd be sick on the spot. I know Ludovic would. He'd simply loathe spacious days. As for rough island stories, he would as soon have horse-hair and mahogany come back to life."

"You miss the point, O most Roman of sisters," the elder man said. "The choice wasn't between Ludovic and the future. It was between Ludovic and a Radical."

"Small choice in rotten apples," Laura retorted with spirit. "Stick-in-the-mud wearing blue, or stick-in-the-mud wearing yellow. Who cares whether the patter is patter about Church and Empire, or patter about social ills and broad outlooks? The patter habit itself is what wants abolishing. Well, Austin, don't look so shocked."

I was finding that each of them had a way of assuming that his or her last little bomb must have startled all hearers. But Austin Hood was not shocked. None of them was, ever. Not to be shocked was, I made out, a sacred convention. Hood only wanted to slip in his own bit of phrasing: "'Let's flog my dead horse,' says Mr. Liberal. 'No, let's all flog mine,' says Mr. Tory".

"Isn't that," drawled the young idol-woman out of the East, "why everybody's going Labour now? Labour *is* advanced anyhow—silly, perhaps, but not bogged up to the axle in pre-War stupidities, like the others."

"Of course," said Miss Sturt. "Who wants a cow that's still chewing the grass she was grazing before the War came and showed everything up?"

"That's where the Bolshevists score," said Miss Myers. "They do at least try to get some sort of move on. So do the Fascists. Both are advanced, in a way. No doubt they're a little wild-catty. Still, they do live in their own day and not Garibaldi's or Peter the Great's."

There I had the temerity to butt in. From all that I've seen, while doing a bit of killing myself, in war and police work, I have contracted a notion that killing is cried up too much, as a means of getting things done as you want them. Somehow it doesn't deliver the goods as the fat men expect when they stand in front of good fires and say, "You've only got to shove 'em up against a wall and shoot 'em—all the measly lot". It's apt to get back on you too, in all sorts of queer ways. Mind, I don't say that all these kill-'em-quick Fascists and Bolshevists aren't nice, well-meaning men. But they're too sentimental for me. Too much gush about the moral beauty of doing in Tom, Dick and Harry at sight for not coming up to the mark in some way or other. Not practical, to my thinking. Not business.

I hoped I wouldn't be going too far in avowing this whim. I tried to put it humbly. But that didn't save me. It was as if I had brawled in a church—knocked a bit off the altar. The pretty blond man piped up in protest till he was almost as shrill as a boy in a choir. "Don't you think," he squeaked at me austerely, "we're prone to make far too much of a fetish of deferring, in the case of other people, the perfectly common experience of dying? I should have thought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—please tell me if I'm wrong—that the finest ages were those in which no man could feel sure, when he went out in the morning, that he would come home alive. And if for ourselves we seek the life perilous, why not for others? But of course I don't know." In uttering the last three words his voice soared up into a positive treble of conscious rightness and unanswerableness.

I fear I have an unsociable habit of checking people's noble speeches by reference to my own narrow and unheroic experience. I practised this slavish trick now; and, for the life of me, I couldn't see that I did want my life to be more perilous. Lions, pythons, puff-adders, malaria, blackwater fever—these little bunkers seemed to me to suffice for the modest needs of my spiritual nature without any revival of the old propensity of the gallant Masai to knife you while you sleep. And of course the little risks of a life like mine are only more obvious and elementary, not greater, than those of living in Mayfair or Hampstead. But what's the use of incurring the scorn of people who have more spirit than oneself? So I lay low for the moment—and that means, in such cases, for ever.

In this ignoble evasion I was assisted by a new turn in the talk. The moment the nice fair youth knocked on the head my luckless fetish of unbloodthirstiness, the others seemed to scent the blood of idols in general and rushed forth to massacre, pell-mell, the false gods of the late nineteenth century. I always except Mrs. Trevanna. She merely brooded benevolently over this hurlyburly, ready to help out anyone who was stuck for a word, or was not getting an equitable share in the bloodshed, though all looked after themselves pretty well. In a general way her attitude was that of the master artist who just goes round from pupil to pupil in his studio, saying only "Continue, my children", and letting the quiet sunshine of his countenance fall upon their easels. The rest got to work on the pogrom as keenly as if all would be lost if a single golden calf were left on its feet by the time our simple meal of goat and marmot was ended.

To people more fully abreast of the times this slaughter might have appeared to be a mere re-slaying of the slain. When the elder man, Lysset, led off by downing the "slave virtues" of hard work and turning up for it in time, I myself fancied that I had once read some gifted person's scathing exposure of these malpractices. But I live so much out of the world that, I must confess, I was stung by the indictment now. It made my face tingle to think what a point I had made, in all my long jungle treks, of coming on parade right up to time every morning, and never taking a lift in a litter while my men walked. Base, it appeared, was the slave who did any such things.

I must have looked a little disconcerted at finding how far the march of mind had passed me by. For Mrs. Trevanna gave me first aid in a good-humored whisper: "You mustn't mind Peter Lysset. Unpunctuality is his *métier*. It's in the family. One of his dear father's people came up just too late to sign Magna Charta".

Mrs. Trevanna then took a very small hand of her own in the game. But the fetish she led to the block was only one which many old-fashioned persons like me have often thought quite fit to die. It was the mawkish cult of useless self-sacrifice—self-immolation for nothing, or for not enough—the fault of the women of talent who throw up some great piece of work to keep house for rich, peevish old parents who don't really need them. Mrs. Trevanna did not make the indictment wider than that. I fancy she shared a sneaking suspicion of mine that in most other acts of self-sacrifice there's something not quite definable on the good side; some elusive item of value comes into being; a mystic addition is made to the excellence of the world; its air is rendered finer.

I own I'm corrupt in this matter. I have been bribed. I once bathed, like a fool, in a river that I didn't know, and one of my black boys spotted a crocodile making up to me with intent, under the surface. That fellow took a short run and dived right into the crocodile's jaws before they could nip me. So I suppose I've been nobbled. I somehow can't quite see that black friend's action as a mere stupidity, or as veiled ego-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ism, or rank showing-off, or any of the other despicable elements into which any and every such form of devotion was swiftly cut up by our friends. But they all took a firm seat on my head. They queried my facts. Was I quite sure, they asked, that the man knew a crocodile when he saw one? Was I sure that a crocodile really was there? Was I sure the man wasn't a cinema fan? And so on till I felt as if we had all seen the little affair except me. At any rate, what I said wasn't evidence.

It seemed there was some consolation for that. I wasn't the only bad witness. "After all, what *is* evidence?" purred the voluptuous Audrey mellifluously. "Just the mutual reaction, I suppose, of a personal temperament —the most changeful thing in the world— and of something unstable outside it—something we recklessly christen 'the facts', as though they were fixed, whereas it's as likely as not that they have no existence but such as our highly temperamental senses confer on them."

" 'What's Truth?' in fact," Mrs. Trevanna breathed softly, "as poor Pilate asked."

"Or truthfulness either?" cried Laura. With that she set about the "old nursery fetish" of telling the truth though the sky fall—"or even the ceiling", as she added smartly. Hadn't the Great War shown that that cock wouldn't fight? Had we not had to put all our truthfulness by in a drawer, with the red coats and the bearskins, as soon as the real pinch came, and tell lies for all we were worth—in *communiqués,* in the press, in our propaganda all over the world —lie as spies do in an enemy country where nothing but lying will keep them alive for an hour?

Audrey was quite of that mind. It seemed she had been at school during the War. She described rather vividly, in her sensuous drawl, the elation of all the more bright-witted girls like herself when that old incubus of veracity was discredited. "We lied and lied and lied," she said, with a snort of sleepy gusto. "It felt like having a glorious new power. Some of the teachers got stuffy about it—I mean the old fossils. But all the younger ones understood."

Mrs. Trevanna smiled. "You must have been a thoroughly bad lot of girls," she said, with no sting in her tone.

"Bad? Good?" Audrey derisively droned. "Is anyone either?"

"Some eggs seem to be," I said vulgarly.

The Oriental beauty half turned to me. "Ah! *you* see the point," she said with ironic approval. "Yes, we can be good and bad, only as eggs are—poor things that didn't lay themselves, didn't addle themselves, didn't do anything but express their poor selves as well as they could. Who'd blame a bad egg?—send it to prison?—put it on six months' probation to see if it would be good and stop smelling?"

VII

While I was digesting this piece of moral philosophy weary voices and the squeal of heavily nailed mountain boots upon stone came into hearing outside, and a loud knock on the inn door brought the landlady and her one red-armed waitress rushing out to offer welcome. Within another minute Jack and Jill tottered into the little dining-room where we were now at the stage of coffee, cognac and tobacco.

In slavish obedience to an outworn convention I rose to cede my chair to the exhausted Jill. Jack dropped into it promptly. The rest of our party stuck to their seats with true spontaneity—all except Mrs. Trevanna. That good-natured woman, I fancy, would not let me stand alone in an absurd solecism. So she gave up her own chair to Jill, who was most willing to have it. Thus was the fetish of politeness sent to its long home without even such drum-head court-martial as had been accorded to each fellow-fetish that had preceded it to the tumbril.

On some impulse that seemed to be general, the belated arrivers were now made the theme of a spirited impromptu burlesque of obsolete canons of propriety. The sport was to hint that, after this night excursion together, the two would have to be married in all haste, to preserve the lady's good name. The hints grew broader and broader, each free spirit capping the gallant candor of the last with some new feat of self-liberation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from fig-leaves. When Mrs. Trevanna found some gentle means of suggesting the artistic value of a modicum of reserve, this polite comedy took a slightly different color, and great play was made with witty allusions to such calls as a long day on foot in the open may make on the delicacy—or, as Audrey would have it, the salutary frankness—of young man and maid. I can think of few sides of life—I mean few physical ones—that these brave spirits shut out during the next twenty minutes.

When the couple had stood this savory fusillade for that long, and given about as good as they got, Jill Trevanna broke new ground by shouting across to Miss Sturt: "By the way, I've lugged up your old beast of a book all the way. It weighed tons".

The news seemed to burnish the little black beads in the lean lady's eyes. "What!" she exclaimed, "My dear Kitty Tressillian's *Superstition of Chastity?* You'll be rewarded in Heaven for this."

Lysset looked arch. "A somewhat—shall we say, a somewhat question-begging title?" he observed.

Miss Sturt glared upon him. "Better read it for yourself," she said. "You'll soon find that Kitty is no question-beggar. I'd like to see the thing she won't face."

I felt no such desire. But then I'm a man and no more. And the void where the desire ought to have been was not filled by what we heard about the fearless Kitty's book during the next quarter of an hour. We heard much. Audrey and Laura seemed to know the volume by heart. So did Austin the blond. I gathered that it was quite the big noise, for the time, among hard-riding followers of "the advanced movement". Laura said it was written in the true spirit of science—took the human subject right back to childhood—traced to the root, as she put it, the foul warp that many a young mind must take from the insensate efforts of parents to check its natural urge to put its fingers in the jam, and its pure tongue in the pure treacle. As Laura warmed to the work she went back further yet. She exposed the tangled web that is woven round a helpless infant by uninstructed mothers and nurses when they subject its discharge of the simplest bodily functions to an arbitrary and archaic etiquette, inevitably shackling the seedling soul and clouding the dawn of personality. A bib, by itself, might wreck a whole life.

Those steely beads were brightening all the time in Laura's pioneer eyes as she breathed like an Angel of Death on the faces of the various forms of self-control that we learnt in our youth. They were all bad mistakes, it appeared. And not innocent, either. They were fetishes. Miss Tressillian had found that they all took their rise from black conspiracies to bolster up some rotten institution or other—chiefly property and marriage. Property, it appeared, was bad enough. "That much," Miss Sturt said, with a fine gesture of dismissal, "was acknowledged by all serious thinkers." But marriage was the very devil. At any rate monogamy was.

That did surprise me at the moment. For I had always assumed, like an ignoramus, that the monogamization of such a loose fish as man had been one of the biggest scores notched by women in all time. But Miss Sturt knew better. Wasn't she herself on the executive of the M. M. G. Guild (short for "Marriage Must GO")? Away with the "holy state"—a phrase much quoted by Miss Sturt, and always in a tone so scathingly sarcastic that I felt I must have escaped a lot of infamous living when I remained a bachelor, although I didn't want to.

VIII

That was about the climax, I think. With what was left of their annihilatory fervor they mopped up a few minor virtues—honesty, equity, loyalty, shame and the like—that had escaped death during the first victorious advance. Fetishes all. There was a lot to be said on both sides, they agreed, about cheating at cards. Mere honor was the merest scutcheon. In fact, as Miss Myers comprehensively said, "In these so-called times the whole morality stunt is getting somewhat excessively ga-ga".

By now their voices were growing quite perceptibly sleepy. And I was to get up at two in the morning, to walk by myself up

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the delectable slopes of crisp snow to the top of the Fletschhorn. So I slipped out of the abattoir, to make for my bed, just when things were beginning to look pretty black for the fetish of courage.

I found in the hall that Mrs. Trevanna had slipped out before me. She stood at the inn door, looking out at the moonlit magnificence of the heights. It was now perfectly still. The forces from which the world had issued seemed to be resting.

She beckoned me out to the door. "I hope you're not dreadfully bored," she said, "by this innocent little convention of having no innocence?"

"It's their having no youth," I grunted, "that makes me sorrier for 'em."

"Of course," she said, "they aren't like the things they say. Who is? Were we, who said, 'we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake'?"

Again I saw that Oxford garden. "Oh! I suppose we were pretty tall prigs," I said ruefully.

"No. We only followed a fashion. It was the way to talk then—to clap honor and duty and truth on the back, very hard. And now the way is to make them all stand on their heads. But it's all the same thing. It meets the same need."

"You mean —?" I said, puzzling.

"It's good for them, somehow—just making the noises. It helps. The way crying, in reason, is good for a baby. The way it helps some surgeon-men to say 'Bless us!' and others to keep saying 'Damn!' and 'Oh! Hell!' all the time while they operate."

"Then these young destructivists—operate?" I enquired.

"They are all working people," said Mrs. Trevanna. "Laura teaches at a school. Audrey only looks like Cleopatra: she's a rather efficient accountant. Jill researches in physics. Austin Hood is a hard-working tutor at Oxford; Jack Poynder a good actor slowly making his way; Peter Lysset a rich man who wears himself out at a prison-gate mission."

"I beg their pardon, and yours," I said. I was chewing a thought. Was it thus that Mrs. Trevanna had viewed the grand spluttering of my comrades and me in our youth? She had seemed to be with us so utterly! Had we been no more, in her sight, than children whom any motherly woman must clap on the back to help them to cough up a crumb that had stuck?—we and our visions of the hero faces thronging through the cloud-rift!

"Of course," she said, softly, "one mustn't expect what they say to be very wise."

So ho! Had it been even so when we were confessing our towering aspirations and splendid resolves?

"There's this in it, too," said Mrs. Trevanna. "You know how, as soon as you've said a thing rather—well, oversaid it, you know, as one does when one is tipsy with talking—a sort of reaction begins in your mind—a kind of ebb-tide sets in—you draw back from that dear, silly high-water mark. One daren't say so at the time—one so hates ever to be seen taking in sail; so one does it in acts, on the quiet. That way one may really be helped to be wise by the rubbish one talks. And just now I do think it's best, on the whole, for young people to get that sort of little rebound towards the simple old sanities—truth and hard work and self-mastery—all the fixed stars. You understand, don't you?"

I pondered. "There's one thing," I said, "that I don't understand. When all we young duffers were all gassing about doing good and the Rabbi Ben Ezra and fighting breast-forward, and you listened kindly, what was it that we needed to be headed back from?"

"Well," she said slowly and gently, "all you dear boys might have jumped up and rushed away into the slums in a body, just to go up and down, doing good. And that's not a life for a man."

I couldn't quite see her face. It was in a dark shadow again as it had been in the garden at Oxford on that distant evening. But again I felt I could guess it—this time as a witty Madonna's, happy in having a sense of humor as well as her power to love, wise and tender to all her children, but not taken in by any of their little whoops and trumpetings, trumpet they this or trumpet they that, and whoop they never so bravely. It made me feel rather humble, and yet rather glad. So this was what it came to—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the mighty swell of the heart in one's youth, the burst of dream and desire that seemed to have enough strength to break worlds. This was how it had looked, all the time, to the sane and humorous eyes of the Mother Nature that lived in Mrs. Trevanna. Well, so be it. Our high horses can't live for ever. And we must remember that things might be worse. What if the world contained little trumpeters only and none of the Mrs. Trevannas whose mercy endureth from generation to generation?

"But here I am," she said, "keeping you up. Don't forget the Sechehaye stuff to put on your face in the morning. And now I must go and send them to bed."

As I pulled off my boots in my attic I heard the door of the dining-room open again and a spate of voluble voices break forth. They all talked at once; but I dimly made out that they were all agreeing that passion was everything and authority nothing, and that the life force must be given its rights.

Then I heard a gentle "Hush!" from Mrs. Trevanna, and the whole din ceased at once, and I could hear her saying mildly that no one must talk any more, as the house was asleep, and that they must all leave their windows wide open and not be afraid of the frost.

There was no sound after that.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CRISIS IN THE MODERN STATE

By Harold J. Laski

THE PRAGMATIC REVOLT IN POLITICS. *By W. Y. Elliott. Macmillan, $4.00.*

THE sovereign state was born in the period of the Reformation, and it bears upon its face the marks of its origin. Its sovereignty was a necessary weapon of offence against a Church which made, of divine right, pretensions to sovereignty. Thereby it vindicated not only its right to self-sufficiency but was enabled when its own internal authority was challenged to insist upon its supremacy. For at least a century after Bodin it is not unfair to say that the sovereignty of the state was the basis of an essential human liberation. Without it, at least, it is difficult to see how either religious toleration, on the one hand, or the idea of a lay community upon the other, could ever have been secured.

It is less clear today that the idea of a sovereign state serves purposes as necessary or valuable as at the time of the Reformation. By its sovereignty the state claims obedience from all groups and individuals within its territory. In the sphere of law it has neither duties nor dependence. Its will is beyond appeal. It is, as Hobbes said, the great Leviathan, within whose grasp all other persons are necessarily enclosed. It is, too, the final unit of international law. There is no world-community by which to bind its will. Between states, the hinterland is organized only as the state consents to its organization.

But the state is, after all, in essence a juristic concept; in the nature of things, it must act through agents. For the most part, therefore, the power of the state is exercized by government. In its name, orders are promulgated by the government, and in its name, they are obeyed. Such orders may represent, as in the English system, legally unlimited power; there is no hindrance to the authority of the King in Parliament. Or, as in America, the authority of the Constitution may limit the boundaries within which government may dispose of the authority of the state. But the essence of the position is everywhere substantially the same. The law of the state is the will of the state. Against that will, legally, no person and no association has any right to prevail. The state sets the boundary of all activities, and cannot, save of its own volition, be itself limited. It is, through its agents, the omnicompetent master of all who come within its purview. It defines the lives of all; it coordinates their activities into the ordered whole which is then legally right because the state has given it the sanction of its fiat.

Nor have there been wanting theorists to insist that this formal sovereignty expresses also a moral substance. The Idealist school, Hegel in Germany, and Bosanquet in England, argue that the state is not merely legally sovereign, but ethically sovereign also. It represents, albeit in part unconsciously, the general will of the community, the expression of the best in each of us. It is free from the bias and partial wills of everyday life. It is the progressive expression of the ultimate and finest social purpose. When we obey the state, therefore, we obey the best in ourselves. Its action is the guarantee that reason prevails.

There have been incidental protests against this attitude ever since its original emergence. At the outset, there were thinkers who insisted—like the Jesuits, for example—that law is not the creature of the state, that, on the contrary, the state is the creature of law. For law, to be justified, must embody justice, and the will of the state has no claim upon us save to the degree that it fulfills this condition. To others, as to Rousseau, for example, the theory was only true when the exercise of political power secured certain rights to the individual which were the purpose of political institutions. Others,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again, like Locke in England and Jefferson in America, denied altogether the sovereignty of the state. Presiding, as they were, over the doctrinal destinies of two epoch-making revolutions, they refused to concern themselves with the formal sources of law and insisted upon regard for its substance. At that point, for them, what was, above all, important was the use to which power was put; and they made the results of its exercise the test of its claim to obedience.

Yet, on the whole, it is not untrue to say that the broad outline of the idealist philosophy seemed, on the whole, the dominant school of thought until recent times. Especially as democratic representative government extended its sphere of operation, it seemed natural for governments elected by the community to insist that they were its natural representatives. They could claim, with some pretension, that the basis of their authority was, at least upon a superficial view, more widely built upon the consent of the community than that of any possible rival. It was clear, moreover, that a society as complex as our own needed, at some point, an arbitrator of its differences and a center of integration for its manifold actions. The state, with its courts of law, on the one hand, and its legislative power, upon the other, seemed naturally to fill this rôle. When, finally, as in 1914, societies were brought to the supreme test of war, the supremacy of the state over all other associations went practically unchallenged. Its international position seemed beyond dispute; and the insistence upon unanimity upon the larger international decisions in the League of Nations must have appeared to its protagonists as the canonization of its claims.

Yet in the last half century, there has been a growing volume of protest against the simplicity of the analysis by which the sovereignty of the state was vindicated. The Marxian socialist rejected from the outset its claim to represent the community as a whole. He insisted that political power was the mere handmaid of economic power; and so long as the instruments of production were in the hands of a few, the state, for him, was simply the executive committee of the capitalist class. Churchmen argued that within the sphere of their activities they could not, in the nature of things, admit the sovereignty of the state; for societies which, like their own, claimed to be the depositories of a divine revelation, could not accept the control of a merely secular authority. It was found, moreover, that the unlimited authority of the state in law could not be maintained in fact; things like the *Kulturkampf* in Germany, the Munitions strikes in England, and a score of similar events, all went to show that the power disposed of by the state was always a function of the purpose for, and the wisdom with, which it was exercised. There arose, also, a school of exegesis which insisted that the state did not create the associations with which it was surrounded. These, it insisted, be they churches, trade-unions, or freemasons' lodges, were as real and original as the state itself. For them, conflict with the state did not mean an *a priori* decision of right; that depended upon the subject-matter of the conflict. The state might be right, but, not the less clearly, it might also be wrong. The decision was always a matter upon which the individual citizen must make up his own mind. The legality of law, in other words, was mental in character; and the power of the law to get itself obeyed depended, in the last analysis, upon the wills of those over whom it claimed authority. In the international sphere, moreover, it has seemed obvious to many that an interdependent world cannot allow to the jealous and exclusive separatism of the nation state the power that sovereignty implies. For that is to confer upon it the capacity to inflict disaster upon humanity. Allegiance, to put it briefly, is never single, and it does not exhaust the ambit of its prospects in the sovereignty of the nation-state. The period in which that doctrine reigned supreme now draws to a close. The world about us is a different world from that which the sovereign state came to organize. We need new institutions and new doctrines to express new needs.

This, at least, may be said with certainty: that the state's midsummer of high credit has passed. The claim that its will should prevail because it *is* its will, is more rarely heard than at any previous time. It is much

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more clearly seen that what is important is what the state does; and the justification of its power lies, accordingly, in the judgment passed upon its policies by those who feel their results. The state, moreover, as a philosophic idea, has the purpose of making possible for its citizens a life worthy of their humanity. It must be judged, accordingly, not merely by the intent of its will to that end, but upon the more serious ground of whether its institutions, as they are now organized, can be expected to achieve that end. It is admitted, for the most part, that citizens have an equal claim upon the common stock of well-being. Clearly, from that angle, we must so organize our political institutions that equality of claim is validated in the event. It is not merely a matter here of formal political equality. It is a matter of dissecting the ultimate social constitution in order to see whether such things as our property-system, our educational system, the laws of marriage and divorce, do, in fact, in their operation validate that claim. It is a matter, further, of knowing whether the process of reasonable persuasion will convince men of the need to take the steps necessary to the foundation of a well-ordered commonwealth. So far, at least, in history, no class possessing a power which conflicted with the general social welfare has been persuaded to abdicate its authority peacefully. That is true of England in 1776; of France in 1789; of Russia in 1917. The governing class in each of these cases sought to utilize their possession of the state's sovereignty to prevent the onset of inevitable and irresistible change. It was the perception of this habit which made Jefferson—greatest, by all odds, of American political philosophers—insist that a revolution was needed in each generation to adapt old institutions to new needs. The problem of our own time is not in essence different from that which he confronted. The sovereignty of the state then, as now, was used to protect the well-being of a few against the wider needs of the many. That exercise was not merely selfish. Partly, at least, it was the outcome of a belief, typical of every governing class, that its own interest is coincident with the public welfare. So Hamilton and Adams believed when they insisted upon legislation intended to prevent the danger of social democracy in America. For them prosperity was a function of concentrated economic power; and they resisted the wants of the multitude in the belief that it would come not to fulfill but to destroy. That attitude has been true of every governing class in history. They have believed that they were preserving the world by their zeal in self-preservation.

It is around issues such as these that the debate in political philosophy today mainly centers; and it is obvious enough that its results will exercise a critical influence upon the institutions to which we are accustomed. Once it is admitted that each citizen must be, in all ultimate matters, the responsible architect of his own fortunes and his own happiness, there is no case against some form of representative democracy, and it is then evident that we must, at least in civilized states, establish the conditions without which representative government is impossible. In such a situation, the significance of Bolshevism in Russia and Fascism in Italy, of dictatorships in Spain and Hungary, of governments where, as in Poland and Rumania, China and Mexico, consent is, at the highest, partial and fragmentary, needs no emphasis. What are the rights of the state in a world where constitutional government is the exception rather than the rule?

In a book that is at once both able and interesting, Professor W. Y. Elliott, of Harvard University, has provided us with a guide to the debate that is of real value. He not only perceives the issues clearly; but since he has a definite standpoint of his own from which to expound them, his statement is as constructive as it is critical. He is, too, refreshingly free from the jargon of the Schools, and though he suffers from the irritating academic habit of explaining, upon occasion, important points of his own not in terms of ideas, but of other people's books, there is an admirable clarity in what he has to say. The lay reader, to whom an academic treatise on politics may seem a formidable adventure, may take up the book in full confidence that he will find there simple and straightforward analysis. He will, on occa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion, be irritated by Professor Elliott's passion for repetition, his refusal, too often, to explain exactly the nuance of his terms, and, even more, their connection with correlated ideas, his tendency to confuse the facts that are with the ideals he desires. But, all in all, he will find this a thoroughly useful book which will lead him directly to a literature which, especially in England and France, suggests the coming of a genuine renaissance in political philosophy.

Professor Elliott, moreover, will interest him the more because, in the current debate, he occupies middle ground. It will not be expected from one who is, for his sins, a protagonist of one of the schools it is Professor Elliott's ambition to destroy, that he should believe this middle ground coterminous with the truth. To me, at least, Professor Elliott's approach, with all its admissions and hesitations, is yet surprisingly conservative in one who has read so widely and digested so carefully the results of European as well as American experience. It will, I think, assist the reader most if I try to explain briefly where Professor Elliott takes his stand and why I believe that the position he occupies gives rise to questions he has altogether failed to answer. None of my difficulties or doubts must be taken as diminishing my profound interest in his book. I have had the interesting experience of seeing myself as a fly in the web of an extraordinarily generous and considerate spider, comforted by the knowledge that, as I survey my fellow prisoners in the order of their erroneousness, I shall probably be one of the latest victims to be eaten. And I have, even, as I surveyed Professor Elliott's own constructive synthesis at the close, been stirred to hope by the suspicion that I might, before my turn comes to serve his appetite, myself spin a web in which he might, by reason of the admissions his fairness constrains him to make, himself become a victim for whom an early demise was scheduled. Were that suspicion realized, the death, I am certain, would be marked by a kindness only equalled by that which Professor Elliott has himself shown.

The real essence of Professor Elliott's position, as I understand it, is the need for a rule of law in a complex world where, otherwise, the results of group autonomy and group-conflict would necessarily lead to anarchy. Without the rule of law, he maintains, the strongest group would make itself the master of the lives and fortunes of others, without regard either to their consent or to principle. Abandon the sovereignty of law, and we are at once plunged into the excesses of Bolshevism or Fascism. The rule of law is thus a means to order, a safeguard against anarchy. It provides us with a peaceful means of resolving conflict in which the wills of opposing forces can be duly weighed. It enables diversity of opinion to be expressed. It secures to minorities a proper opportunity to make themselves heard. But what is the rule of law? Professor Elliott, again so far as I understand him, seems to answer that it is the will of a state acting under the aegis of a constitution which provides forms through which, and only through which, its will must flow to the appointed decision.

It is difficult, in a short space, to put in brief compass the multiplicity of fundamental questions to which this attitude gives rise. In the first place, it is an argument about the relationship of a constitution to the life of a community which is as mythical as any social contract theorists have ever supported. The constitution of a state is the expression of the way of life of those members of the state who were, in its adoption or amendment, able to make themselves heard. It does not necessarily safeguard the interests that ought to be safeguarded. Professor Elliott would agree with me that the Constitution of France in 1815 was utterly inadequate; but it still enabled the rule of law to be applied. The constitution of England in 1832 was utterly inadequate, but it, also, enabled the rule of law to be applied. Now either Professor Elliott has got to argue that order is so obviously heaven's first law that any rule of law is better than none, or he has to maintain that the rule of law he approves is one that is built upon an adequate constitution. In the first event, I suggest that the major part of history is against him; in the second, he must tell us what he means by an adequate constitution, a thing he has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thus far failed to do. The value of the rule of law, in other words, depends upon what the rule of law does. To regard it from any other angle, is to idealize the virtue of peace to the point of absurdity.

But this is to say that the rule of law, in Professor Elliott's sense, is a good working principle when it means the rule of justice. What, in his view, is the relation between law and justice? The space this problem receives in his discussion is very small. It is really confined to a single note on p. 260, where Duguit is chastized for postulating a "sentiment of justice", a purely romanticist notion, we are told, which offers innumerable hostages to violence. All Professor Elliott tells us as a clue to his own views is that it involves the idea of reciprocity. But reciprocity in what, of what, and for what? Justice, Professor Elliott will agree, is not merely what is secured from the Courts; there is no greater fiction in the modern world than the famous Anglo-American doctrine of equality before the law. What it means in substance is that you are as fully entitled to the protection of the law as anyone, if you are the kind of person to whom, in the Anglo-American community, the full protection of the law is normally given. Justice cannot, either, mean the will of the legislator, for that is often quite patently the antithesis of justice. Nor does it mean the will of the administrator for the same reasons. Yet any one of these three wills may, in Professor Elliott's view, embody the rule of law if the method of formulation is consistent with what the constitution of the state demands.

The inadequacy of this view would, I think, be admitted by Professor Elliott as soon as it is stated. Its implications are obvious and far-reaching. It means that we must go back to the foundations of social organization and try to build a complex of institutions which satisfies more fully the need to make power coincident with justice. This, as I believe, can only be done by building the co-ordinating institutions of society out of a process which compels consultation with all the interests affected by the results of association. It can only be done, further, by recognizing that every divergence from the recognition of the individual's equal claim upon the common stock of well-being disadvantages that individual in his effort after happiness. We need, in other words, a body of rules as the basis of the constitution which guarantee, so far as guarantee is possible, that it will secure in its operation the purposes by fulfilling which it can alone justify itself. I wish Professor Elliott would tell us (1) what, in his view, those rules are, especially in the context of the impact of property upon social life (2) what technique of consultation he proposes to adopt in order that they may be given substance. I notice that he refers with warm commendation to certain papers of the Master of Balliol as embodying substantially his ideal. But in the last discussion by the Master upon this theme, he limits the claim of the Constitution to supreme allegiance by insisting that it is only valid under conditions which I may observe in parenthesis are not yet realized in any state. The use of force as a method of social decision may be bad; but I, at least, am not prepared to admit its inherent badness until I am cognizant of the conditions under which it has been used. In my judgment, for instance, a revolution would have been justified in England in 1832 had the House of Lords refused to pass the Reform Act. The French Revolutions alike of 1789 and 1848, the Russian Revolution of 1917, were all of them justifiable. Indeed, I believe that Professor Elliott would agree with me in this judgment. I am tempted to believe that he would say, as I am arguing, that there come moments in history when it is necessary to use force in order to secure justice; and it is to be remembered that the reign of justice is the real security—is, in fact, the only security, of the rule of law.

I put one final type of question to Professor Elliott. Does he seriously believe that, in a world like ours, matters like tariffs, migration, the supply of raw materials, the treatment of native races, the traffic in women and children and noxious drugs, the creation of adequate standards in the treatment of labor, the problem of armament, can be safely left to the independent will of sovereign states? And if he believes, as I have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been driven to believe, that these must be matters for international settlement, can the principle of unanimity be left unfettered? Obviously not; but once the will of a state can be bended to the service of the community of states, there is an end to the theory of sovereignty in international law. And it is ended for the good and sufficient reason that it is incompatible as a principle with exactly the purposes the rule of law is intended to secure.

One last remark I may be permitted to make. In recent years, American political scientists have notoriously neglected the kind of question Professor Elliott has discussed, and that at a time when European discussion of its significance has been more vivid and eager than has been the case for fifty years. In America it has been mostly lawyers like Pound and Cardozo, Holmes and Frankfurter, or philosophers like Morris Cohen and Dewey, who have illuminated its substance. The political scientists have mostly confined themselves either to the history of doctrine or the description of institutions. Professor Elliott is one of a small band, among whom the names of Professors Dickinson and Coker are notable, who are responsible for a beneficent change in this direction. Few of them, I believe, have any sympathy with the particular body of doctrine it has been my task to urge. But even an opponent may be allowed the expression of gratitude for their effort. The life of America is so varied in scale and so rich in intensity that the adequate consideration of its meaning for political philosophy may well mark an epoch in its history.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE DEAN"

Letters of William Dean Howells, 1890–1920

THIS last selection from Mildred Howells's *Life in Letters of William Dean Howells* covers the years 1890-1920 and there is little that need be added in the way of comment. The material is self-explanatory, as it reveals the ripe sunset years of Howells, years wherein he was unmistakably the dean of his era and recognized as such by his native public and the world at large. These thirty years did not vary greatly in design from the earlier period. Howells did some editorial work, travelled in Europe from time to time, maintained his lively interest in the work of younger men—Stephen Crane and Madison Cawein, for instance—and continued his own prolific but distinguished output. He saw the passing of many friends, chief amongst them Mark Twain and Henry James; toward the very end he witnessed the complete passing of the old world that he had known and loved so well, a world that crashed in blood and fire. He even lived to witness the dawn of the post-war era. Honors and degrees were heaped upon him and he maintained that urbane modesty that had been his from the beginning.

He had travelled a long way from the Ohio type-case, and yet his simplicity had been in no wise impaired. From the period of *A Modern Instance* (1882) he had been in sure command of his fictional medium and the long row of books gave evidence of his preëminence as a faithful and accurate artist in the depiction of the American life of his day. He was not over-sophisticated and his moral fastidiousness not infrequently gave his realism an appearance of thinness that it did not really have. Any careful study of Howells's work will show that he did what he set out to do.

He died on the morning of May 10, 1920.

H. S. G.

* * *

"Balestier" was Wolcott Balestier, who wrote *The Naulahka* with Rudyard Kipling. He was living in England, where he represented an American publisher, and had only come home for a brief visit.

"The play you've been writing" was probably the dramatic version of *The American* that Henry James had finished in the spring of that year, and which he writes of in a letter to his sister dated June 6th, 1890.

The "young poet" was Madison Cawein.

To Henry James.

Prescott House, Lynn,
September 25, 1890.

My dear James:

The naïve wish to write you something worthy in answer to that magnificent letter of yours about my book has kept me from writing to you at all. Now I come meekly, guiltily, and own that I never could have fitly acknowledged it, and that I ought to have known I couldn't. I don't even know how to thank you. Your praise is princely; when I read your letter I felt as if I had been created a peer, or something. Then, Balestier comes along six months later, and full of the memory of your kindness for me, uses me as if I were really a titled person. That youth made a gay time for us while he stayed with us in Saratoga, and we had ever so much talk of you. He will have told you of our plan of getting you to come and live there, in a house with a bronze boot-black for a fountain on its lawn, and amusing you with a toboggan-slide, to the perpetual music of McGinty and Annie Rooney. We said, "Saratoga is the place for James. It's the *only* place that would reconcile him to America." I suppose we thought no other place could be so bad, even in America, and the whole country would profit by the contrast. We spent three weeks there, Mrs. Howells and I with great amusement, and Pilla with rebellion and abhorrence.—But I won't speak of our goings and comings, or of our stayings, for Balestier will tell you all. Now we're back near Boston, waiting to get into our flat, if we can't exchange it for a furnished house.—I've finished another nov-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ellette (*An Imperative Duty*) which completed my work for the year, and I have three months of distracting leisure before me. I'm in despair how to employ it, unless I give it to writing letters to you, and trying to retrieve myself.—I'm glad to say that *The Tragic Muse* is almost the tutelary deity of our reading public, as I hope the publishers' returns will persuade you to believe. It's a pity that they don't publish fifty cent editions of your books, as I now have the Harpers do simultaneously with the bound editions of mine. You ought to be got into the hands of the people.—My wife wants me to thank you for your good will towards her sister; I hope Mrs. Shepard may yet see you.—I gave Osgood's young partner a note to you; McIlvaine is an admirable fellow.

Scudder, the new *Atlantic* editor, told me with great pleasure of the letter you had written him. He will make a good editor, and I think your relations with him will be very agreeable—he's so intelligent and jolly.—I wish you could see a bit of this American weather today—so bright and thin and keen, you can almost hear it rattle. But I wish more I could meet you in London, which I don't know now that I shall ever do. I look forward to the winter in Boston with a feeling of satiety towards the place. I can only console myself by reflecting that it is much too good for me. I have that consolation in regard to everything, but I don't find it makes me less exacting.

Since we got back we've seen no one. I heard from Perry (whom I *did* see, however) that Lowell is still poorly, and is low spirited. Your brother Wm. I had a glimpse of the other day at Lynn station, when he waggled his hand to me from the car window—I suppose he was going home from the mountains.

Balestier told me of the play you've been writing, and of the processes of self-sacrifice you've been through for it. I hope with all my heart they'll avail. From time to time I yearn towards the stage, but I don't suppose I shall ever do anything for it. The novel is such a *free* fight, you don't want ever afterwards to be tied up to any Queensberry rules. We've just been visited by a young poet, from Louisville, Kentucky, a young man of great promise and some beautiful performance, whom we had the pleasure of seeing look upon the ocean for the first time. He's a most gentle, refined creature, whose hard fate it is to be an accountant in a betting-house, the head of which has killed his man, and never goes out at night without an armed guard. He's killed two men, but one was black, and he doesn't count *him*. Just now a judge is holding court in one of the vendetta districts of Kentucky, with a regiment of soldiers. I mentioned this to Cawein, and he said, "Oh, they *always* have to have troops where there are feuds."

My wife and daughter join me in love.

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

"Colonel Singleton" was a character in Pyle's story of *In Tenebras*.

Pyle was a Swedenborgian, and Howells, who had been brought up in the same faith, often used the Swedenborgian phraseology of his youth in writing to Pyle of the spiritual things that interested them both.

To Howard Pyle.

184 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston
Dec. 22, 1890.

My dear Friend:

Your story is most powerful and irresistibly true. It thrilled me deeply as I read it, and though I now call it true, because it is consonant with the most reasonable conjecture of the life hereafter, yet I felt a certain sympathy with Colonel Singleton, as I have always felt with the brother of the Prodigal. I know we must be swept clean of ourselves before the Lord can enter in—I have been taught so—but it seems hard. But this is beside the real matter. You have written a romance which I think will vividly impress every reader. It is most real to me from beginning to end, and it interests me all the more because I have had it in mind myself to write a story of the future life, on an extended scale, using Swedenborg for my *entourage*. I venture to suggest that you leave out the explicit references to Swedenborg and the New Church, because I'm afraid they will circumscribe your audience. The romance ought to be printed in *Harper's* or *The Century*, not in any sectarian periodical. I congratulate you heartily on a fine and noble piece of work, whose implications are infinitely more than artistic.

My reading dream-wards, so far as Du Prol was concerned, ended in an argument for metempsychosis, or paleogenesis! I was deeply disappointed—as deeply as you with your astronomers. I was grievously vexed,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as well as disappointed; but I will enclose a dream of my own, which I think will interest you. Kindly return it, when you have read it.

I wish we could meet, and talk again. Letters are not my natural expression, though literature is; I feel that I don't get myself out in them; my phrases hide me. You are a man I would like to be sincere with: that is, appear no better than I am; and I tell you honestly that for the greater part of the time I believe in nothing, though I am afraid of everything. I do not always feel sure that I shall live again, but when I wake at night the room seems dense with spirits. Since this dream which I wrote out for my father I have had others about my daughter, fantastic and hideous, as if to punish me for my unbelief.

Yours faithfully,
W. D. Howells.

"Nevil" and "Hermia" are characters in *The Shadow of A Dream.*

To Howard Pyle.

Boston, Mass., April 17th, 1890.

My dear Mr. Pyle:

Thank you most truly for your letter.

I think I should gloss your revelation in this form:

"The Kingdom of heaven is not to be regained by self-denial, *for self-denial's sake;* nor by virtue, *for virtue's sake;* no, not by good itself, *for goodness' sake.*"

But the more I take thought of the kingdom, the farther off from it I seem to be. Sometimes I feel that I must live entirely on the earthly plane unless I wish to be an arrogant ass, and meddle with things above me; and yet I *must* meddle with them, both in my own defective conduct and in the imagined lives of others. I felt that Nevil was the helpless prisoner of his traditions, and yet in his place I do not know how I could have acted differently. At first I meant to have him marry Hermia, but he convinced me, as he wormed it out, that this was not possible. Happy for all if they could die out of their difficulties! But even this is not permitted to many, to most. Perhaps we can only suffer into the truth, and live along, in doubt whether it was worth the suffering. It may be an illusion, as so many things are (maybe all things); but I sometimes feel that the only peace is in giving up one's will. I own this is not victory; and one's will may be wise and right.

Yours sincerely,
W. D. Howells.

"My reporter" was in *The Quality of Mercy.*

To Sylvester Baxter.

184 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston,
February 25, 1891.

My dear Baxter:

I wish you would talk with some skilled reporter, and find how they "get onto" things. Do they ever stand in with detectives, and learn beforehand of cases likely to be made public, such as defalcations? I'm not satisfied with the way I've got my reporter on the track of the defalcation I'm working out, and which he begins to work up on some hints he gets of it before the company confesses it. How, for instance, would a reporter begin to suspect that all was not right with the treasurer of some fat company? Is there any sort of gossip-exchange where such things are talked up? Do expert examiners ever *leak* to reporters? Is there anyone who could give a fellow he liked a straight tip concerning a case like that?

Do come to my rescue, like a good boy!

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

Howells had become editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine,* then owned by John Brisben Walker.

Norton was Lowell's literary executor.

To Charles Eliot Norton.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine,
Editorial Department,
New York, Dec. 12, 1891.

Dear friend:

I fancy that it must have been with something like a shock you learned of the last step I have taken, in becoming editor of this magazine. Nothing was farther from my thoughts when I saw you a few weeks ago. The offer came unexpectedly about the beginning of this month, and in such form that I could not well refuse it, when I had thought it over. It promised me freedom from the anxiety of placing my stories and chaffering about prices, and relief from the necessity of making quantity, as well as full

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

control of the time of publishing there, so that thereafter I can hope to finish each before I begin to print. These were my selfish reasons for accepting the offer, and they were first. Then, the magazine is in such a state that I can hope to do something for humanity as well as the humanities with it. If I cannot, I can give it up, but the outlook is cheerful; and I wish to begin by asking you for that poem of Lowell's about Grant, if you are free to let me have it. The pay will be as good as the best, and I am sure you will not be ashamed to see it where I shall put it in the May number, which will be my first. If you could let me have my choice of some others among the poems we looked over together, I should be glad.

I mean to conduct the magazine so that you will be willing to print something of your own in it. I am to be associated with the Owner, Mr. John Brisben Walker, a man of generous ideals, who will leave me absolute control in literature, and whom I think with in many other matters. When we meet, I can speak more fully of the whole affair.

We have found a house at last, after a month's misery in looking, and the fatigue is slowly dropping from me. How I wish I could see you! Write to me at 241 E. 17th Street, and accept for you and yours our united Love.

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

Stevenson wrote the following letter to Howells at Mrs. Charles Fairchild's request, who wished them to become friends. It was Fulkerson, in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, that Stevenson thought was drawn from the same person as his Jim Pinkerton in *The Wrecker*.

Robert Louis Stevenson to W. D. Howells.

Vailima, Samoa
July 8th, 1893

Dear Mr. Howells,

I think it is an ill thing—and I am aware I am so far to blame for it myself—that you and I should be on any terms but those of mutual respect. I say "mutual", because the respect exists upon my side, if it does not on yours. You may perhaps feel inclined to stretch your courtesy a little. I am the more inclined to break a long ill-favoured silence, because you will never get me to believe that (in your *Hazard of New Fortunes*) you did not draw from the same life-model as I did, in *The Wrecker*. Unquestionably there are speeches in either case that might be transferred; and I think the general lines marvellously coincide: which, in consideration of our different theories and aims, is remarkable and (to my mind) wholly consolatory.—And because I fear you have some trouble in your house: as I have had, and I thank God, seem to have swum out of.

At least, let me apologize for all the offences I have ever been guilty of, and assure you I have quite forgotten any offences I may ever have imagined from yourself. And if you can be at the pains, and will be so far magnanimous, the exile of Samoa would be glad and flattered to hear from you again.

With respect,

Yours very truly,
Robert Louis Stevenson.

To Robert Louis Stevenson.

Magnolia, Sept. 25, 1893.

My dear Stevenson:

You may be sure that I saw a likeness at once between our people and heard ———'s voice in your Pinkerton's words. Fulkerson was imagined from an old friend of mine, Ralph Keeler, who took much of my world's gayety with him when he went out of it, twenty years ago. I dare say you may have read his *Vagabond Adventurers*.

Sometime ago you said a friendly word for me, when the heel of the Paragrapher was on my breast, and I wished to thank you for it. I thank you for it now; it was very generous and magnanimous, and I thought it all the more so because I thought you thought you had a grief with me. I knew you never had any, and I have always hoped I might tell you so, ever since I received your inconceivable letter one morning in Florence.

Mrs. Fairchild gives me the chance to take your hand at last, and I give you mine with all my heart.

Yours sincerely,
W. D. Howells.

To Henry James.

40 West 59th Street,
December 13, 1894.

My dear James:

There was a note of unjustified discouragement in your letter of some weeks ago, which my heart protested against with a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

promptness that puts my pen to shame. I wished to say to you that so far as literary standing is concerned there is no one who has your rank among us. That is, you, and not I, or another, are he on whom the aspiring eyes are bent of those that hope to do something themselves; and I believe that if now you were to write a novel of the same quality as your *Lesson of the Master,* or *The Death of the Lion,* you would address a larger public than you ever have reached before. We are suffering at present from an invasion of little British romanticists, but this is something that cannot last, and I am sure that if you proposed a story to a magazine here, it would be welcomed by any editor. There are to be two new magazines, by the way: one in New York, and one of not less ambitions in Chicago; and the field is widening. You have but to come in and occupy it. I wish you would come *over* and occupy it; but not while I am in England, as I may possibly be next year. The tie that held me here so long is loosed; my father is dead; and I may go without that anxiety for him which always tugged at my heart. And John is to be another year in Paris. I long to see you and talk of all the things we have in common. I am glad your evil dream of the stage is past, and I wish now you might give yourself altogether to the novel; and don't abandon the international field, which you created, or at least cleared. You do English people past all Englishmen, but nobody has approached you in a certain sort of your own countrymen and countrywomen. You must know, you are very modern; my daughter, who is *commencement de siècle* in her tastes, finds your Boston types as true as if you had just done them. I suppose she didn't even try to express to you the great joy—and it's a fine and wise joy, a joy that knows—she has in everything you do. But that is heredity; the boy has it, too; and it is more largely national than you can realize at your distance. I am trying to reply to your half-question as to "American chances and opportunities". It seems to me that you have only to suggest yourself, and they will rise to you. From time to time I have a scheme of my own for serial publication: three, or four, or five known and "selected" novelists to publish together in a monthly number. If I can persuade some publisher, I will appeal to you to join me. The thing might run a year; and if it succeeded be taken up when we were ready again with a novel. For the present I am doing short things; odds and ends of fiction; but I hope soon to get at a novel. It is strange how the love of doing it survives. Of course, there is the need, too, but the love seems as great as ever.

With the family love,

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

I was dining last night with Hay and King, and they were of the same mind with me about you.

The paper Howells was glad had pleased Aldrich was *First Impressions of Literary New York,* appeared in the June *Harpers Monthly* of that year, and was afterward part of *Literary Friends and Acquaintances.*

To Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

40 West 59th Street, N. Y.
Nov. 10, 1895.

Dear Aldrich:

A man had better not put off answering such a letter as yours in the hope of doing something worthy of it later on. I ought to have told you at once how glad I was to have pleased you. The truth isn't often so lucky; and I'm half-tempted to stick to it more closely than I naturally should, if this hadn't happened; and I want, in all honesty, to urge you to set down what you remember of that New York of the days when I used to think of you as the contemporary of Bryant and Longfellow. It would make delightful reading, and I'm sure you'd enjoy writing it. I am looking for your new book of poems; there was particularly a sonnet I found in a newspaper which I want to see again, because it vexes my remembrance with such a shadow of itself. When I come upon it, I shall tell you what it was, for I think it one of the noblest you've written. This having one's memory *slip* on a thing is one of the painfullest proofs of seniority, which is always coming home to me in one way or other.

When I registered before election, and the registrar took my weight (I've faded away to 160 lbs.!), length, breadth, and thickness, he came to my hair, and after a look at it shouted (most indecently, I thought), "Gray!" I knew very well it was brown, but I didn't say anything. They can't take such intrinsic facts away from us; nor the good times we have had. They are much

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in my mind as I write these things about our early Boston days, and I have lived more with you than you knew in recalling them. I wanted to put in a lot of nice things about you, but it seemed an abuse of my opportunity, and I have decided to wait till one or other of us is dead.

Mrs. Howells and I have been Darby-and-Joaning it the past six months. Both our children are in Paris, where John has now been nearly four years. My wife enjoyed your letter as much as I did, and joins me in love to Mrs. Aldrich and yourself.

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

The Kiplings had invited Howells and his wife, who had spent her girlhood in Brattleboro, to visit them there, but Mrs. Howells was not well enough to go and Howells would not leave her.

From Rudyard Kipling to W. D. Howells.

Naulahka, Waite,
Windham Co. June 4, 1896.

Dear Mr. Howells,

We are both of us sorry and disappointed that you can't come and more sorry that Mrs. Howells is below herself. (Yes, I *do* understand.) However one of these glorious summer days I despair not that we shall get you up here, for I don't think quite of quitting the land permanently. It is hard to go from where one has raised one's kids and builded a wall and digged a well and planted a tree.

As regards the other matter I do remember that once in your official capacity you said something about a book by Mr. Kipling which was salutary and chastening to that young man. But as Boswell once remarked to Dr. Johnson in the stately phrase of the eighteenth century: "It would need a hell of a lot that I took unkindly from *you*, Sir" and I am cheered to think you like some of my yarns.

Affectionately always,
Rudyard Kipling.

In a letter of this time to his sister Aurelia, Howells says, "I am writing this just before trying to write a letter to the poor Clemenses, who have lost their oldest daughter by nervous prostration. They were in England and telegraphed her to come out, but her friends here cabled them to come home. She died when they were half way across. I say *they*, but by some fatality Clemens did not start with his family—I fancy he was not well enough".

To S. L. Clemens.

Far Rockaway, L. I.
September 13, 1896.

My dear Clemens:

I remember how you came in one day when we were bleeding from the death of Winnie, and said to me, "Oh, did I *wake* you?" because I suppose my heavy heart had got into my eyes, and I looked sleep-broken. I have never forgotten just how you said it, and the tender intelligence you put into your words, and I wish now my affection for you and your wife could translate itself into some phrase that could be as nearly like comfort. There is really nothing to say to you, poor souls, and yet I must write, as I have already written to Mrs. Clemens to say that we suffer with you. As for the gentle creature who is gone, the universe is all a crazy blunder if she is not somewhere in conscious blessedness that knows and feels your love. The other night I woke to think, "Why do we bother trying to conceive a state of being beyond this which shall be different from this, when there will really be nothing but something like an earthly separation to bridge over?" You are parted from her a little longer, and that's all, and the joint life will go on when you meet on the old terms, but with the horror and pain gone forever. This is the easiest and the most reasonable thing to believe, and it is not to be refused because it is so old and simple.

We join in the love to you which has known the same sorrow as yours.

W. D. Howells.

To Henry James.

40 West 59th St.
April 17, 1898.

My dear James:

In spite of your instructions Pilla and I have been reading your *Turn of the Screw*, week by week, and simply jumped up and down between times in our impatience. Mrs. Howells has been warned by the sight of our sufferings, and has held off till the story should be finished, and now she will have her reward in one gulp, while we are still

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

waiting for the last sip. I can't imagine how you end it, and of course I don't care. You've done it in any event, and the thing has interested me beyond any ghost story I ever read. Perhaps you think that is not saying much; but the kind is one that I am fond of, and I mean a lot of praise.— We all greatly liked your *first* letter (second unseen) in *Literature;* Mrs. Howells copied, for the joy of having it in holograph, apparently, the paragraph about "the unmitigable womenkind," which she thinks supreme, and has already used effectively in putting me to shame for an attempted letter of my own for the same place. You may see that, and then I hope you will read my reluctance between the lines. My first decision against writing was wise; and in my poor endeavor I was hampered by the wish, not my own, that the thing should address itself both to the English and the American public. If I do anything more I shall aim straight at the British heart.— I am launched in the sort of travel-novel I am doing for *Harper's Monthly* for '99, and I seem after long struggle with adverse winds and currents, to be going somewhere in it. Of course I am distracted by the noises of the most stupid and causeless war that was ever imagined by a kindly and sensible nation. If there could be anything worse than the Zola trial it would be our behavior to Spain. But very likely it will end in talk; the Senate and House are at a deadlock, and there is a chance for reason again. The strange thing is that nobody, except the newspaper and the politicians, want war. It will set every good cause back, and heaven knows when people will want to read novels again; one jingo journal has amusingly promised the public relief from mine if the war comes. — I dined last night to meet Mrs. Matthew Arnold at her daughter's, and the Godkins and Sedgwicks were there; it might all have been twenty years ago; but still I remained sixty-one. We are all, in constant regard for you, pretty well.

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

To S. L. Clemens.

40 West 59th St.
October 23, 1898.

My dear Clemens:

Last night we were all very low in our spirits, and we fished out a book of your sketches, and read *Some Facts Concerning the Recent Carnival of Crime in Connecticut,* and laughed our sad hearts light again. John had the book here in the summer, and he says it saved his life, when he was so dreary in the house alone that he wanted to die. You are the greatest man of your sort that ever lived, and there is no use saying anything else. I would have liked to say so in a sort of biographical and critical essay about you for the new edition of your books which Bliss is going to get out, but he had not the courage to pay what I asked for it,—fifteen hundred dollars,—and he wanted something less in quantity than I was willing to do; so the thing is off. All the same, I think it, and perhaps the chance of saying it will offer somewhere again.

We are back in town again after a fine summer at the sea, which went far to spoil us, as such things do, and I am working away at a kind of story for *Harpers,* which I am rather enjoying. I am taking up the couple who figured in *Their Wedding Journey,* and putting them through *Their Silver Wedding Journey,* with the changed point of view, and the evening light on everything. It is curious how the old manner comes back to me in dealing with them, though this time they are altogether in Europe. Perhaps you will look at the thing in the magazine, though I have a feeling that you don't read me as much as you ought, and I sometimes swear off from you on account of it. You *were* nice about the Spanish prisoners. (What a fool war, anyway.)

I got a terrible letter from you at York Harbor, and about a brother author, too; and after getting the worst page of it by heart, I tore that page into a thousand pieces, but I shall be able to reproduce it against you at the right moment. I never knew a man to let himself loose as you do. I am sorry to say that the family enjoyed that letter as much as anything you ever wrote; I really couldn't say why.

Nothing unites us so much as your excesses, except John's triumphs, when they come. His firm has just been chosen one of the eleven architects to compete for the final selection of architect for the California University buildings. If the lightning does happen to strike him in that, he will be in for a $25,000,000 and life job, but probably destiny knows what it is about and will see that he gets his luck well diluted.

I haven't trundled this machine for nearly a year, and I find it full of all sorts of un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expected virtues. The worst of them is that it makes me feel as if I were making an after dinner speech at you. I am not a very natural letter writer when I have a pen in my hand, but with this I am not even an unnatural one. However, I am going to use it now to the bitter end of this letter. I have worked it a good deal in "creative" writing, but never to so much disadvantage. By the way, I was amused when I was in London last fall, to have James tell that he had taken to dictating all his fiction because he had heard that I always dictated. He makes it go, but if there could be anything worse for me than a typewriter, it would be a human typewriter.

There is going to be a kind of deal, here, perhaps, by which I may become a kind of editor again on a new thing of the Harpers, which I can't yet be very explicit about. They have always used me very well, and if I could ease up from "creative" writing I should not be sorry if I could do it in their interest as well as my own.

What was that which Clara said in one of her letters to Pilla about coming home with the rest of you next spring? I wish you might be coming to settle in New York, where after all, a man is no more homeless than the rest of them. For my own selfish part, I sometimes wish to go back and live in our house in Cambridge but I don't suppose it would do, and New York is always the next best thing. We stopped in Boston on our way down, and went out to the cemetery to see where Winny lies alone. What an indescribable experience! I thought I could tell you about it, but I can't. Do you know those awful lines of Emily Dickinson?

> The sweeping up the heart,
> And putting love away
> We shall not want to use again
> Until eternity.

They express the awful despair of it.

We hung on late in York, and we should have stayed later still, if we had not started the expensive machine here. After the hotel, where we had been mealing, closed, we went to housekeeping in our cottage, with our table girl for cook. She turned out a very good cook, and she did all our work. That is now our ideal—Elinor's and mine—to keep house somewhere in a little place with one girl. We had nothing but wood fires on the hearth, and the light of kerosene lamps. Every night I read aloud. Pilla liked it too for the time being, but of course with her the contentment couldn't last.

There is the worst kind of political campaign going on here with no hope against Tammany, except Roosevelt, a good, strong, clean man, but a man who did more than almost any other to bring on the war, and now wants us to have a big army and navy, and go in for imperialism.

With love to you and all from all our house,

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

Frank Norris to W. D. Howells.

61 Washington Sq. S.
Tuesday.

My dear Mr. Howells:

Need I say how pleased and delighted I am over your review of *McTeague* in this last number of *Literature?* It has encouraged me more than anything that has ever been said of my work. I believe too, you were quite right in saying that it was not the whole truth, and that the novel that is true to life cannot afford to ignore the finer things. I agree in every one of your criticisms always excepting the anti-climax, the 'death in the desert' business. I am sure that has its place. I have the idea of another novel or rather series of novels buzzing in my head these days. I think there is a chance for somebody to do some great work with the West and California as a background, and which will be at the same time thoroughly American. My idea is to write three novels around the one subject of *Wheat.* First, a story of California, (the producer), second, a story of Chicago (the distributor), third, a story of Europe (the consumer) and in each to keep to the idea of this huge Niagara of wheat rolling from West to East. I think a big epic triology *could* be made out of such a subject, that at the same time would be modern and distinctly American. The idea is so big that it frightens me at times but I have about made up my mind to have a try at it.

Thanking you again Mr. Howells for your very kind interest in my work, believe me

Very sincerely,
Frank Norris.

"Clemens's sealskin shoulder" was a reference to a coat Clemens wore about the time of Keeler's lunch, and of which Howells

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said, "At the time of our first meeting, which must have been well toward the winter, Clemens (as I must call him instead of Mark Twain, which seemed always somehow to mask him from my personal sense) was wearing a sealskin coat, with the fur out, in the satisfaction of caprice, or the love of strong effect which he was apt to indulge through life. With his crest of dense red hair, and the wide sweep of his flaming moustache, Clemens was not discordantly clothed in that sealskin coat, which afterwards, in spite of his own warmth in it, sent the cold chills through me when I once accompanied it down Broadway, and shared the immense publicity it won him".

"Boyne" was the boy in *The Kentons*, and "your son" was Charles Aldrich.

To Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

48 West 59th St.
May 7, 1902.

My dear Aldrich:

Stockton was bad enough, but Bret Harte! He belonged to our youth which was glad, and knew it, and I find that he had a hold upon my heart which I have no logic for. You must be feeling as I do, and words are vain. Do you suppose he knows now what the Bret Harte Mystery is which used to puzzle us all? That lurid lunch which the divine Keeler gave us out of his poverty at Obers, where the beefsteak with shoe-pegs (your name for the champignons) came in together with the flattened *omelette soufflée*, looms before my dim eyes, and I see Harte putting his hand on Clemens's sealskin shoulder, and sputtering out, "This is the dream of his life," while Fields pauses from his cursing can-of-peaches story,—O me, O my!

I *thought* you would like Boyne, and I am glad you do, and I thank you for all the kind things you say of the book.

I rejoice more than I could possibly say at the good news of your son, which you imply.

With Mrs. Howells's and my love to Mrs. Aldrich,

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

"My story" was *The Son of Royal Langbrith.*

To S. L. Clemens.

48 West 59th St.
Feb. 14, 1904.

Dear Clemens:

You do stir me mightily with the hope of dictating, and I will try it when I get the chance. But there is the temperamental difference. You are dramatic and unconscious; you count the thing more than yourself; I am cursed with consciousness to the core, and can't say myself out; I am always saying myself in, and setting myself above all that I say, as of more worth. Lately I have felt as if I were rotting with egotism. I don't admire myself; I am sick of myself; but I can't think of anything else. Here I am at it now, when I ought to be rejoicing with you at the blessing you've found.—I wonder if we may not meet before a great while. Pilla thinks of taking me to England with her early in March, and to Bath, there to have me drink the waters, and get some radium into me out of them. Then, if a plan goes through which I've been talking over with Harvey, John will bring his mother over in May, and we shall all spend the summer in England. Perhaps Pilla will go back with John in the fall, but it is possible that their mother and I will spend the winter in Europe. Italy, of course. This is the dream which may turn out nothing else. If it comes true, or begins to, I will write you from London, or Bath.

I'd like immensely to read your autobiography. You always rather bewildered me, by your veracity, and I fancy you may tell the truth about yourself. But *all* of it? The black truth, which we all know of ourselves in our hearts, or only the whity-brown truth of the pericardium, or the nice, whitened truth of the shirt-front? Even you won't tell the black heart's-truth. The man who could do it would be famed to the last day the sun shone upon.

You will find a good deal of fumbling in my story as it goes on, but I think it will keep you reading, for it kept me writing. Kept me writing, with the other things, too hard, so that I'm rather run down nervously, and that's why Pilla is taking me abroad. I think I've got at one true thing in the story, from the opium-eater and his daughter: no holding over the unhappiness from one generation to the other; each has its own. Tell me if it doesn't seem so, as the thing runs along. There was lots of cheap

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tragedy in its path which I hopped it over, and made it side-step.

Glad to know that Mrs. Clemens is so much better. Give her our dearest love and best wishes—*all* ours. My wife has been wonderfully well, in spite of the stoniest hearted winter I remember.

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

To Mrs. W. D. Howells.

81 Eaton Terrace,
April 24, 1904.

Dear Elinor:

We went yesterday afternoon to Hampton Court, and found it curiously familiar from our visit 22 years ago. The big grapevine didn't look 22 years older, but I did, and that made it all right. On the way to it we found a sunken garden with some arbor vitae shrubs trimmed to the shape of roosters, and I became bitter thinking how I had wanted a s. g. before the first ledge at K. P. and been prevented. But I shall have it. The formality of the grounds at Hampton Court is fascinating, and you can walk all over them. You remember the Long Water stretching back from the palace, and the yews darkening and dampening the lawns, and the big trees lounging loosely about, and the beds of hyacinths, and tulips, and daffodils? Everything was just coming into leaf; even the oaks were budding, and in the yards of the Kate Greenaway houses as we steamed along, the pears and plums had snowed themselves full of blossoms; of course the almond trees were as pink as they were at Plymouth a month ago, but no pinker. Coming back, we saw many young suburban husbands digging in their gardens, and their young wives helping them, and the housemaids pushing garden rollers in the paths, in the cool, the very cool, of the evening.

There was more to see in the palace than I remembered, but among the Lely and Kneller beauties I was perfectly at home again, and felt myself as bad as any of them, and they *did* look pretty bad. There were two full-lengths of Lib. of Bohemia, most satisfactory, which you must see; in fact, we must go and spend the longest summer day we can get at Hampton Court. The town is pretty as can be, and abounds in restaurants. It stretches much along the Thames, which is wide and swift there, and below the Hampton Court gardens with house-boats big and little. People just live and log in them there all summer. One of them belongs to an American, we were told by the Miss ————s, the two highly connected lady pensioners whom we tea-ed with in their apartment in the palace. They seemed more afraid than fond of us, but showed us everywhere, especially into the old Cardinal Wolsey kitchen, which is now partly theirs; and onto the leads of their rooms, where we looked down into a little court behind which is just like a piece of stage scenery, with gables and lattices, and window boxes full of flowering plants. They are cousins and nieces and grand-daughters of half the peerage. They know the Lynd-hursts (his grand-daughter paints), and knew of the American origin of the family. It is useless to suppose that such English do or can like us. If we surprise them into a respect, we are still something to them like a cross between Canadians and Anglo-Indians, and much like Australians. One of them said, "You are an author, I believe," and I answered, "I'm a library, I've written so many books." "Oh, how very nice". "Well, I don't know. I think sometimes I've carried it too far." What a book I *could* make about England. Did I say in my last that General Baden-Powell, whom I met at the Alexanders, owned a common Welsh origin with me, and said that he was merely a son of Howell? He was rather a mirthful person and willing to laugh at others' jokes.

To Lady Jeunes for lunch, where we met a lot of most interesting people. I sat next Lady J. and Pil next Sir Francis, and we both enjoyed their talk. He was altogether literary, and she is as funny and nice as can be. Her father was a Scotch Lord, and she is kin to half the peerage. Her daughter was very nice, too.

Then to the Gosses, where we met Martin-Maartens, and his daughter—the most interesting, tall, equine-aquiline, with smooth brown hair, and colorless face. He paid me back my praises, and wanted me to come and see him near Utrecht where he lives.

Next we called at a Mrs. Clifford's, friend of James, and met Violet Hunt (*A Hard Woman*, etc.) whom we both liked greatly for her frankness and niceness generally. I told her I had thought at first that her books were written by some Londonized American, and she said that was because she had studied them from mine. There were also two daughters of the recent Lord Mayor,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who were very interesting about their mayoralty year. Mrs. C's daughter has published a book of verse with John Lane.

Society in London is said to be much lower in tone since the queen's early time. Mr. ——— told Pil that they do not care half so much for family as the Americans. They like people to have money, but if they don't they accept them because they are talented or attractive. If we were not making a break by going to Folkestone for a week, we could have filled up with invitations for a week at Lady Juenes alone. The houses are not palatial, but very large; the parlors up back and the living-rooms downstairs front. Regent Park today, full of new leaves, trees, and people straying over the grass; peach trees blossoming in the little crescent before Gosse's.

Friday night as I drove home, a coach suddenly loomed out the palace yard in the mist with two coachmen on the box, and two footmen standing on the rumble in long red cloaks and cockt hats. The Queen held her court at one o'clock; the King holds his at nine, and the first court of the season was held that night.

I have tried to be interesting but I know you would have seen a thousand things that I haven't. I suppose we shall have letters from you tomorrow. We dine at Sir George Trevelyan's.

Love to John.

Yours,
W. D. H.

W. D. Howells to Viscount Goschen.

1 Clarges Street,
June 3, 1904.

My dear Lord:

I thank you for adding to the pleasure I have had in accepting your proposed honor of a degree from the University of Oxford, by the assurance of your lordship's kind interest in the matter. Till I had your note I thought nothing could have enhanced my gratification in a distinction so wholly unexpected.

I am

Very sincerely yours,
W. D. Howells.

To J. A. Howells.

Hotel Regent,
April 16, 1906.

Dear Joe:

Mark Twain and I have been having a lively time about the Russian novelist and revolutionist, Maxim Gorky; we were going to give him a great literary dinner, but he has been put out of 3 hotels with the lady who was not his wife, and M. T. has been swamped in reporters wanting to know "how about it." I mention it, thinking you may see something about it in the papers; it seems to have blown over, together with the revolutionist committee which Gorky has hopelessly damaged. He is wrong, but I feel sorry for him; he has suffered enough in his own country, except for the false relations which cannot be tolerated here. He is a simple soul and a great writer, but he cannot do impossible things. —— You will see what a great stand Roosevelt has taken in favor of a tax on incomes and inheritances, so as to check the accumulations of great fortunes. It is a most daring act, but will unquestionably add to his enormous popularity. Of course the capitalist press will be down on him strong; but if it were now a matter of his being re-elected, he could sweep the country. He is a strange man, and nobody has yet "plucked out the heart of his mystery."

Your affectionate brother,
Will.

To President Roosevelt.

Kittery Point, Maine.
August 26, 1906.

Dear Mr. President:

Before I shall have heard from you in regard to the personal matter of which I wrote you last week I wish to congratulate you on the stand you have taken in favor of the common-sense spelling suggested by the reformers. It is your instinct for the really important matters which distinguishes you from the merely formal president, and makes the whole nation feel that you are alive and alert every moment. If we could have had some such official action as you have now taken a hundred years ago, we should by this time have a spelling which would not perpetually confound the reason and insult the intelligence of every child learning to read and write and the English would be spelling in the authorized American fashion. Of course the proposed reforms are only a step in the right direction but it is most desirable that they should be taken, and I for one feel almost as grateful to you for your courage in this matter as I did when I wanted to write to you and thank you for what you said looking to the restraint of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the overwhelming accumulation of wealth in private hands. The good things cannot come to a magical maturity in a year, but you have dropped seeds in the public mind which, if they bear secular flower and fruit will have ripened not out of time.

I think it is the sense that you are always watchfully with them in what truly concerns them, and that you will not be afraid to show it, which endears you to the people and even to those who have sometimes been doubters among them, like myself. May I tell you something which I thought pretty at the time, without now seeming to flatter you? I was in the smoking room of a westward Pullman, and an average American who had been all our average variety of citizen, was talking politics or, rather politicians. "Well," I said presently, "what about Roosevelt?" He turned on me vividly; "Just love him, just *love* him!"

Yours sincerely,
W. D. Howells.

Theodore Roosevelt to W. D. Howells.

Oyster Bay, N. Y.,
August 28, 1906.

My dear Mr. Howells:

Naturally I very much appreciate your letter, and perhaps most of all the concluding anecdote. Not only do I feel about spelling reform just as you do, but I particularly welcome your comparing what I am trying to do in the matter with what I am trying to do in so much more important a matter as the effort to restrain the accumulation of, and supervising the control and use of, great fortunes. I do not believe in violent revolutions, but I do believe in steady and healthy growth in the right direction. Of course I should like during the remaining two years and a half of my term to see not only much further progress in the control of corporations by the national Government, but the enactment of a good, stiff progressive inheritance tax and a good, stiff progressive income tax by the national Government. But I feel at any rate I have laid the foundations for right action along these lines, and even the election of a Parker or a Jerome or of some reactionary Republican would only temporarily stop the movement.

With great regard,

Sincerely yours,
Theodore Roosevelt.

To Robert Herrick.

Kittery Point,
Sept. 7, 1906.

Dear Mr. Herrick:

I have read both your books with wonder and regret that they should not be in the hands of everybody. Generally speaking, I have come to doubt the art and the wisdom of the *crucial* novel, but you have gone far in *The Common Lot* to bring me back to my old faith in it. *The American Citizen* is a novel of manners of an older sort, that now more appeals to me. But each in its way is admirable, and each is full of excellent characterization. On the whole, *The Common Lot* is better in its study of types, the *Citizen* in its portrayal of conditions; and the well-guarded unconsciousness of the autobiographer is masterly. From my son's being a New York architect and *diplômé* of the Beaux Arts I am more familiar with the ground of *The Common Lot;* and in the temptations his profession has to overcome from contractors. I know how true your work is to the general facts. From my own human nature, I find the *Citizen* absolutely true.

You have attempted and accomplished great things in these books; and it is nothing against you that their lesson of not struggling for mere success, financial or social, will be for the most part lost. You have asked in that too much of our generation, but it is high and brave in you to have asked it.

I confess that your courage warmed my heart toward you, and that I have longed to tell you so in fitter terms than these. I wish I could see you, and touch on a hundred points. Your women seem to me wonderfully well done—the worse, alas! the better, through those salient qualities of evil which make baddish women so palpable.

But the *Citizen* and some of his friends are triumphs in our own sex—which is not even so easy to do as good women.

Now and then your diction seemed to me careless or self-forgetful, but that does not matter.

Yours sincerely,
W. D. Howells.

To Henry James.

Kittery Point,
August 2, 1908.

My dear James:

This is the third letter I have started to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you, the others having been unsuccessfully attempted with the pen. My old age is tormented with scruples unknown to my brash middle life, and I fancied that something I had said about your prefaces in your most admirable library edition might not be so wholly pleasing as I meant it. Those prefaces have given us all great satisfaction, as read aloud by me. We especially enjoyed you where you rounded upon yourself, and as it were took yourself to pieces, in your self-censure. The analysis of *The American* seemed happiest, but all the analyses were good, most subtle, and wise, and just, and the biographies of the three novels—*Roderick Hudson* and *The Portrait of a Lady* were the other two which I have yet received—were full of instruction for me, who as their godfather had fancied I knew all about them, but had really known them only from their birth, and not from their conception through their gestation. I remember so well your telling me, on such a Sunday afternoon as this, when we were rowing on Fresh Pond, what *R. H.* was to be. You have done a lot of good work, but nothing better than the last half of each of those prefaces; and I think the public will understand from them what I tried to note to you, that miserable hot afternoon when we sat glued to our chairs here: the fact, namely, that you have imagined your fiction, as a whole, and better fulfilled a conscious intention in it than any of your contemporaries. It took courage to do those introductions, and a toil as great, but how you must have liked doing them—or having them done!

I am, as usual, in the midst of a book which as usual, I did not distinctly mean to write, a book of *Roman Holidays and Others*, the stuff of which has been appearing for the last six months in the Sunday edition of the New York *Sun*. The only thing that pleases me wholly is that the stuff seems to have been so much liked by the people who have read it there. The success has brought back my sense of success in the *Venetian Life* letters printed forty odd years ago in the *Boston Advertiser*. But of course the Roman stuff is without any such authority as the Venetian, and is the reflex of my youthful fires, such as they were. Still it has amused me to find myself taking the old point of view, the old attitude, quite helplessly.

I went out and saw Norton one afternoon. His daughters happened to be away, and he was alone in the house, a chance which made him seem forlorn and very old and broken. It was a sadder time than I have ever had with him, though now and then he plucked up the courage to talk of old times. He read me with joyous affection for your brother a letter which William had written him from Durham, but there was nothing else to lift us.

We had John and his wife here for a fortnight after we came, but now they are in the Catskills, finishing out the month before they shall go to New York, and begin housekeeping in a little house they have taken in Washington Place, west of Sixth Avenue. John makes much of their being in a sort of nook, with a yard backing against that of a convent, but when I thought of the convents which one could back against in Rome, I had to feign my pleasure in his. His wife is an extremely pretty girl, wonderfully New Yorky, but very intelligent, and much disposed to overrate her father-in-law's literature.

It is only five or six Sundays since we went that pleasant walk through the Park to South Kensington, which I should like so much to go again. When you parted with me you forbade me doing anything for you in the lecturing way, and so I have attempted nothing, though I should have been so glad to try. The country is prosperous again, and when Taft is elected, as there seems no doubt he will be, the people will be in the mood of cultivating their minds again.

We all join in affectionate remembrances,

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

10 W. 30th Street,
November 13, 1908.

Dear Sir:

I beg you to notify the members of the Academy of Arts and Letters of my grateful acceptance of the honor they have done me in electing me their President.

Very truly yours,
W. D. Howells.

The "library edition" on which Howells had been working, was never carried beyond six volumes by Harper & Brothers.

To Joseph A. Howells.

Kittery Point,
July 4, 1909.

Dear Joe:

I am engaged on a job that would perhaps interest you: putting together my books for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a library edition. By grouping two or three or four of the shorter ones, I can perhaps get the entire edition into 31 or 32 volumes, of 4 to 5 hundred pages each, of the dimensions of *London Films* or *London Holidays*. To accompany this edition I am going to write a literary autobiography, which will treat of the where, when and how of them all. For this purpose I asked Aurelia for my letters to father and herself, for I had fortunately spoken in them always of what work I had in hand. Otherwise I should not be able to time the books. These letters cover a period of fifty years, and with an average of one a week they amount to something over 2500. It took a whole week's work to sort them chronologically, first in decades and then in years. But now it is done, and I have only to go over them and discard those which do not bear on my undertaking.

It is cruel hard looking over them, and like delving in the tombs. I wish I was young enough to make material, literary material, out of the experience, but I recognize every day this part of my life is over. Things suggest themselves, but they don't grip me, and hold me to them as they used. Perhaps I may note something of the kind in the autobiography. What I note now is the unchangingness of character in the persons mentioned. I find that in Columbus in 1859 I was worrying over ———, as I am worrying over him now at K. P., in 1909, and for the same reasons.

In going over my books I find that 18 or 20 volumes have been written since I came to Harpers in 1886, and 10 or 12 before that. Of course, my meat went into the earlier ones, and yet there are three or four of the later novels which are as good as any. I hope I shall get my "wind" again, but just now I am fagged, there's no denying it. I can look back, and see that the like has happened before, but I wasn't then 72 years old. I can't get hold of a subject that interests me. —— I am sick of K. P., and I would like to travel. I have a notion of going to Spain, which was my early passion, and the Harpers would like to have me. But I believe that travel in Spain is very rough sledding, and I should dread it for Elinor, though she says she is game for going. At present we are reading a very amusing book about traveling in Greece, Turkey, Palestine and Egypt—a Californian's, who sent it me three years ago, and never got a word of thanks from me. Now he is probably dead—from my ingratitude, which I shall try to atone for too late.

Well, with our love to you both,

Yours affectionately,

Will.

To Henry James.

130 West 57th Street,
Christmas, 1909.

My dear James:

We are reading aloud now every night your *Tragic Muse*—very small shreds of her; for my wife's nervous strength is so slight and her interest in the book so intense that she can seldom let me go beyond a dozen pages. She hates to have the story finished, for as she says in a justifiable panic, "Where shall we find anything like it?" I have supposed some other story of yours, but she has no hopes of anything else so good, even by you. The other night she sighed over a certain tremendous complication of emotions and characters, and said, "I don't believe *I* could do anything with it from this point." Pilla listens, too, and enjoys the author and the simple transports of his elderly readers. My wife no longer cares for many things that used to occupy her; hoheits of all nations, special characters in history, the genealogy of both our families. "Well, what *do* you care for?" I asked, and I found her answer touching. "Well, James, and his way of doing things—and you." I must own to you a constantly mounting wonder in myself at your "way", and at the fullness, the closeness, the density of your work; my own seems so meager beside it.

The winter has whipped by past its shortest days, and has witnessed few things outside of this house for me. My wife won't go out, and so I keep in, talking with her, and we play with our dear little grandson, who dwells so lovingly in a world of love and is so full of surprises at it and for us. I could not have believed that life still held an experience so sweet for me.

Last week I went to Washington, where our poor Academy held its first public sessions. The papers read were really fine, but I think the public did not care in the least. The President had us all to tea in the White House, and was very civil. He is a mighty paunch of a man, with a prodigious good head atop, and no end of good feeling and happy laughter. He did not want the right sort of presence, either, in a straight American way. At night we went to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Architects' meeting in the Corcoran gallery where he presided at the presentation to poor McKim's daughter of a medal, and made a good, kind, wisely humorous speech. The place is all white, and the girls in solid blues, pinks and greens hanging over the gallery rails, were wonderfully Roman, Pompeian, Alma Tademaish. They were better still when they came out under the clear Italian night, and *walked* home with their heels clicking and their neat ankles showing.

We all send love.

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

To Joseph A. Howells.

Boston, June 9, 1910.

Dear Joe:

My grief is the same, when I strain my soul to take in the fact of Elinor's death. But I do this only when the remembrance of it startles me. I seem only to be away from her, as I have so often been. My life is a succession of shocks—of referring my experiences to her as if she were still alive, and then realizing that she is dead. I do not know whether I believe that we shall meet again. What I am sure of is that it will all be arranged without consulting me, as my birth was, and her death. I feel that we are in the power of an awful force, but whether of fatherly love, I could not honestly say anything. I submit, and we must all submit. When I consider how I long to sleep and forget myself, I cannot truly say that an eternal sleep would be an evil; only, it seems to me that it would not be fair from the creator to his creature. But again I submit.

With love to you both,

Your affectionate brother,
Will.

Henry James to W. D. Howells.

The Reform Club,
March 27th, 1912.

My dear Howells:

I have this moment, almost literally, a very beautiful and touching letter from you —only one element of which, your deplorable talk about the figure you make to yourself in the watches of the night, excites my animadversion. How you can take any view of your long career of virtue and devotion and self-sacrifice, of labour and courage and admirable and distinguished production, *but* the friendly and understanding and acceptingly "philosophic" view, I decline even to lift an eye to comprehending—and can only most affectionately and authoritatively enjoin upon you, with Mildred's fond and spirited backing, to turn right over and go to sleep again. We all fall short of our dreams—but of what can you have fallen short unless of some prefiguring delirium? In that case it hasn't been you but the delirium that was wrong. That is bad grammar but sovereign truth.—As for the terrible banquet (for I think it must indeed have been terrible,) your account of it confirms to me both the very indulgent one (*viva voce* here,) of Lucy Clifford and the more sardonic remarks, by letter, of poor dear delightfully and consistently pessimistic Tom Perry. Truly was it an ordeal for you of the 1st water (or I suppose *wine:*) through which, not less clearly, you passed unscathed as to your grace and humour and taste (the only things that were *there* on the table—and quite enough things.) I confess I am sorry that the letter I contributed was not read out—as it was particularly and altogether "built" to be; I wanted to testify publicly to you, and to be thereby present and participant, and it never occurred to me that there wouldn't be competent provision for such a rendering on the part of the manager or for such an audition on the guests. With those things failing one asks one's self what conception the managerial mind can have had of the delicacies and proprieties and amenities congruous with the celebration of a fine feast of letters. Alas for a world and a time in which the vision and the determination in such a case are all for gross numbers and noise! But since you personally appropriated my declaration—I mean took it in and felt it yourself—that is all I really shall have cared for. I saw Lucy Clifford at once after her return hither, and she told me how on the occasion—as on all her New York occasions, with which, without exception, she was delighted—she was most kindly treated especially by W. D. H. himself. She comes back quite adoring New York, bless her simple British heart!

I follow you and Pilla meanwhile to Atlantic City—and wonder if it will make you think of Algeciras. If you go there for a literary purpose—and where *don't* you go for that? You are capable of proving that it did; which is perfectly good literature.—We have no news here but the prodigious and portentous coal strike, which darkens with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

black anxieties and possibilities our whole social and economic sky. On the expiration of a month now the end is not yet—rather only the beginning is, and we are really making history on an extraordinary scale and assisting at a great Revolution, which will leave things far away from where it found them. What has happened is that wage-earning Labour, by a long slow process of education, has got solidly on its feet, conscious and reflective, and then, by a sudden bound, leaped into the very centre of the arena, where he will remain long undisplaced. It is very interesting—painfully, hideously so, and in some of its actual consequences of suffering, want, starvation, financial damage of the biggest kind, inflicted on the nation at large very dreadful and cruel. But there will be more to come, and we don't yet in the least know where we are. What is striking and very fine is the order preserved and peace and excellent temper displayed by both parties—the strikers and the stricken, the miners and the mass of the people (including the coal owners). This won't perhaps last as the situation is aggravated, and I have a haunting sense—people in general have—that there may easily be fighting in the streets, in fact a lively approach to Civil War. The Suffragists meantime have been of a sudden relegated to an utter back seat—the country while this goes on simply won't hear of them. But you are misinformed as to my having sat on an anti-suffrage platform. Mrs. Humphry Ward wrote and asked me if I would do so with her and I replied that I would go to her meeting with pleasure, out of cold-blooded curiosity, if she would understand that should Mrs. Pankhurst ask me the next week I would hold myself free to do exactly as much. She freely assented, but when the time came I hated even to appear to put myself in a false position (for I am utterly detached and uncommitted on the subject, which leaves me of a cold—!) and therefore went sneakingly in a box, as I might have gone to the Opera or the Hippodrome. The question simply overwhelmingly bores me—and I resent being hustled into concluding about it at all. Somehow, strangely, rather, I don't find it, even in its acute phase here, *interesting*—it is various other things but isn't that. One would have thought *a priori* that it *would* be—every thing *else* about women is; but this is, to me, mortally tedious, and I don't warm to it one way or the other. But I am writing you a monster of a letter. Aren't you coming out again this spring—if there is any old England left to come to? Certainly you won't want to leave the New for the Newer. But I am catching, in this room, a fireless cold and yours and Mildred's all and always,

Henry James.

To Abby and John M. Howells.

Hotel Bellevue, Boston,
Nov. 7, 1918.

Dear Abby, John and both the Boys:

Perry has just been in and we have been helplessly trying to rejoice together at the Peace! I can only hand my failure over to you dearest ones who will remember this glorious event and try to tell another generation how you felt. I am sure you have told the grandeur of it to your dear boys and bidden them remember it as the greatest thing in the history of mankind. I wish we could all have been together this wonderful day, but I am glad to have been in Boston for it in the same air where our own part of the long battle for freedom began.

The pictures of the boys by one of them are astonishing and Bill must realize how glad I am of his skill; for Jack it is enough to exist as he does.

A great mass of people swarmed up to the State House where the governor came out and spoke to them. Now the sun has set and the new moon which I saw last at Kittery Point is looking down again from a clear sky. Love to all.

Fafa.

THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STATEMENTS OF BELIEF II

Further "Credos" of America's Leading Authors

WHEN I was ten years younger, I used to think that the only fellow who could write understandingly or sympathetically of an author was the author himself; and obeying this notion I wrote a good deal of nonsense about my work, usually in the form of apologetic or explanatory letters to misguided friends or enemies. But now, when I am asked to say something about my fourteen years of miscellaneous literary activity, I see how extraordinarily and bewilderingly little I know about myself. I suspect, indeed, that the author himself is the last person to consult on this question. All I can say is that I seem to myself to have moved steadily in one direction. What exactly this direction is, heaven only knows; nor do I know whether it is a good direction or a bad one. Perhaps to an outsider this miscellaneous activity of mine might present an appearance of unity, or seem to present a personality. My own feeling today, however, is that all this has been one long experiment, an experiment which hasn't yet come to an end.

Conrad Aiken

* * *

There is an old man, in an early book of mine, named Doctor Reefy. He had spent most of his life—this was before the day of the automobile—in driving about an Ohio countryside in a buggy drawn by an old horse.

Hours of quiet as he drove through the country-long empty stretches of road passed over slowly. Thoughts came to him. He wrote the thoughts out on bits of paper and put them in his pocket. Occasionally one of his thoughts became a definite idea. It excited him. It o'ermastered him for the time. It seemed to him like a huge cloud, blotting out the visible world.

Then the idea blew up. There was something like an inner explosion. The little vagrant thought began again.

This old man had a friend named John Spaniard, a tree nurseryman. The Doctor used to go to see him sometimes. The little slips of paper, on which the Doctor had written out his thoughts, had accumulated in his pockets. They had become little hard round balls. Occasionally he took a handful of them out of his pocket and threw them at his friend, laughing as he did so.

If you cannot find what philosophy of life I have in that story I am unable to give it to you.

Sherwood Anderson

* * *

My excuse for being able to keep awake in contemporary America is an extreme interest in the minute beginnings of an intellectual revival which expresses itself, unfortunately, in the very terms of the intellectual downfall of the elder United States, in emotionalism and cant. An abolition of the Abolitionist mental system by the methods of Abolitionism is very entertaining. The Abolitionists canted against the wicked slaveholders who drank spirits and kept pretty mulatto girls and made money with the assistance of the bondman, under the lash. We now cant against the morale of the Abolitionists, as far as I can see, by proclaiming our inalienable rights to drink spirits, keep pretty mulatto girls and make money with the assistance of the bondman, the poor public, by railing against Puritanism. The Abolitionist of 1840 was not honest in that he mistook his emotions for ideas. The Neo-Abolitionist manifest since 1918 is dishonest for the same reason. For one Lewis Mumford you get ninety-nine "rebels". For one Henry Mencken you get three hundred and fifty inhibited journalists whose satire has no integral point of view and whose esthetic holdings are dictated by any colored acci-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dent. As a person who enjoys life mostly by his eyes, the lack of real ideas does not distress me as much as it should, perhaps, but there is going to be a lot of fun for someone about 1950 when the retrospects begin to pile up. America of the '60s saw one great piece of criticism: Nathaniel Hawthorne decided to die emblematically and mysteriously in the middle of the rumpus and did, *en gentilhomme,* without annoying anybody, after writing an account of a trip to Washington which is worth all the other writings of the period put together. I wait anxiously for some momentary artist to commit a report of an expedition through critical America and then to follow Hawthorne's lead.

Thomas Beer

* * *

Brought up in New England with Puritan surroundings, I managed, none the less, a happy boyhood. Perhaps my sentimental beginnings as a poet were due to the fact that Puritanism is a constipated form of sentimentality. At Harvard and at New York I found a more laxative environment, and a gradual cure from the earlier affliction. And yet, as late as 1903 I remember O. Henry protesting against my use of such words as "train" and "sidewalk" in a poem. I disagreed with him, persisted; and when my verse appeared with commonplace words in it, I was regarded as a liberal. Years later, in *Spectra,* my revolt had turned against other poetical liberals who by that time seemed to me as sentimental and long-headed as ever were the Puritans. Today I am quietly concerned in opposing the traditional western attitude that poetry is an escape from life—concerned in my faith that true poetry ought to be, on the contrary, and can be, as with the great Chinese poets, the sheerest and most crystalline focus on life and the natural world. And in spite of certain modern novelists, I maintain that this focus reveals pain, to be sure, but the birth-pain of something worth bearing.

Witter Bynner

* * *

My chief desire has been to combine the functions of critic and teacher. In other words, what interests me as a teacher and a critic is to find out, with what insight I can use and with whatever knowledge I have of historical backgrounds, just what is excellent, or novel, or stimulating, or unfortunate, that contemporary writers are doing, and then to use that knowledge quite as much to help along good and intelligent reading as to condemn or praise. I am a rather tolerant person interested in almost anything that has vitality in it, and willing to open my mind to new developments even when I dislike their trend.

While I am not, I think, dogmatic, I have pretty definite standards as to what real excellence consists of, and if these standards cannot be laid down always in words like the Ten Commandments at least they supply touchstones which I trust. I think that the cravings of human nature and their proper satisfactions go on pretty consistently underneath all the fuss and hurly burly of literary and journalistic talk and that only those who think that everything is going to the devil and those others who think only the new is good are wrong.

In other words, I am a liberal, but, I think, of the seventeenth century rather than of the nineteenth variety.

Of course there is art in America just as there is in soap, and wheat, and vice, and I suspect that in the art of fiction and in the art of architecture we are leading the world.

Henry Seidel Canby

* * *

To be intelligible, life must be an art.

Nature, our heredity, our environment, all that others have done in the world, are for us only so much raw material from which to create our own experience, personal and peculiar to ourselves. The tragedy of life either is our indifference to the opportunity, our delusion that we are getting somewhere simply by remaining in an original state of nature, or it is a failure of our intelligence to discover by what laws this raw material may be changed into something rational and beautiful. This is the essence of my philosophy, by which I try to find standards for living, and standards for art.

John Erskine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I believe that living is an exercise in expanding awareness; that a part of that exercise comes through individual growth, that another part comes through human relationships, and another part through intuition of the presence of God. Since we now have so stunted a growth, such flawed human relationships, such faint divination of the divine, we know that we are still in the early stages of awareness, and that our development has hardly begun. The heightening of perception is the supreme adventure. When the human being, with a negligible fraction of his brain developed, goes wild, misinterprets love, runs amuck on recreation, greed, drunkenness, descends to war and other crime, he is missing the fun, cutting himself off from the chief romance of the divinable universe.

I believe that the technique for the quickening of perception is attempted in most of the great religions of the world, though later standardized and largely lost. Fundamentally, religion is a technique for the expansion of life, for "life more abundant". So also are education, the idea of government, and art and beauty. In proportion as we quicken and heighten perception, we quicken and further the life and growth of the human race. For living is an exercise in expanding awareness.

Zona Gale

* * *

Looking at life, it appears to me an absorbing game; a game in which I have been dealt several varying hands, that were not played as well as might have been, but with which I have taken, it seems to me, a shade the best in tricks. This, of course, is purely an emotional reaction and has no reasoned relation to the question of whether or not the game is worth playing or winning.

Yet, in spite of rational lapses, I find, pardon the mixing of metaphors, that life tastes good. And I find the world, in spite of what this civilization and its predecessors have done to spoil it, as good a place to live in as any I have reliable information about.

James Weldon Johnson

The problem of any person as artist, whether in America or anywhere else on earth, past, present or future, is to work out to the best of his natural powers the particular individual he happens to be, and to do so quite regardless of any material consideration. The congenial job is the thing, and next to that, the necessary economic freedom, in these days of plutocratic industrialism, to admit of the hard, clean, perpetual pursuit of the career for which Nature has endowed him. The slightest compromise between himself and Mammon is fatal to the whitehot devotion that Art demands. Her ladyship has no room for rivals in her affection, least of all the stoutest and most commonly successful prostitute, Commerce. Though practically the whole of America is dedicated to the pursuit of the dollar sign, enough clear-eyed, strong-sinewed, deep-hearted men and women have emerged to lead one to the simple claim that even we folk have our artists. If I were asked to reply to a recent cocksure intellectual who propounded the sceptical query, "Has America made room for poetry?"—I should say, "Yes, because it has had to!"

Alfred Kreymborg

* * *

All of my work, barring a few obvious burlesques, is based upon three fundamental ideas. 1. That knowledge is better than ignorance; 2. That it is better to tell the truth than to lie; and 3. That it is better to be free than to be a slave. All of these ideas are taught in the American schoolbooks, but every effort to give them practical reality is excessively offensive to so-called "good" Americans. I am thus somewhat unpopular in my native land, and the hope of becoming President is one that I may not cherish. But my aspirations in that direction are very faint, and so I do not repine. All I ask of "good" Americans is that they continue to serve me hereafter, as in the past, as willing laboratory animals. In that rôle they have great talents. No other country houses so many gorgeous frauds and imbeciles as the United States, and in consequence no other country is so amusing. Thus my patriotism is well-grounded as impec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cable, though perhaps not orthodox. I love my country as a small boy loves the circus.

H. L. Mencken

* * *

It is my idea that a writer, to be of any consequence, should have something to say which is likely to be of use to other men in understanding how to live.

Upton Sinclair

* * *

We always sang four-part songs, in the Islands, at school and singing was important. I sat with the altos and sang the dark humming parts. After about a year, came along a singing teacher who applied her octaves and diagnosed:

"But you are a soprano."

There it was again. I was a freckled blonde when I wanted to be brunette, white when I wanted to be Hawaiian, and a soprano when I wanted to be alto.

"I'm going to keep on singing alto." That was final.

"Very well, and ruin your voice. You have a real soprano. And you might sing solos."

And so, Alto against Nature, with now (she was right), no voice at all . . . and the only chance for singing, on paper. Uncomfortable as a dog within ear-shot of high sopranos, still liking best middle register and counterpoint.

Genevieve Taggard

* * *

To qualify as one of the subjects of this collection, I shall have to confess my chief claims to distinction: first as the only editor in the country who is not also a critic; and second as the only Van Doren—in New York, at least—who does not write. To add more would only endanger this happy record.

Irita Van Doren

* * *

As a literary man it has been my good fortune to be misunderstood. *Bunk*—my first novel—was taken by the American public as a humorous book, though it contains enough radical and revolutionary ideas to send Upton Sinclair to jail for life if he had written it. For a day or two I was spoken of as a rival of Ring Lardner, while, in fact, I am not a humorist at all, but a solemn and moody person. *Bunk* still sells as a funny book, and I continue to get letters from people who declare that, in reading it, they "laughed and laughed". I am glad that it turned out as it did, for although I want to distribute my ideas as widely as possible, I would not like a visit from the Ku Klux Klan, or have the National Security League dogging after me.

There is only one thing in my writing life that I regret. I invented the word "debunking", and I shall never hear the last of it. The debunking label is tied to me for life, and this thought makes me very sad. I cannot put a thing in print without having this ugly word thrown in my face. If I had written Shelley's *Ode to a Skylark* reviewers would announce that I had set out to debunk skylarks. I wrote a faithful, careful—and I hope, scholarly—life of George Washington, and every newspaper in the United States said I had attempted to debunk the Father of Our Country. The truth is that I did nothing of the kind.

P.S. I am now engaged in writing a life of General Grant—who was a conscientious, honest, and rather pathetic figure. Wait until it is published—just wait—and you will see "Woodward Debunks Grant" flower over the face of the newspapers.

W. E. Woodward

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SONG IN THE FALL

By Mavis Clare Barnett

Now has the year come to this yellow rain:
A drizzle in the snug eaves where a bough
Slaps the fresh drops against the dormer-pane.
Slick and wet are all the dove-cotes now,
And wide the puddles by the shocks of corn;
No stench of polecat will befoul this morn,
No hoary ear lie half-chewed in its husk.
The corn is cribbed, the haycock has grown small
Pitched in the loft, and through the granary dusk
The sickle and the scythe hang shadowy on the wall.

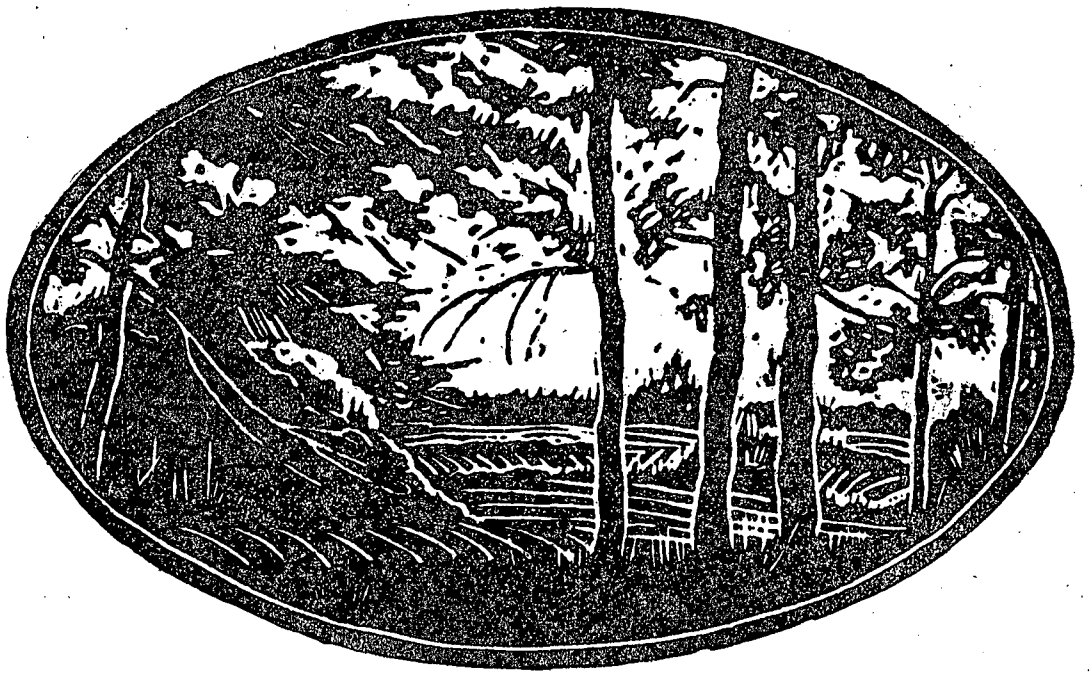
More loud and cosy is the store-room rain
Above the rafters and the dangling flitch,
Where cobs are dry and rattle with seed-grain
And sage is tied in bunches to enrich
The simmering pot. Where sweet smells every box
And in among the firkins and the crocks
The dark mice scamper to the barrel of meal,
Where stands the churn new scalded-out for cream
And the ungainly wool awaits the wheel
Still comes the showery gust round each stout-shingled beam.

No trestle at the dripping oak is laid
With yellow pippins now, with jug and glass,
Nor do we lounge there in the hale, brown shade
To drink the healthy year with all who pass.
No more in creaking circuit round the mill
Plods the revolving horse, the press is still
Which crushed the cores and squeezed the cider out,
And wormy apples rot upon the ground
In orchards where we heard the pickers shout
And where this dreary rain is now the only sound.

Only the rain, the drumble of the rain
On shed and stall, on garret, barn and sty.
The windows run with suds or clear again
To a light sprinkle as the squall blows by.
Only the rain, monotonous and dull,
That seeps in cisterns till the wells are full,
That sprouts a fungus at each old tree-hole,
And soaks the chestnut to a harmless bur,
And filters to the ground-squirrel in his hole:
Day in, day out, day round, the rain grows drearier.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For now the yellow year has come to rain:
The woods are saturate, the acres drown,
And in the dooryard and the carriage-lane
In one last windfall all the leaves are down.
They float upon that new-made marsh beneath
The outcast harrow rusty in the teeth,
They plaster all the farmland underfoot
And there the hired man, Jonas, at the trough
With great sour bucket stamps his soggy boot
Clodded with yellow leaves and cannot shake them off.



By M. J. GALLAGHER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sights and Sounds

IN THE ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE

By Ernest Boyd

WHAT is known to the initiated as the theatrical season opened officially with the seventh edition of the Earl Carroll Vanities. While being agreeably entertained by Vincent Lopez's orchestra, one gazed in reverence at the programme which declared: "In order to gain the most beautiful girls to grace his pageant of beauty, Mr. Carroll is paying his chorus girls the highest salaries ever paid in the history of the theatre. The best known beauties of the theatre are now in the Vanities. Besides these, the greatest number of beauty contest winners that Broadway has ever seen, in one chorus, are appearing in the Vanities, including Miss Universe, Miss New York, Miss England, Miss France and Miss Sweden".

Connoisseurs of the "Art" magazines knew what to expect, and they were not presumably disappointed. Nudity in varying degrees soothed the eye, with the Misses Dorothy Knapp and Beryl Halley easily winning both in the quantity and quality of their self-exposure.

The Vanities attempts to beguile the tedium of nudity with such fellows as Joe Frisco and W. C. Fields, who do offer the few bright spots, but these are few and far between, and make one wish that some of that money expended on high salaries had been paid to someone who could write good sketches, or someone who knew a later vintage of bawdy joke than those so elaborately planned. Failing that, some effective musical numbers would have helped, but these were also lacking, despite the notion that *Blue Shadows* and *Flying High* were substitutes for real song hits.

Then came *Elmer Gantry*, Patrick Kearney's adaptation of Sinclair Lewis's novel. With depressing unanimity everyone insisted that it was a bad show. If it is, that is surely not the adapter's fault, for he was not provided, as he was by Dreiser's "American Tragedy", with anything more than what distressed the audience at the Playhouse. In other words, the essential feebleness and repetitiousness of the novel stood out in ghastly relief upon the stage. Mr. Kearney conscientiously showed us Gantry as Sinclair Lewis created him, that is, alternately pursuing women and piously orating.

Apparently those who revolted at the play did not connect their disappointment with the only begetter of Elmer Gantry, and will continue to think that what bored them for two hours and a half is enchanting when spun out to four hundred pages, or more. My own view is simply that Sinclair Lewis did not provide good material for a play. It is further my view that no play dealing with the real or alleged absurdities of the clergy can hope for success in the theatre. The best of them in recent months was *Bless You Sister*, in which Miss Alice Brady gave a superb performance. The satire was not heavy-handed and it was deadly in its effect. Yet, the play failed. Then *Salvation* failed, despite the workmanship of Charles MacArthur and Sidney Howard.

The reason for these two failures, apart altogether from the intrinsic merits of the plays, is very simple. The appeal of the theatre is a mass appeal, effects must depend upon the reactions of hundreds of average, normal people, not on the appreciation of an untypical minority. An audience which enjoyed a sardonic satire upon evangelicalism would not be a typical audience of average people, for the average person, even if not a fervent churchgoer, is affected by traditions and sentiments which make it difficult or impossible to view dispassionately an entirely cold-blooded analysis of situations in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which millions of people feel rather than think. The number of playgoers who actually believe that religion is a legitimate subject for mockery is small.

It may be argued that *Elmer Gantry,* the novel, had a considerable popular success, therefore, there must be a large number of people who appreciate what Sinclair Lewis has done in describing his parson as a lecherous, hypocritical windbag. To argue that way is to ignore an elementary fact, namely, that each reader of the book is, as reader, an isolated individual. A thousand identical individuals seated in a theatre become a mob and are subject to the laws of mob psychology. In matters relating to sexual morals the same thing is witnessed. A man who has been quite pleased on Monday night by the spectacle of Miss Dorothy Knapp attired in a few rhinestone straps, will become highly indignant on Tuesday if, in a straight comedy, the faintest allusion is made to the physical facts of sex life.

Something of that strange mob, as distinguished from individual, point of view transpired in the comments of certain purists on the first big play of the season, *The Front Page,* by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. These two ex-journalists from Chicago, having written an excellent, sentimental newspaper melodrama, as exciting as *Broadway,* were accused of biting the hand that fed them as newspaper men. They libelled their ex-colleagues, it seems, by showing them to be a profane, shiftless, unscrupulous, vulgar lot, with a pathetic devotion to their profession of news-getting. One expert even went so far in his grief as to reduce the high cost of betrayal from thirty to thirteen pieces of silver.

Most admirably directed by George S. Kaufmann, *The Front Page* simply swept along and swept its audience off their feet, with its speed, boisterousness, veracity, and that quintessential hokum which is "good theatre". Lee Tracy was as good as a reporter as he was a hoofer in *Broadway,* and he had a fine partner in Osgood Perkins. Miss Dorothy Stickney, whom I last mentioned here for her charming performance in *The Beaux' Stratagem,* got far away from the mannered Farquhar in the part of a vixenish little prostitute, in which she was perfect. Nobody who liked *The Racket, Burlesque* and *Broadway* can fail to respond to this vital picture of political and intellectual life in Chicago. It is so good that one has no time to dwell shyly, in accordance with the mob psychology aforesaid, upon the profane and bawdy eloquence of the characters, whose language is so true to nature that, had the play been the least bit duller, everyone who spoke just that way would have felt it his duty to be shocked.

What is, I believe, a typical first night audience forgot the heat on the opening night of *The Front Page,* but the following evening, a not so typical audience remembered it, as the incredible "Continental comedy" entitled *He Understood Women,* by Michael Kallesser and Frances Lynch, unfolded itself at the Belmont Theatre. Whether privately "adapted" from some French comedy, or—what is more likely—an ingenuous dream of what a risqué French comedy is supposed to be like, the play provided a lot of unintentional humor as it expounded the plight of a Lothario who wants to have a son so that the latter can carry on Dad's unparallelled reputation as a lady-killer. The old man, it seems, has a system. He marries a lady's maid, who had apparently been absent-minded with a lieutenant. When the Don Juan hears of this, his sense of virtue and his respect for the home are outraged. Finally, he thinks she is worth it and forgives her. Miss Peggy Allenby played the part of this victim of the squire's whim, and succeeded in looking very well both as a maid and a wife, but one had the feeling that this was an opus which ought to have had its little hour during the tail end of the past season, and not when the first-nighters, professional and otherwise, had returned, like giants refreshed, to contemplate the dawn of a new season.

George Middleton and A. E. Thomas collaborated on a pleasant little sentimental comedy called *The Big Pond,* which was not without its humor. The point of the play is an experiment by an irate Ohio father, who thinks he can cure his daughter of her infatuation for a French courier by taking him back to America and thereby depriving

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him of the glamour of his romantic background in Italy. In Vernon, Ohio, Pierre de Mirande turns out to be a first-rate business man and completely captivates his prospective father-in-law, but the more he qualifies in his sight, the less he appeals to the romantic daughter, who is one of those young women who believe, on the say-so of 100% American novelists, that American men are not such great lovers as their European brethren. The romantic Pierre in Venice was what every woman wants; in Vernon, Ohio, he is just what every American woman gets. Wherefore, the authors decide that she shall revert to the clean-cut youth from her own town, who never cut much of a figure in a gondola.

On the other hand, it was possible to end the play by allowing the Frenchman to make good both with the father and the daughter, as was done on the second night in New York, to the complete satisfaction of all concerned. My spies, in fact, reported that on the road both endings were played and the audience was invited to express a preference, the vote going in favor of the Frenchman. This, it seems to me, is as it should be, for it is the sentimental logic of what is a sentimental comedy. To try to inject into it some logical thesis, which would make it necessary for the domestic husband to be preferred to the imported, is somewhat excessive. The more so as the real charm of the piece lies precisely in the two acts in which the contrasted French and American points of view and manners reveal a superficial dissimilarity but a fundamental likeness where essentials are concerned.

The full comedy of this was extracted to an unusual degree by Kenneth MacKenna, who played the part of the Frenchman with such skill that people accustomed to the ordinary stage Frenchman were unable to appreciate the subtle accuracy of his rendering. Instead of the "Ai 'ave zee 'onaire" type of English, Mr. MacKenna spoke such English as one hears from Paul Morand or André Maurois. That is, his command of words is considerable, his grammar is correct, but his intonations, the stressing of wrong syllables, gives to the whole that tone which makes the English of French speakers as un-English as the French of English-speaking people is un-French. Mr. MacKenna's interpretation of his rôle was equal in its understanding of the contrast to the task of bringing out between Anglo-Saxon and Latin ideas.

If, as has been announced, Maurice Bedel's Goncourt Prize novel, *Jerome, or the Latitude of Love,* is going to be dramatized, the part of that French innocent in Sweden ought to be played by Mr. MacKenna. The essence of Bedel's most diverting tale is a similar contrast between the Northern European and the Latin conception of love and marriage. Readers of Morand's "Nordic Night" will recall how he, too, was caught by this irresistible theme. Messrs. Middleton and Thomas were not particularly well received, for the reason, I suppose, that when a situation hinges on a full and intimate understanding of both sides of a question, most of us are not truly cosmopolitan enough to appreciate what is being done. M. Bedel, for example, was accused of making fun of the Swedes in *Jerome,* whereas anyone knowing the French and the Scandinavians can see at once that he is quite impartially stressing the peculiarities of both races for the purposes of comedy.

Which brings us back again to the point, that the theatre is no place for the presentation of esoteric ideas, for the exploitation of themes which are not immediately felt and recognized by the overwhelming majority of the people in the country where the play is being performed. Once anything has to be explained and justified intellectually, its appeal is lost as certainly as the humor of a funny story which does not come off. To this day Shaw remains incomprehensible to the French playgoer, because almost everything he says presupposes an acquaintance with conditions of which the French have no firsthand knowledge, or, as is most often the case, no knowledge whatsoever. Hence, they are neither impressed by Shaw's wit or disturbed by his paradoxes. For that reason also, humor is, next to poetry, the most untranslatable of all things. Both depend for their effects upon instinctive understanding, unsupplemented by reason or argument.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"BALLADS, SONGS AND SNATCHES"

By Abbe Niles

IN honor of the appearance of Dailey Paskman's and Sigmund Spaeth's *Gentlemen, Be Seated* (Doubleday, Doran, $4.00), this Department of "Ballads, Songs, and Snatches" (Subdivision of Snatches) offers the following:

*Minstrel Paraphrase on Stephen Foster's "Uncle Ned".**

In former years, dar might hab been seen
a fine old colored gemman,
Whose cognomen was Uncle Edward;
But he departed this life since—some time since—
And he had no capulary substance on the summit ob his cranium,
The place designed by kind Nature for the capillatory substance to vegetate.

CHORUS

Then lay down the agricultural implements—
Allow the violin and bow to hang pendant on de wall;
For there's no more physical energy to be displayed by
Indigent and aged Edward, for he has departed this
Life to that bourne designed by kind Providence for
All pious, humane, and benevolent colored individuals.

His digets were equal in length to the bamboo formation,
Which springs so spontaneously on the banks of the Southerine Miss'ippi;
And he had no ocular proofs by which to view the beauties
Of Nature; and he had no dental formations by which to masticate
The Indian meal cake;—consequently, he was compelled to let the
Indian meal cake pass by with impunity.
Then lay down, &c.

When Uncle Edward relinquished his hold on vitality, his master
Seemed exceedingly grieved, and the lachrymal poured down
His cheeks, similar to the rain from heaven, for he knew
Very well that Uncle Edward was laid beneath the
Terra ferma;—consequently, he would never have the honor
Of beholding the physiognomy of Uncle Edward any more.
Then lay down, &c.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never heard the original "Uncle Ned"? If such there be, go mark him well; for him no minstrel raptures swell, and what is more than twice as queer, his education falls short of that of the peasantry of Malvern, Worcestershire! To get down to the point, at each Christmas-time in dozens of English villages there is performed by the people the immemorial Mummer's Play of St. George and the Dragon. In each place it is the same play, but in each, in the course of being handed down by word of mouth through the centuries, and of being improved or damaged in the handling, it has acquired a purely local version. Many of these variants are collected in *The Mummer's Play* (Oxford, 1923), a study by the late R. J. E. Tiddy, including the manuscript, "in a very illiterate hand", of the Malvern play. And I call attention—as Mr. Tiddy does not—to the following passage from that manuscript, as the evidence of one of the strangest transplantations yet recorded of even so hardy a perennial as a Foster song:

. . . I comes I little man Dick with my big head and little wit my head so big my wit so small we sing you a song that will Please you all.

Song.

Hang up the Shuvel and the hoe
lay down the fiddle and the bow
for thee no more work for Poor Old Ned
he's gone with the good niggers go go go.

*Sung with shouts of applause by G. White, of White's Serenaders, at the New York Melodeon. Reprinted from White's Serenaders' Song-Book, Philadelphia, 1851.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Or in other words, "Then lay down the agricultural implements . . ."

Recommended phonograph records. *White singers:* the Yaarab Chanters of Atlanta (Shriners?), a very large and well-trained male chorus, in "Thinking of Thee" (*Columbia*). Lee Morse, contralto, with her Blue Grass Boys accompanying, singing "Be Sweet to Me" and "Don't Keep Me in the Dark, Bright Eyes" (*Col.*), which last I would like better without the lines

After all is said and done
Two can live as cheap as one

—just as I would prefer "Just Like a Melody" without

. . . It sounds like Heaven
To hear a baby cry.

That mean ditty "'Cause I Feel Low-Down", sung by Annette Hanshaw (*Perfect*) or Sophie Tucker (*Okeh*). Trick versions of "Do I Hear You Saying" and "You Took Advantage" by Vaughn de Leath and Frank Harris (*Col.*), not the author of "My Life". *The Rolled-Gold 'Nineties:* Jenkins and C. Robison singing "The Baggage Coach Ahead" and "The Mansion of Aching Hearts" (*Ok*). *Americana noxia:* "Mr. Hoover and Mr. Smith", sung Gallagher-Sheanwise by the Happiness Boys (*Col.*) is one of those things that can't be helped in presidential years, such as whispering campaigns, excessive expenditures, and Senator Heflin. "The Hanging of the Fox"—Edward Hickman—as sung by Al Craver (*Col.*) is short of details of the event it celebrates, perhaps because it hasn't happened yet. *Black singers:* "Denomination Blues", by Washington Phillips (*Col.*) is softly and well sung and accompanied, and is a blend of blues and spiritual along these lines:

Now the A. M. E. Methodis', they believe:
Sprinkle yo' head an' not to wash yo' feet—
An' that's all,
Ah tell you that's all—
But you better have Jesus,
Ah tell you that's all.
Now the African Methodis' they b'lieve the same,
'Cause they's no denomination is a thing but a name—
And that's all (*etc.*)

For old spirituals, hear the tempestuous "Joshua Fit de Battle ob Jericho" and "Troubles Was Hard", by Miss Eva Jessye's Dixie Jubilee Singers, a mixed choir which I suspect knows the truth of W. C. Handy's assertion: "Spirituals should be verified by action". . . . "Old Dog Blue" is a wholly fascinating story of a hound who treed his possums where he found them, anywhere from a holler stump to Nora's Ark, sung by Jim Jackson (*Vocalion*). "Death Bell" and "Happy" Blues as performed by Tom Dickson (*Ok*) are both pleasing and technically interesting for such things as major thirds in the voice against minor on the guitar, and minor thirds struck with flat sevenths. "Empty Bed Blues", the celebrated pornograph record, has been duplicated by Elizabeth Johnson (*Ok*). *Southern mountain song-dance:* "Ain't That Skippin' an' Flyin'" by the Allen Bros. (*Col.*). *Folk songs,* all *Columbia:* "The Shanty Man's Life" and "Driving Saw-Logs on the Plover", sung by Pierre La Dieu are word for note out of Carl Sandburg's collection. I told them to look there! You can find the tune of "Little Maumee" also known country-wide as "The Pretty Mohea", etc., in Richardson and Spaeth's "American Mountain Songs", and you can hear Riley Puckett sing it with widely different words. Another hill-billy crew, Bleven's Tar-Heel Rattlers, sings and plays "Nine Pound Hammer", which of course is cousin to "Water Boy" and all the John Henry songs. And a novelty is Joseph F. Falcon's singing (in French) plaintively through the nose, of two Louisiana 'Cajun songs, called "Lafayette" and "The Waltz that Carried Me to My Grave". *Hawaiian:* "Aloha Oe" and "On the Beach at Waikiki", which last is also known as the Golden Hula and was the basis of Jerome Kern's "Beach at Lei Lei Wei"; by Kalama's Quartette (*Ok*). *Piano jazz:* Rube Bloom himself playing on Okeh records his own exceptional compositions "Sapphire", "Soliloquy", "Serenata", "Spring Fever" and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Silhouette", all of which are also published in sheet music. They could be played, not more expertly, but with more feeling. "Serenata" is easiest, and "Sapphire" next. *Hot or unusual orchestral jazz:* "Slidin' Around", Donald Lindley's Orchestra (*Col.*) a charming conceit such as a polished jazz orchestra, after many months' sojourn in the Celestial Empire, might have played at a mandarin's garden party. "The Man from the South", Venuti's Blue Four (*Ok*); fiery gypsy minors, a terrific swing, and nonsense verses. "Black and Tan Fantasy" (*Ok*), an extraordinary slow-drag in which a trumpet meditates solitary vices, done by Duke Ellington's amazing orchestra, which also offers "Harlem River Quiver" on another record (*Victor*). Red Nichols reviving "Avalon" (*Brunswick*) and playing "Five Pennies" (*Vic.*). Venuti himself, jazz fiddler, and Ed Lang, the guitarist in "Wildcat" and "Doin' Things" (*Vic.*) Waring's Pennsylvanians in the soft eccentricities of "Stack O Lee Blues" and "Farewell Blues" (*Vic.*), which last in one respect follows the scheme of Beethoven's "Lebewohl" sonata. Red McKenzie's Music Box playing "My Baby Came Home" and "From Monday On" (*Vic.*); "Ready for the River" as played by the Goofus Five (*Ok*) or the Coon-Sanders Orchestra (*Vic.*), and finally, Ted Lewis in "Moonlight Madness" (*Col.;* backed with the waltz "King for a Day"), declaiming with terrific emotion: *"I gave me soul—me soul—me very All!" Polite fox-trot music:* from the Scandals, try the hit "What D'You Say?" with "I'm on the Crest of a Wave" by Whiteman's (*Col.*), and "Pickin' Cotton" with "Blue Grass" by George Olsen's (*Vic.*). The prettiest recent foxtrot is "Evening Star", played by Whiteman with "Last Night I Dreamed" (*Col.*), and by the Dorsey Bros. with "Forgetting You" (*Ok*). I also recommend the Ipana Troubadours in the sillisong "Nagasaki" (*Col.*), the Coon-Sanders version of the melodious "Indian Cradle Song" backed with Don Bestor's "It Must Be Love" (*Vic.*), and for their fine rich tones, Jimmy Joy's orchestra's "Chilly-Pom" and "Today is Today" (*Brun.*) *Waltzes:* "Chiquita" with "12 o'Clock Waltz" by Arden & Ohman's (*Vic.*).

Recommended Sheet Music—besides songs mentioned above. *Piano jazz:* the most important event to report is the publication of Seger Ellis's "Prairie Blues" and "Sentimental Blues", which he played for a Victor record the other year. Ellis is a contradiction; pianist and composer of savage jazz and sweet singer of soppy songs who has come to be called the Gene Austin of Columbia. Blues pianists also see Spencer Williams' "Solitude". "Ennui", by Paul Mertz, doesn't. "Blue Lightning" and "Keyboard Express" deserve their names, and "Ivory Lace", "Musette" and "Snowflakes", are nice, though not nubbly. *Polite foxtrots:* "Heartbroken and Lonely", "Bo-Peep", and "Until Yesterday". *Strong rhythms:* "Old Man Sunshine" and "When Eliza Rolls her Eyes", both by Harry Warren, the Percy Wenrich of today; "Sentimental Baby", and "I'm Walking Through Raindrops" (with heavy rubber boots?). *Other foxtrots:* "Blue Shadows", the best in the Vanities; and one should know Walter Donaldson's "Out of the Dawn". *Tango:* "Tu Sais". *Waltzes:* "Someday, Somewhere", a Viennese tincture; "I Wonder", and "Just Another Night."

Best Sellers in Popular Music

The following list as of September 4th, is furnished by Associated Music Publishers, Inc., retailers, Times Square, New York. "W" indicates waltzes. The order is alphabetical.

Chiquita (W)
Crazy Rhythm
Get Out and Get Under the Moon
I Can't Give You Anything but Love
Imagination
Just Like a Melody
Little Mother (W)
Moonlight Madness (W)
My Angel
Neapolitan Nights
Out of the Dawn (W)
Ramona (W)
That's My Weakness Now

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Ford

Note by the editor.—Our readers will remember that in the January BOOKMAN we printed a story called *The Sisters* which Joseph Conrad had left unfinished at his death. Accompanying it we printed a commentary on *The Sisters* by Mr. Ford Madox Ford, who had been closely associated with Conrad at the period of the manuscript's writing, giving his recollections of conversations in which Conrad told how he had intended to finish the story. According to Mr. Ford, Conrad had wanted to write in *The Sisters* a story of incest but had been deterred by the fears of his friends and the demands of his public.

Following the publication of *The Sisters* and Mr. Ford's paper several readers drew our attention to a point not mentioned by Mr. Ford: the resemblance between *The Sisters* and Conrad's novel of 1919, *The Arrow of Gold*. The two documents overlapped in so many details that our correspondents were convinced that *The Sisters* was really a discarded early attempt to write the later book. We print below the letter which best presented this theory. When Mr. Ford returned to this country recently we showed him the letter; his reply follows.

To refresh our readers' memory we quote from Mr. Ford's conclusion of the story, following his explanation that what Conrad, "curiously, desired to write of, was incest", a subject "somehow predestined for treatment by Conrad" because of experiences in Poland. In *The Inheritors* there was "a faint and fantastic suggestion" of the theme, and in *Suspense* "he was going to risk writing of the passion between a couple who were, unknowingly, brother and sister". "*The Sisters* was an early try" at the subject, and was to have concluded in some such manner as this:

"Stephen was to have met, fallen in love with and married the elder sister. Then the younger sister, failing in the religious vocation that her uncle the priest desired her to have, was to come to Paris and to stay with the young couple in Stephen's pavilion, the tyrannous character of her aunt being such that she could not live with the orange merchant and his wife. The elder sister proving almost equally domineering, Stephen was to fall before the gentler charm of the younger. And the story was to end with the slaying of both the resulting child and the mother by the fanatic priest. . . . I think the emotion was to have been screwed up by a visit to Paris of Stephen's brother who, equally, was to have fallen in love with the younger sister thus creating a rivalry between the two brothers, and I know that at one time Conrad meditated transporting the characters both to Spain and to Russia so as to get the last drop of contrast out of contrasted race natures."

But before finishing it Conrad "bowed his head to his friends and the inevitable. Readers might be found for books about the sea; it was unthinkable that they would support Slav introspections passing in Paris. So the manuscript and the very thought of *The Sisters* was, at it were, put away in a locked drawer. . . . Nevertheless, from time to time, as if guiltily, as if swiftly contemplating the obscene, he would take a peek into that locked drawer and for a minute the Tiger would raise its burning head".

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN,
Sir:

I have just finished reading the unfinished Conrad story, *The Sisters*, in the January BOOKMAN and the Ford Madox Ford commentary. It seems to me there is a very obvious accounting for *The Sisters* being unfinished—an accounting which Mr. Ford did not mention and which makes his comment mainly irrelevant.

What I have to say is all conjecture; built only on the evidence offered by the story and what I have retained from a reading of *The Arrow of Gold*—the most impressive—to me, of the Conrad books I have read. I was sure there was some relationship between the two before I had gotten well into the reading of *The Sisters*. I do not know at just what point that formed clearly in my head; but I know I had voiced, to my wife, the opinion that it was a somewhat bungled and abandoned attempt to write *The Arrow of Gold* before I had dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

covered the names of Rita and Theresa. The "Rita", of course, was in fact in *The Arrow of Gold* and "Theresa" was only become "Therese".

It seems probable that when the idea was first in Conrad's head, the idea that occasioned the writing of what we have in *The Sisters* and later fathered *The Arrow of Gold*, it was, to a considerable extent, a projection or adumbration of the characters so designated in that dark and lambent book and the interweaving of their fates. Tied up with that was the figure of the priest and the brooding sinisterness of the wild barren Basque country.

The name José Ortega and his use of it in both is significant. Dolores Ortega foreshadows both the cousin, José Ortega, and the sister, Therese, of the finally completed tale. The Passy house seems to hold the germ of the house on the street of the Consules.

In *The Sisters*, Rita lived with the priest uncle in the Pyrenees, the Basque country, and at twelve years of age, or thereabouts, went to live with another uncle who was a dealer in oranges in a wholesale way. From there she was taken into the house of Henry Malagon, where she was separated as by a curtain "from the world of passions"; where she got some contact with culture and refinement.

In *The Arrow of Gold* she had been raised by a priest uncle who had his parish of Basque souls in the hills near Toloso. At the age of about thirteen he sent her to her other uncle, "a Basque peasant, the orange merchant". Henry Allegre found her and took her into his house where she lived a protected life in contact, but not too close, with all that was serene and beautiful and civilized.

There is a great richness of material in the unfinished story to indicate that it was, as seems obvious to me, a fumbling half articulate attempt at the story which got so effulgent and compelling a telling in *The Arrow of Gold*: the Legitimist principle; Rita, herself—the one foreshadowed in *The Sisters* is clearly the same one that breathes and fills *The Arrow of Gold*: "The little savage—that wild mountaineer"; her impressions of "the rugged landscapes, the rugged men, the strong beliefs, the strong passions" of the place of her youth; her prettiness, her strangeness.—It is all there, but I do not wish to be tedious, and there may be certain hard facts which show clearly my "certainty" is nonsense. It even seems there must be such facts or it could not otherwise be explained that what I am saying was not said by Mr. Ford.

But unless there are such facts, surely nothing more is needed to account for the unfinished condition of *The Sisters* than that at a later and happier time Conrad succeeded in finishing it in *The Arrow of Gold* and had no occasion to do more with his relatively abortive first attempt to get into writing the vision which rested on whatever events or chance insight or persons that gave him that first impulse.

I have only touched on some of the obvious externals that seem to indicate the relation between the two which I have suggested. Though *The Sisters* is quite fragmentary, I believe it shows its purpose enough, discloses what was behind it in the writer's mind sufficiently, that a long and abstruse argument might be evolved in support of my contention, on the basis of the urge behind the two works—the set problem, the artist's vision. And I believe such an argument would rest on solid ground.

Yours very truly,
Homer S. Shannon
Chicago, Ill.

Editor of The Bookman,
Sir:

It is only a matter of minutes before my leaving these shores that you hand me Mr. Shannon's admirable letter. *The Sisters* is not a sketch for *The Arrow of Gold*—I know that *The Sisters* was meant by Conrad to be the beginning of a quite different story in which Rita, educated and civilised was to have been the mate and comrade of a Conrad-Stephen of Conrad's dreams.

The matter of the names is very immaterial. I know, from old memories that Conrad was dreadfully bothered over Spanish names to use in *Romance* and mightily Mr. Robert Cunninghame Graham, the *insignissimo* hidalgo, jeered at the Spanish names that did finally decorate that joint venture. Names, you know, are so scarce in this world of ours—especially Spanish names. Let your correspondent try to furnish a book with Spaniards and name them. Ortega in *The Sisters* is an elderly uncle—in *The Arrow* he is first a cousin of twelve who persecutes a little ragged Rita and then an insane-demoniac lover of a Carlist leader;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the two Ritas are quite different; the priest is different; Therese is absolutely different from Theresa; Marseilles is entirely different from Paris and the Conrad who wrote *The Sisters* was quite different from the Conrad who wrote *The Arrow*.

Both stories are in fact tributes to one of Conrad's early flames but they are quite different stories by, really, different men. If Mr. Hoover and Mr. Al Smith both met Mr. William Allen White on the same occasion and each founded a story on the incident their stories could not be more different!

Yours faithfully,
Ford Madox Ford.

Poetry in Prose

To the Editor of The Bookman,
Sir:

Mr. John V. A. Weaver was a bright person to hear the blank verse runs in the prose of Bernard Shaw and then to fish them out for all to see—but not necessarily for all to admire as much as Mr. Weaver does. I, for instance, happen to think that the passages exhibited in *Poetry in Bernard Shaw* in The Bookman for August are very tame verse, and I object altogether to the applause that Mr. Weaver seems ready to give the prose playwright for breaking out in blank verse. On the contrary, stumbling into blank verse is a fault in the writer of prose. Even without the guidance of Professor Saintsbury (see *The History of English Prose Rhythm*), young students of prose soon learn to beware of iambs or else deliberately to masque a succession of them as Ruskin did most notably. The reason is obvious. The virtue of prose is Variety, that of poetry is Identity: hence, blank verse patches in prose, besides being unintentional and therefore apt to be careless writing, tend to lessen the very nature of prose itself by not realizing its peculiar potentialities.

Gorham B. Munson
New York, N. Y.

For and Against Mr. Tully

(*Note by the editor.*—We have received a number of letters both praising and condemning the article called "Jim Tully's Fairy Tales" in the August Bookman. The two letters below are representative of them.

Editor of The Bookman,
Sir:

You may cancel my subscription to your magazine. After reading Eugene Whitmore's attack on Jim Tully in the current issue, I feel that The Bookman is not to be depended on for fair and decent treatment of writers for whom its editors, for reasons known only to them, may feel dislike.

Such a stupidly matter-of-fact article as Whitmore's has no place in an intelligent organ of literary criticism. If his standards of judgment were accepted, a large share of the great masterpieces of literature would be thrown out of the libraries. Surely you know how old steamboat men denounced *Life on the Mississippi*. And that work was in no sense presented as a work of fiction. Any reader with a mentality above that of a doorkeeper of a street-cleaners' improvement club will recognize *Circus Parade* as primarily a work of the imagination. As such, it makes the circus live, however inadequate it may be as a reference book on the details of circus operation. I know, for once I jaunted about with the Sells-Floto Circus myself. I quit mainly because it was impossible to keep off the lice. And I've also hoboed through every state west of the Mississippi. I can recognize the places in *Circus Parade* and *Beggars of Life* where Tully has sacrificed fact for effect. But the *important* realities of the life he describes he does not sacrifice for anything—not even for the approval of high-toned college graduates who have learned about literature in schools of journalism, and in the learning seem to have lost all sense of honor, decency and fair play.

To be consistent, you should announce a series of articles that will show up Wilder's ignorance of a few petty details about the geography of Peru and the old life of Lima; I can refer you to a criminal lawyer in the Northwest who can make a mock of the trial in *An American Tragedy;* and, to cap such a great enterprise, you might employ such eminent antiquarians as Pound and Eliot to expose the mistakes of Shakespeare.

Yours sincerely,
James Stevens,
Tacoma, Wash.

The Editor of The Bookman,
Sir:

I read with a deal of interest Mr. Eugene Whitmore's comments on Jim Tully,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and I must say that I am in hearty accord with them. Ever since I read *Circus Parade* I have longed for someone to take the wind out of Tully's sails, and I am forced to agree with him when he said of himself that he is a literary scavenger. While I have no quarrel with his themes I do seriously object to his utter disregard for accuracy. I have often wondered if he believes everyone who reads his books is as ignorant of the life he writes about as are Mencken and the Van Dorens? It is just too bad for Literary America, rather for literature in the United States, that our reviewers or critics are not at the same time honest students of the American scene. What for instance does Mencken know about circus life, or hoboes, or yeggs? Nothing. What seems to them a plausible yarn about a certain phase of American life may be ridiculous to one who has either had a taste of it or has studied it. I believe I have read somewhere an effort to compare Tully to Gorky; nothing could be more ridiculous. Tully showed his true colors when he made slurring remarks about Sinclair. Why, pray, should Upton Sinclair help Tully? What call had Tully on him? It makes no difference what the facts were in that dispute, Sinclair has the better of the argument; I have not seen any particular reason why Sinclair should aid him any more than he should aid me, a complete stranger to him.

What has put me completely out of sympathy with Tully is his fantastic yarn appearing in the April issue of *The American Mercury*. I fear should a yegg happen upon it he would get a great kick out of it at Tully's expense—or should I say Mencken's? And the poor hoboes! ye gods, a more harmless class of people never existed. For some reason *Jungle Justice* brought to mind that scene in *Count Bruga* where that noble Lord attempts to ravish the sweaty lady, rather, I should say, humid lady, who occupied the dais at the reception where the Count half starved came to fill his stomach.

About the only thing in *Circus Parade* that rang true to me was Tully's comments on McComb City, Mississippi. It was in all truth a bums' Hell, as was Mounds, Illinois, where "Lead Belly" reigned supreme.

Hereafter Tully should be more careful in choosing the South in which to lay his scenes, for it so happens that a few Southerners read him; and I may, by way of conclusion, bear testimony to Mr. Whitmore's remarks, that I never saw Robinson's circus play the South during the hot months—that is July and August and early September.

Sincerely yours,
Dudley Carroll.
Cedar Rapids, Ia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SEASON'S NEW FICTION

By Clifton P. Fadiman

WITHOUT exercising undue violence it seems possible to relate most of the books now lying on my table to Glenway Wescott's new volume, *Good-Bye, Wisconsin* (Harper, $2.50), which is a collection of fine short stories prefaced by a beautiful evocation of his home state. His is, of course, the most assured talent among these six writers; but the relationship is more subtle than one of mere comparative ranking. Perhaps I may put it this way: the problems confronting Mr. Wescott's personality are in essence those confronting Mr. Matson, Mr. Stribling, Mr. Williams, Mr. Bromfield and, to a slight extent, Mr. Van Vechten; and he appears to have solved them with a certain finish and originality the others have yet to exhibit.

Good-Bye, Wisconsin marks no advance over *The Grandmothers*; nor is there any particular reason why it should. It consists of a collection of tales (some of them hardly more than sketches) which were in many cases written previous to his prize novel. While it is a superior and welcome book, it still leaves us in the dark as to the development of Mr. Wescott's powers as a novelist. He has not yet tried his hand at a full length, highly integrated narrative (for this claim surely cannot be advanced for *The Grandmothers*); but there is no hurry; the comparative leisureliness with which Mr. Wescott works is an earnest of the conscientiousness of his talent.

The most remarkable thing in his new book is not the stories themselves (no one of which, fine as they are, achieves anything like greatness) but the initial essay from which the book derives its title. It is the most poetic evocation we have yet had of a middle western land and a middle western temper which are still too vague, too unsettled, too youthful, too pervasive to be summed up in the slick, tinny formulae of reportorial satirists. Mr. Wescott has no thesis sticking out of his back pocket. While he deals with material fundamentally similar to that of Mr. Anderson and Mr. Lewis, his manipulation is much more tentative—and much more graceful. His initial essay gives us the key to the entire book. It sounds a welcome note; it warns us that he will not deal with standardized and molded mechanisms, but with unformed beings, beings still weak and vague, uncertain in their vices as in their virtues: an America perhaps still to be born. Much as he commands the reporter's eye in his title essay, he himself does not possess it. His is a vision that may be at times extravagant and is certainly open to the charge of cloudy mysticism—but it is a vision, moving and troubling, of a wide, brooding land that (we are at last realizing it) calls not for a Dreiser but for a Dostoevsky.

As for the stories themselves, they are of unequal merit. Their main value is that they prove the existence of serious and tragic material in a land which our most popular novelists have found swarming merely with deadly drummers or moony, frustrated farmboys. The worst of them, such as *In a Thicket*, *The Wedding March* and *The Whistling Swan*, suffer from a calculated vagueness which is merely an inverted form of over-emphasis. There is still too much *Dial* in Mr. Wescott's cosmos. Too vividly, also, they recall the influence of Proust, particularly in the use Mr. Wescott makes of the technique of retrospection. The finest tale in the volume, perhaps, is *A Guilty Woman*, a story dealing with the love of two women, one a released murderess, for the same man. It seems a platitude to call this a novel in miniature: yet, in its careful compression and the horizon-like sense it gives of three complete lives, that is what it is. The most interesting and merely forceful story is the psychological melodrama of homicidal mania called *Like a Lover*. Here all is suggested,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nothing named; but with an insidious subtlety that tortures the nerves and makes us apprehend the dreadful climax simultaneously with the heroine. *Adolescence* is an arresting study of the emotions of a thirteen-year-old boy who dresses in woman's clothes at a children's masked ball. It is a little remote and muted, like much of the rest of the book, and seems to call for the hand of Thomas Mann to fashion from it the masterpiece it is potentially.

More important than any individual story is the sense they all give of a beautiful and trained style, a style at times over-poetic and at times over-mannered, but which bears within itself many of the qualities of greatness. It is not too much (and certainly not much) to say that Mr. Wescott's prose is among the most beautiful being written in America today. It is at its best in magically descriptive passages where his sense of poetry is allowed free rein:

"I remember the ports which seem to me more beautiful than this: the Hudson River, whose lowing steamships send into your sleep flocks of great marine cattle; the Pool of London, a hollow and perhaps criminal cave under the fog of amber; the port of Marseilles shaped like a drinking bowl, wreathed with nets and rigging, and giving off an odor of poison in spite of the dates, sea-chestnuts, sea-potatoes, lemons and olives; the bay of Naples over which, on roofs, balconies, and perilous streets like tree-branches, figures out of the *comedia del arte* beaked, ragged, clear-eyed as birds, gesticulate and play evil tricks and sing; and the roadstead of Villefranche. The latter lies in a broken ring of dim olive-trees; and between the lemon-white quay and the battleships, sailors signal to each other with an alphabet of outstretched arms and small flags like handkerchiefs on sticks, their faces gone blank with concentration."

In his title essay Mr. Wescott lets fall a remark that has a peculiar application to much modern American fiction in general and to Mr. Norman Matson's interesting volume *Day of Fortune* (Century, $2.50) in particular. "I believe," says Mr. Wescott, "that American youngsters are equal in force, elasticity, beauty and other natural gifts, to the Greeks. In the fourth university year, let us say; not much longer. Something happens to them; the flower turns out to be seedless." It is this decay, this petrifaction that Mr. Wescott's own works give no evidence of; whereas they are painfully implicit in Mr. Matson's *Day of Fortune*. This novel is cast in the loose, Wellsian, autobiographic form so fatal to the exercise of rigorous artistry; it tells the story of a young American of Norwegian parentage, most of whose life is spent in the far west. Young Peter Chezness is as stock a figure for our century as was the poor but successful Algerian for the preceding one. He is the conventional young dreamer at odds with his mechanical environment, essentially weak, given to constant and feeble revolt, radical, literary—and unimportant. But there is a vital reservation to be made; it is the one Mr. Wescott makes in the words quoted above. The boyhood of Peter, his first young dreams, his playmates, his school struggles, his small adventures and disappointments, his inarticulate sense of family unity, his loves and admirations—all these are rendered by Mr. Matson with a tenderness and understanding that are peculiarly significant. This part of his long story is but a beautiful prelude to the conventionalized and lifeless account of Peter's young manhood. It almost seems to prove the point which has so frequently been made: that the American of artistic tendency has a boyhood, but no maturity; he never grows up.

A certain maturity of viewpoint which Mr. Wescott possesses is not the property of Mr. Matson. Nor is it characteristic of Mr. T. S. Stribling. One of the minor qualities which distinguished *The Grandmothers* and which is just as discernible in *Good-Bye, Wisconsin* is Mr. Wescott's refusal to treat his given terrain from the point of view of local color. He has no interest in the provincial as such, the merely picturesque, the quaint, the oddly remote. He works with human lives, not environment stereotypes. Mr. Stribling (*Bright Metal,* Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is content to work primarily with the latter. He knows a certain part of the country well —the Tennessee hills—and he knows equally well the rural types who inhabit these hills,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their ways of thought, mores, speech, etc. This is his material; and out of it he manages to concoct an entertaining and swift-moving story, replete with excellent minor characterization, salty dialogue, rustic humor and first-rate melodrama. No more.

Bright Metal is the story of Carol Kennicott, except that she is set in the Tennessee Hills instead of Gopher Prairie. Agatha Pomeroy is the typical charming and sensitive city girl of artistic leanings. Like Mr. Matson's reporter-hero, we have met her before. She is married to Calhoun Pomeroy who has a deal of hair on his chest but no eye for beauty and no sense of humor and is full of inarticulate emotion, for which Agatha loves him. We have met him before, too. Agatha, of course, tries to reform the Tennessee morons. She is shocked at their cruelty, their brutality, their sordidness, their curiosity about other people's lives. She is so surprised at all this that it is evident that she is the one young New Yorker who has never read *Main Street*. Of course, she finds her attempts at political reform balked, as Carol found hers at social improvement. Like Carol, she proceeds to fall in love with another man—the stock sensitive peasant. Things get worse and worse; she decides to run away; is prevented from doing so by a nicely interpolated pregnancy; revolts again; runs away—to the next town; and then, by a curious process of rationalization which the author does not make entirely clear, decides to go back to her husband and be a good country wife.

The story is quite unbelievable mainly because Agatha is an unbelievable character. It is beyond conception that a girl as intelligent, perceptive and humorous as she is represented as being, could, in the first place, have married the hulking (but hairy) Pomeroy; and even if we admit the marriage, she could never possibly have stayed more than twenty-four hours with his impossible people and a group of neighbors who might as well be living in the Ice Age, as far as her temperament is concerned. At first the reader is simply impatient for her to pack her trunk and go back to New York where she clearly belongs (and where she will eventually return anyway, despite the conclusion of the book); then one begins to accept her continued sojourn in Tennessee as a mere convention, a method for bringing Mr. Stribling's amusing country characters under the focus of a single, intelligent, outland point of view. Agatha, at best, is an excuse for the background which is cleverly and completely drawn; considered as the center of the story, however, she is a joke. *Bright Metal* will be read for its sharply done rural characters (particularly the priceless Mrs. Balus of aristocratic lineage and the equally engaging Colonel Brierly-Thornton with his fine old Confederate elegance) and for its ironic indictment of a decadent country stock: but the major qualities of a fine novelist are lacking.

Of all living American writers of the younger generation, Mr. Wescott appears to have solved with the most ease the standard problem: how shall one accept America and still derive from Europe that artistic nutrition which only she can give. How shall one establish for oneself a middle ground between the provincial and the expatriate? It is impossible in this space even to indicate how Mr. Wescott solves the problem; but anyone who wishes to see that problem intelligently and movingly posed, not solved, should turn to the energetic pages of William Carlos Williams's *A Voyage to Pagany*, (Macaulay, $2.50). This is a spiritual autobiography; under the transparent disguise of Dr. Evans, a middle aged New Jersey physician who is also a writer of some repute, Dr. Williams gives us his own reactions to the European scene. *A Voyage to Pagany* is hardly a novel, though the figures of three women, one of them the hero's sister, tend to lend it a sort of narrative unity; it is really an emotional travelogue. What do Paris, Provence, Florence, Rome, Naples, Vienna mean to the contemporary American artist who is not certain of his own native heritage and is not yet willing to throw it over for what Mr. Wescott would call the questionable Utopia of Montparnasse? What can he glean from them, how much must he reject? May he embrace the freedom and ease of continental morality, knowing all the while that it is founded on a dying commonalty? How shall he reply to the pas-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sionate American woman he meets in Vienna who hates her country with a hatred that at first blush is as logical as it is virulent? How shall he resist the importunities of his sister who would have him abandon his New Jersey practise and write poetry in *la belle France*? Dr. Williams evidently solved the problem by returning to America; but it is with no wild whoop of patriotic joy that he does so. It is a tragically tentative return that he makes, confident only in his ability to discover amid a superficially weak-minded and blunted citizenry a group of men and women, at once serious and humorous, in whom the impulse to creation works freely and beautifully. Despite certain laxities of style and a general looseness of construction which may be in part designed, *A Voyage to Pagany* is a fine and exciting book by a conscientious artist of whom we may be proud.

Of the five novels under review, the only one which makes any pretensions to a complicated formal arrangement is Mr. Louis Bromfield's *The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg* (Stokes, $2.50). First of all, let me say that I consider this book to rise head and shoulders above Mr. Bromfield's previous works of fiction which were, in my modest opinion, fundamentally conventional and undistinguished. In his new work, he not only abandons the simple horizontal narrative in favor of a complex pattern of shift-backs and neatly articulated short-stories; but he introduces a new note of genuine sophistication and a heretofore unsuspected ability to vary his style.

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg is a subtle and thoroughly entertaining modification of the Dionysus redivivus theme. The notion of the intrusion into a Christianized world of the old pagan freedom and license with the accompanying effect of a transformation of the characters has been utilized by a score of writers—Pater, Heine, E. M. Forster are names that come easily to the memory. Mr. Bromfield gives a new twist to the formula by placing his Pan spirit in the breast of Miss Annie Spragg, of Iowa, daughter of the lustful prophet Spragg, a product of the familiar pioneer frustration complex. Part of the story is concerned with a recital, piece by piece, of her American background; the other part is taken up with an account of the influence her death exerts on a group of expatriate Americans and English people living in the town of Brinoë on the Tyrrhenian Sea. These eccentrics are remarkably well done, with the exception of the Countess d'Orobelli who is the conventionalized, over-sexed, ageing, American, wealthy woman; and the changes in their careers brought about by the miraculous death of Miss Annie Spragg (on whose dying body the stigmata of St. Francis appear) are subtly and delicately delineated.

The finest thing in the book, however, is not any of these eccentrics nor the story of Miss Annie's forbears and early tragic love; it is a Dickensian episode but loosely related to the main thread of the plot and concerns the life and death of Bessie Cudlip, most delicious of cockney prostitutes. She is herself an active representative of the Dionysian spirit, as Miss Annie, in her more mystic and mysterious manner, was also. The saga of Bessie Cudlip is a pure gem of humorous writing; the great ironic stroke which reveals the nature of Mr. Blundon's two volume opus is worthy of Anatole France.

I am glad to note that I have but a paragraph remaining with which to deal with Mr. Carl Van Vechten's *Spider Boy*, (Knopf $2.50). Mr. Van Vechten would be very happy if he had attained his object, which was to concoct a witty and fantastic satiric extravaganza out of the absurdities of Hollywood. He has not attained it. He has not even manufactured a passably farcical situation. His satire is without sparkle or good nature and is so obvious that the attentive reader (who will be a rare phenomenon) scents it twenty pages ahead. On the whole, Mr. Van Vechten is a mediocre reporter of the smart cracks of five years ago and a fairly good purveyor to the appetites of upper-class fourteen-year-olds. His prose, which had a whipped cream and champagne quality in *Peter Whiffle*, has in *Spider Boy* gone flat and stale. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, coarse but not familiar, and smart but not sophisticated, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Van Vechten.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ROAD TO ATHENS

By Gilbert Seldes

THE war and Mr. H. G. Wells, in that order, raised the bogey of the downfall of civilization. A number of people in every age have believed that the demnition bow-wows were just around the corner, and at certain times, for specific groups and cultures, they were right. Whether the present is an instance of prophetic clairvoyance, we hardly know; Mr. Wells, still a novelist, added the dramatic spectacle of a race between education (modern type) and downfall; others despaired and loved it; Spengler assured us that it was all a cycle.

It occurs to me that this feeling that civilization must perish because the world had gone through a peculiarly futile and terribly destructive war is a little like one of the forms of religious conversion. Nothing is more insisted upon in the Fundamentalist way to salvation than the divinity of Christ —because nothing short of divine power can redeem the world from its awful burden of sin. And the individual sinner does not want to be saved by any agency less than the supernatural. He magnifies his sin in order to require divine intercession; he will not be saved merely by giving up bad habits or confessing to a priest; he insists that he and his sin are so important that God alone has power to save. It has even been held by ancient theologians that man provides the cause and justification for the existence of God.

I fancy that a catastrophe of a physical kind—the engulfment of all of Germany or Russia through some obscure tremor of the earth—would be taken by some people as a punishment for sin; and that a similar disaster in the moral order would satisfy many more intelligent people because it would be appropriate to the sin the whole world committed in 1914. If we could have some dramatic illustration of England's inability to preserve its sang-froid, of French capacity to think clearly, we would say "There is the beginning of the end" and we would say it with satisfaction because we are so absorbed in the years of the war and peace that we think the forces of nature ought to take account of them and pass judgment upon us.

To a certain extent the fear of catastrophe has been dissipated; individuals are apprehensive lest a specific form of civilization, the one they prefer, pass away. The downfall of the West, which Spengler asks us to take calmly because it is inevitable, is a menace to those Europeans who do not wish their country to be Orientalized or Americanized; others fear Bolshevism or Fascism; there must be some people left who imagine that the old orders of aristocracy are only temporarily discredited and still are afraid of the lower classes. But most people have succumbed to the gentle pressure of living, statesmen have created accords and signed treaties, and nations have turned to themselves, trying to discover their own true nature, looking into their pasts for interest, illumination, and guidance, and subjecting their present to a less sentimental scrutiny than they enjoyed twenty years ago.

This inward turn was marked in America by such diverse phenomena as Mencken's abandonment of literature in favor of sociological interests, the publication of *Main Street, Babbitt* and their similars, the debunking school in history, drama, and biography; the infinitely more interesting historical work of the Beards, the Klan and Big Bill Thompson, the heresy-hunter of Lake Michigan. (Both the silly and the serious aspects have their parallels in Italy, France, and England, to my knowledge; and probably in every country at all affected by the war.) To a degree, we want to know ourselves and to be ourselves; we want to live up to certain ideals or illusions about ourselves. What we learn of the rest of the world must be related to our lives; we claim, strive for, or imagine a kind of national or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

racial purity, and create an historical continuity for ourselves because—perhaps—we have been frightened.

This attitude has been reflected in books and particularly in the popularity of historical and biographical works. I am informed that jazz biographies, written as, and meant to sell as, novels are dwindling, but that history and social studies are still good, in the commercial sense. The willingness of people to read serious books of history is due partly to that "new history" of which Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes is a practitioner and (in the last chapter of his new book) a prophet. The writing of history is, to most of us, a mysterious process and we assume that it has been the same since the days of Thucydides, ranking historians by the degree in which they interest us, admiring their vividness, their verbal style, their accuracy. Prof. Barnes shows us that the conception of history has changed—of the "history of the world" and of "the writing of history" and that the latter is undergoing a functional change. It no longer attempts merely to record the past, but to recreate the past in its relation to the present. The shift of emphasis is extraordinary, for in the new history the codification of French law under Napoleon becomes far more important than Austerlitz and the exhaustion of free land in the American West overshadows political campaigns from Grant to Coolidge. For a perfect example, I recommend Beard's treatment of the Civil War as the struggle between agriculture and industry, with the delicate assignment of weight to those questions of slavery and secession which we have always assumed were the only issues involved.

The beginning of *Living in the Twentieth Century* (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50) led me to think that Prof. Barnes was going to show how the picture of the world, in the mind of the average intelligent man, changed in the past four or five decades. The opening description of the moral standards, the cosmogony and theology, the physical equipment and the mental habits of the man of our immediate past, suggesting that he would be more at home in Florence of the Renaissance than in Chicago of to-day, is an excellent prelude to orientation. It might serve as an antidote to cultural defeatism for us to become aware of the changes in human existence which a few generations have been able to make. But either because he concentrates on physical changes or goes into useless detail about industrial processes, the promise of the book is left in the air. Points come out, of the first order of importance, but *the* point is left to seek. I think it is that our civilization has run ahead of our institutions, that we are still attempting to govern (not only people, but forces) with the mental and social machinery of the past. Prof. Barnes has indicated connections not usually stressed —between the early commercial era and the social and political changes of the eighteenth century, between the industrial era and imperialism as we know it; he shows the interrelation of forces and indicates the possible effects of our super-industrial civilization upon the forms of government and the forms of social contact. What I miss in his work is clarity in the general structure.

The era of excitement about the world at large (the era of Outlines of everything) coincides roughly with the exploitation of the small town and the attempt to make the trivial the typical (*Main Street*). It seems to me both forms are improved when they are taken out of the hands of the novelists: I prefer Haldane in science and Beard in history and the author (or authors) of *Middletown* (Harcourt, Brace, $5.00) in the field of Sinclair Lewis. (I read *Middletown* in galley proofs bearing no author's name, but it is the work of Robert S. and Helen Merrell Lynd, and a staff of workers.) *Middletown* is a survey of a middle western town, conceived as a scientific operation with nothing to prove. It tells who the people of Middletown are (a population of about 40,000) what they do for a living, how many hours they work, how they bring up their children, whether and why they go to church, how they meet their friends if they have friends, what they spend and on what, how they run their city, what books they read and what interests them on the radio, what Rotary means to them, where they get their clothes and ideas, why they no longer sing, what they think and do about contraception, whether they are worried about losing their jobs—a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hundred thousand details, beautifully organized and covering everything except—to my surprise—how they die and spend fortunes on funerals.

It is an admirable work, and to me, completely fascinating. I do not know how to convey the sense of excitement it gives as one gets closer and closer to the human beings, themselves intrinsically unimportant, who are the material of the study. But perhaps a sample of the conversations it reports and of the conclusions it draws will show its quality:

"A wife of twenty-two replied to the question about number of children: 'We haven't any. Gracious, no. We mustn't have any till we have steady work. No, we don't use anything to prevent children. I just keep away from my husband. He don't care—only at times. He's discouraged because he's out of work. I went to work but had to quit because I was so nervous.'

"Not one of the sixty-eight working-class wives mentioned her husband in answering the question as to the 'things that give her courage to go on when thoroughly discouraged'. More than one wife seems to think of her husband less as an individual than as a focus of problems and fears—anxiety about loss of job, disappointment over failure in promotion, fear of conception—the center of a whole complex of things to be avoided. To many husbands their wives have become associated with weariness, too many children, and other people's washings. . . ."

I wonder why our realistic novels have never approached the sober reality of such statements. Middletown has plenty of material for Sinclair Lewis—promotors, it seems, build "Tudor-bethan" houses and the entire high school prays in chapel for the success of its basketball team; but it has more material for a novelist willing to know more about human beings and to care less for his prejudices. The authors are, I fancy, liberals and intellectuals; but they are possessed of the scientific spirit, are dispassionate, and their book glows with the warmth of life.

Middletown is contrasted with itself of the 1890's; we find it losing interest in the arts or taking the arts by mechanism—people no longer play or sing or paint or read; at the same time Middletown is imposing a strict conformity, it is making it exceedingly difficult for the egregious man to live and be happy. The motor car has become its measure of success and happiness, and Middletown probably thinks of itself as the Athens of the Corn Belt. I am afraid that Middletown will not read Clive Bell's little book on *Civilization* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), because Mr. Bell does not think that a high degree of animal comfort and a profusion of gadgets constitute the good life. He thinks that the possession of a sense of values and the enthronement of reason, do.

I am afraid that unless I break a self-imposed rule, and become entirely personal, I shall appear mincing and dishonest in what I say about Mr. Bell's book. I have the happiness to enjoy Mr. Bell's friendship. In return for my setting before him a bottle of Hospice de Beaune, 1915, a wine he did not know, he introduced me to *marc de bourgogne,* popularly known among Americans as *bon vieux marc;* and because I chattered to him in 1923 about American vaudeville, he presented me to Pablo Picasso; he is one of the few people I know who not only cares about conversation, but knows how to take part in conversation. He is witty and intelligent and obstinate and tolerant at once. I think that every essential thing in his book on civilization is both important and right; as a Voltairean (and opposed to Rousseau) I share all his principles, I think he has a civilized man in mind whom I would want to know and imitate (since civilization has very little to do with being an original); and yet his book irritates me. It lacks urbanity; it is angry:

"The life of a first-rate English man or woman is one long assertion of his or her personality in the face of unsympathetic or actively hostile circumstances. An English boy born with fine sensibility, a peculiar feeling for art, or an absolutely first-rate intelligence, finds himself from the outset at loggerheads with the world in which he is to live. For him there can be no question of accepting those national conventions which express what is meanest in a distasteful society. . . . The hearty conventions of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

family life which make almost impossible relations at all intimate or subtle arouse in him nothing but a longing for escape. He will be reared, probably, in an atmosphere where all thought that leads to no practical end is despised, or gets, at most, a perfunctory compliment. . . . As for artists, they . . . are pretty sure to be family jokes. Thus, all his finer feelings will be constantly outraged; and he will live a truculent, shameful misfit, with *John Bull* under his nose and *Punch* around the corner, till, at some public school, a course of compulsory games and the Arnold tradition either breaks his spirit or makes him a rebel for life"

This is true, but it is also temper.

Middletown does not exactly overvalue the creative function; and oddly enough, neither does Mr. Bell. Indeed it is the great merit of his book that his claims for civilization are not exaggerated. He mentions great artists, great periods of art, and calls them not civilized in his precise definition of the word, tending to believe that appreciation of what is fine is a better criterion of civilization than creation:

"He who possesses a sense of values cannot be a Philistine; he will value art and thought and knowledge for their own sakes, not for their possible utility. When I say for their own sakes, I mean, of course, as direct means to good states of mind which alone are good as ends. . . . Works of art being direct means to aesthetic ecstasy are direct means to good. And the disinterested pursuit and perception of scientific and philosophical truth, as they provoke analogous states of emotional intensity, may be assigned to the same class. . . . What is peculiar to civilized people is . . . that they are capable of recognizing the value of knowledge as a means to exquisite spiritual states. . . ."

The climax of the book is in an account of "that feast of reason which has been the wonder and the admiration of twenty-three centuries"—*The Symposium.* Athens, the Renaissance, and the great age of France are Mr. Bell's paragons and as he analyzes their qualities of civilization he strips from that word a hundred incorrect associations, leaving it bare of romantic beauty, but infinitely desirable. At the end, he proposes to England the creation and support of a civilized class. Considering the vulgar idle supported by every country to-day, the proposal is not excessive.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOSTOEVSKY, AND LESSER MEN

By T. S. Matthews

THERE are many men in every generation whom the world calls great; it is not until we are able to consider their lives as a whole that we can see at all whether the judgment was deserved. And can we see clearly then? So much depends upon the advocate who presents them to us, so much upon our personal whims and likings. It would perhaps be better not to judge at all, but judge we must in some sort, for, wherever our interest is really engaged, we cannot help bestowing praise or blame. Of this varied list of men—Dostoevsky, Goethe, Asquith, Frobisher, Stuyvesant; a Russian, a German, two Englishmen and a Dutchman—whom should we rank at the top, and whom at the bottom? You may say it is a matter of taste; but there should be no disputing about a matter of taste: the solution of such problems should be self-evident. So I hope you will agree with me.

"Dostoevsky," says his biographer, Julius Meier-Graefe (*Dostoevsky, the Man and His Work*; Harcourt, Brace, $6.00.) "opens up new worlds: the regions he explores were previously unknown to literature. And he creates Upheaval." This life of Dostoevsky, which consists in great part of an expository analysis of his writings, in chronological sequence, succeeds in deepening our feeling that Dostoevsky was an exceptionally good man, because only a good man could have been capable of writing this kind of great book. Dostoevsky's masterpieces, as the present biographer very justly points out, make their deepest appeal because they are something more than literary: they speak to the inner convictions of men, not to their outward prejudices. "Up there [on the 'roof-garden' of 'polite literature'] another masterpiece has just been recited and the shriek of enthusiasm split the clouds. But a cynical wag laughed inwardly at this enthusiasm and declared that the masterpiece did not concern him in the slightest." Dostoevsky was never a *littérateur*. "All his principal works are tendentious. He wants to teach and to reform. But to him a doctrine is not an immutable law; it is a living organism in perpetual motion. . . . We must cling together, he says, we must take mutual counsel how to escape from this muddle. I cannot say to you, don't do it, for you would merely scoff. I understand, in fact, that you must do it, for I too had to do it. If you do it, at least you shall know that I'll stick to you. Afterwards we shall see."

Dostoevsky has been criticized for writing without style, for writing journalistically; and indeed, says Mr. Meier-Graefe, there is something in this criticism, though the criticism itself misses the whole point of Dostoevsky. "He was a prolific and rapid writer . . . driven to haste by the direst need . . ." and poverty, illness and many other "obstacles were the mainsprings of his creativeness and the determinants of his form. . . . Journalism was the foundation of his literature". The tone of his novels is familiar, unliterary. "This tone was Dostoevsky's invention, his secret, his technique, the natural garb of the people's writer, and, in spite of its banality, it succeeded in revealing the sublime. . . . It is a bungling process, like a child learning to draw, but he groped his way gradually to the complete manifestation." Dostoevsky regarded writing not as a "special vocation", but as "the result of a common human function: writing meant development".

In the present book, the details of Dostoevsky's life have been subordinated to the analysis of his writing: it is a legitimate approach, and Mr. Meier-Graefe makes it clear that Dostoevsky's life and his writings are inextricable. He regards Dostoevsky's penal servitude in Siberia as "laying the foundation of his moral and spiritual existence". But the biographer refuses to be led aside into a discussion of Dostoevsky's "vices",

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and he usually relegates such questions to the Notes at the end of the book. Neither is he drawn away to any extent into the controversy over Dostoevsky's position in relation to his fellow-writers in Russia. But Mr. Meier-Graefe is a keen partisan, and lets it be seen that he regards Tolstoy, for instance, as an infinitely lesser man than his hero. "Will Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, the brightest and most obscure of spirits, always be bracketed together?"

"Nowhere is Dostoevsky's preëminence more obvious than when he discards his psychology, which people like to consider an ethnographical peculiarity, and tackles the simplest themes. It is as if his wealth of experience had shrouded him in innumerable veils which it is no easy matter to tear aside. When you think you have reached the sanctum, yet another veil confronts you. In the end there is nothing left but the child, the greatest marvel of all."

The book has been well translated by Herbert H. Marks, and contains several photographs of Dostoevsky, and some facsimiles of his manuscript.

* * *

The indefatigable Emil Ludwig, who has for several years been telling us the truth about great men, now tells us about Goethe (*Goethe, the History of a Man;* translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne; Putnam, $5.00.) His book contains 642 large pages, but it is only half as long as the German edition! It is not really too long, however; or, if you feel that it might perhaps have been a little shorter, you are inclined to put the blame not so much on Ludwig as on Goethe, who kept up the business of living for such an unconscionable length of time. In this book Ludwig combines his biographical method of letting his characters speak as much as possible for themselves with the method of drama: he wishes to present "the sixty-yeared battle which (Goethe's) Genius fought with his Daemon, and from which he finally wrested a kind of tragic victory". Goethe, as Ludwig represents him to us, was a kind of combination of Byron and Wordsworth—"sensuous and contemplative, hot-headed and shrewd, daemonic and naïve, self-reliant and subservient". But illness, unsuccessful love-affairs, and the kind of worldly wisdom that led him to become the Duke of Weimar's factotum combined with a growing literary reputation to lead Goethe from chaos into order. He never outgrew his fondness for the other sex, however, and at the age of sixty-six it was all he could do to tear himself from the charms of the graceful Marianne, the wife of his friend Willemer. "Godlike was the gesture with which he crushed down the leaping flame within." Käthe, Friederike, Lotte, Lili, Charlotte, Corona, Christiane, Minna—and how many more we can only conjecture. It makes an imposing list.

By his talent, versatility, and sheer perseverance, this tailor's grandson rose from complete obscurity to the throne of literary Europe. The extraordinary popular success of *Werther* established his reputation at the age of twenty-five. His thirst for literary glory was intense, but he also wished to make his way in other worlds, and his abilities were not confined to literary channels. At Weimar, besides attempting the education of the Duke, he carried on the reconstruction of the mines, handled the recruiting, superintended the making of roads, was Minister of War, established factories, fought as a soldier, and produced some hundreds of plays. In his spare time he tinkered with science, actually discovered the inter-maxillary bone in the human skull, and carried on a life-long controversy with the scientists over the Newtonian theory of light. He was no democrat, and did not love the common people. In an age which breathed the principles of the French Revolution, he remained a skeptical conservative, and his spontaneous admiration for Napoleon was far greater than his official patriotism. He was remote from his great contemporaries, mostly from choice, and his working alliance with Schiller never ripened into friendship. Ludwig does not make Goethe out to have been a lovable character; it is Goethe's intellectual range, rather than his emotional virtues, which brings the clearest praise from this biographer.

"His existence was one long self-contradiction. He was sensual and transcendental,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amoral and Spinozaistic, all egotism and all self-surrender, now delighting in companionship, now imperious in his demand for solitude; today religiously, tomorrow cynically, inclined; misanthropic, philanthropic, arrogant and kindly, patient and impatient, sentimental and pornographic, absorbed in form or intent on act, untamed and pedantic, a far-reaching thinker but an instinctive doer, coldly objective yet essentially and passionately erratic, entirely masculine yet very feminine—a dual being, if ever there was one."

* * *

We could do without a good many of the autobiographies of big business men or field-marshals, but we look forward to the story a man like Asquith has to tell with a great deal of interest and curiosity. The two volumes which form his *Memories and Reflections*, 1852-1927 (Little, Brown, $10.00) do not, strictly speaking, form an autobiography. The author died before the book was ready for the press, but he had prepared all the material. The credit for its arrangement has been given to Mr. Alexander Mackintosh, but Lady Oxford's hand is visible here and there, and she supplies a preface, which confirms the impression made on us by the book as a whole. "The rôle of a bruiser bored him," she says, "and anything like a personal onslaught was as impossible as it would have been for him to have taken off his clothes in public." It is just the kind of autobiography we should have expected from a man like Asquith—reserved, dignified, accurate, scholarly, a dignified public appearance. As to the man himself, he lets us infer, you will have to draw your own conclusions; here is my record. My private life is really none of your business. That is an old-fashioned and (from the strictly modern point of view) rather pompous attitude, if you like, but it is really rather a relief. And what a contrast in attitude, in education, in methods of thought, Asquith shows to our own statesmen, or to the English statesmen who have succeeded him. Speaking of his undergraduate days at Oxford, he says, "I thought then, and still think, that the two greatest thinkers and teachers are Plato and Kant". I wonder what Mr. Hoover, or Mr. Smith, or Mr. Baldwin, would have to say about that?

The personal references in Lord Oxford's record are slight, and far between. He gives us instead a step-by-step account of his outward career, with occasional by-excursions to comment on the personalities or the problems of the time. The first volume takes us from his birth to the outbreak of the War: through his Oxford days to a law-office in London, his election to Parliament in 1886, his first Cabinet position, under Gladstone, in 1892; the Premiership. The second volume may be of more interest to most readers, for it gives Asquith's account of what went on behind the scenes in Westminster during the clouded days of the War. It is hard, after reading his account, not to sympathize with his position. He was not a fighter, either by temperament or conviction; he was a statesman whose field was essentially a peacetime one; and as the national stage became more and more crowded with a newer and noisier (perhaps more effective) type, it was inevitable that he should have been forced out.

Though his book is almost entirely a recital of events, the author very occasionally, and almost as it were against his judgment, lets us see that he has been humanly wounded, or humanly amused. His indignation at Bonar Law's methods of forensic attack, for instance, is patent; and in his brief, dry references to Winston Churchill galloping about the scene of war, he makes our mouths water for more. It is not altogether a pity that he did not live to finish his book as he might have liked; for in these fragmentary notes and letters of the second volume the man shows through in spite of the statesman.

* * *

In the Golden Hind series in which Harper's is giving us the lives of greta Elizabethan seamen, William McFee has written *The Life of Sir Martin Frobisher* (Harpers, $4.00). The sailor-author will need less introduction to most readers than his subject; the old sea-dog and the new are happily met. Few writers about the ocean give us as much confidence as does Mr. McFee.

Martin Frobisher (he was not knighted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

until near the end of his life, for his gallantry during the battle with the Spanish Armada) was one of many notable sea-captains in the age of Elizabeth. He never achieved the prominence of Drake, Hawkins or Grenville, and Mr. McFee's estimate of him would show the judgment of Frobisher's contemporaries to have been sound in the main. Frobisher was a sailor who knew his trade, a natural-born navigator, an explorer of experience, a good if not an inspired commander; but he lacked those fiery qualities which made Drake a fearsome by-word all over the Spanish world. Even Frobisher's feats of derring-do, his three voyages to the Arctic to discover the Northwest Passage, have but a frozen glamour about them.

Not very much is known about Frobisher personally; the outstanding achievements of his life were his voyages to the Arctic, his expedition with Drake to the West Indies, his command of a squadron against the Armada, and his "Dover Patrol", by which he kept the Channel blockaded for England. Mr. McFee does not make the mistake of trying to put forward Frobisher's claims to greatness at the expense of his superiors. He chooses rather to place Frobisher justly in his times, and to give us a vivid picture of his surroundings. The maps and drawings of contemporary vessels with which the book is illustrated help to clarify our impressions. And the view which Mr. McFee gives us of the Virgin Queen, if unconventional, would seem to be a true one. ". . . If she had one fault transcending all others, it was a senseless and unintelligent parsimony . . . it looms like a sinister shadow through those bright pages of English valour—the exasperated clamour of the admirals for victuals, the patient suffering of the men, the monumental stinginess of the Queen." Mr. McFee makes out a good case against the short-sightedness of Elizabeth's naval policy; and when we have finished his book, we feel that she and England owed their victory over Spain partly to luck, and partly to men like Martin Frobisher.

* * *

Old one-legged Peter Stuyvesant is one of those figures whom we meet in the pages of our very first history-book, and who is apt to impress us then as semi-ludicrous, semi-terrifying. Mr. Hendrik Van Loon, in his *Life and Times of Pieter Stuyvesant* (Holt; $4.00), might perhaps have corrected that impression, but he has not. The book deals much more exhaustively with his times than with Stuyvesant himself, who remains merely one of the central figures in the comedy of Nieuw Amsterdam. The first half of the book, in fact, is given up to historical background: Holland of the early seventeenth century, the unsuccessful Dutch attempts to discover a Northeast Passage to the markets of Cathay, the voyage of Hudson, the accident of Dutch colonization in the New World. Of the outlines of the history of Nieuw Amsterdam Mr. Van Loon tells us nothing new; at any rate, every American schoolboy (especially the Armenians, the Portuguese and the Greeks) is supposed to know them by heart. But between the outlines he inserts a vast amount of information, much of which will go in one ear and out the other, though some will stick: that in Stuyvesant's day the city had a dram-shop for every five houses; that "Battery Park did not exist in the days of the Dutch (it was still part of the North River)"; that "Pearl Street indicates where the island came to an end in the year 1650 and all the ground between Pearl Street and the South Ferry building is of recent date"; that the American Indian of those days "based his mathematical calculations upon the double-decimal system"; that when Stuyvesant came back to New York to spend his last years, he "went to live on his farm, his famous bouwery on the east side of Manhattan Island".

If you go down to Broadway, below City Hall Park, says Mr. Van Loon, "you are now looking down the old carriage road laid out by Crijn Fredericksz00n, the engineer who built the fort called Amsterdam . . . But don't stand there too long or become too engrossed in the subject, for you will be run over by a mail-truck or an Irish peasant in brass buttons with the coat-of-arms of the old Dutch village will ask you what the big idea is and very likely he will lock you up as a suspicious character found outside a speak-easy".

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MURDER WILL OUT!

By Charles McMorris Purdy

I AM weary of feeling sorry for murderers, of being forced to like them, or of having providential death snatch them away from what might be termed their "just deserts". And from three weeks' reading of detective-murder-adventure-uncanny mystery stories I have come out—as from under an opiate—with blood in my eye, uncharitable justice in my heart, and an insatiable desire to stay by the caught hellions until the electric chair or the gallows takes them beyond the ken of decent living men.

I doubt if I will ever live to see the day when a mystery-story will allow me the pleasure of a villain who is without virtue, kindness or any other exceptional characteristics, who shall commit the most heinous of murders and shall not avoid lawful penalty by a little squib of deadly poison carried conveniently in a large seal ring, in a vest pocket, or under his finger nails, or by jumping or driving off a cliff into the sea, but shall be conducted to a good, standard death-house and after the necessary electric interval shall be pronounced by an astoundingly large committee of medical men: dead, dead, dead!

If this vain hope appears, at first glance, slightly uncouth for so civilized an age, let me bring to your attention the incredible fact that, in four-fifths of the novels under consideration, the murderer evades the ultimate decree of the law. And in the stray one-fifth, only one penalty is recorded as having been fully paid. If one reads mystery stories singly, this commentary on present day murder fiction is not obvious; but when, night after night, the guilty cheat legal retribution, one wakes to this curious weakness of mystery story writers—or readers. For I am not certain that the mystery-story reader is not responsible for the murderer's evasion of legal death.

There is in most people a desire—conscious or unconscious—for escape. The object from which one wishes to escape may be from life itself—the tediousness of reality, of the sense of impotence with which thinking humans are sometimes cursed. At all odds, there is that factor in man's life: the need, or urge, for escape. For the same reason a down-trodden housewife may enjoy *Pollyanna,* or a pitiful drab may seek to identify herself with the modern Cinderellas of the de luxe versions of today. Invariably the reader of those types of stories expects and receives unreality, and the heroes and heroines as invariably escape from sordidness into golden happiness. So it may be with the mystery-story reader. Just as ultimate escape is sought for the characters of our "happy" fiction, so is the illegal escape of a perfectly good murderer expected, and perhaps, relished, in the murder-mystery story. For man likes to break laws, and I suspect that secretly his heart goes with the daring villain who breaks the law and escapes the penalty. What matter if he defeats justice only to do away with himself by his own hand? What if murderers be trapped by tides, to die a lingering death? The law is not paid in terms of the law. And the reader, although perhaps he may not admit it, inwardly gloats. The reality of life is defeated: the murderer escapes!

Whether or not the reader is responsible for the termination of the majority of our mystery tales, if he should be responsible for the writing of *The Mystery of the Blue Train,* he may well be forgiven his other sins. Unfortunately for Agatha Christie, her excellent *Murder of Roger Ackroyd* will always rise for comparison against whatever else she may choose to write. In that book, she turned out an almost-perfect detective-murder mystery. And in her latest novel we find again that amiable and egotistic soul, M. Poirot, retired detective and commentator on life. As in all her stories, Mrs. Christie

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a bit slow in getting under way, sacrificing speed to characterization, but in the end her technique justifies her delay. It is not until the eleventh chapter that we are aware that the beautiful Ruth Kettering, owner of the famous "Heart of Fire" ruby, has met death on the equally famous Blue Train. However, by the time the actual crime is committed, one is so well acquainted with the characters in the story that the crime becomes almost personal, which is about the best tribute one can pay to a mystery story writer. If the tale does not attain the high quality of *Roger Ackroyd*, the reappearance of Detective Poirot will more than compensate the reader. And the murderer, by the way, does *not* commit suicide.

It is also somewhat of a relief to be assured by Mr. Crofts towards the close of *The Sea Mystery* that three weeks after the assizes, the murdering parties concerned "paid for their crime with their lives", which is certainly more definite than the ending of any of the other stories under review. Mr. Crofts lacks the imagination of Mrs. Christie, but his plot structure is more thorough, and in this new tale of his, which centers around a cask dragged from the sea, containing the body of a dead man, the work of the veteran Inspector French in tracing the mysterious chest gives one of the prettiest pieces of deduction I have seen in a long time. In this, as in all of his detective yarns, Mr. Crofts is amazingly fair with his readers.

Another novel in which the sea plays a part is *Mystery at Lynden Sands*, beginning with the murder of a caretaker, progressing to a murder on the beach itself, and concluding with rather a wholesale orgy of suspicioning which is contributed to by that wholly unlikable Chief Constable, Sir Clinton Driffield and his aide, the uninteresting Inspector Armadale, both of whom figured in *Tragedy at Ravensthorpe*. Inspector French and Sir Clinton have much in common through general lack of picturesqueness, but while the former is at least a plodding and effectual human, Sir Clinton has little to recommend him. And most surprising of all, he appears to leave the ringleader of the series of murders entirely unguarded after the denouement. I had the uncomfortable feeling that the murderer *might* escape, after all!

However, in *The Missing Partners*, the thread of which is indicated by the title, and in which amateur detectives vie with—and out-guess—the police against a background of sentimentality in Liverpool, the murderer is actually in gaol at the finish, confessing to further crimes! The disclosure of the guilty one comes as a distinct surprise; it is one of the few times in the course of reading these stories that I had no inkling toward the close of a tale as to the identity of the murderer, and I entertain a sneaking suspicion that the author hasn't quite played an honest game with his readers. The end has the same psychologically illogical taint that *The Greene Murder Case* carried with it. The novel has one point in its favor, though, and that is that there is no Philo Vance in it. An example, by the way, of what disposition can be made of such a creature as the much-maligned amateur detective of the Van Dine series is to be found in the detective-murder mysteries of Dorothy Sayers. While personally my favorite was an earlier event in the adventures of Lord Peter Wimsey, the title of which I have forgotten, but which dealt with the discovery of a strange stark-naked male corpse in a bath tub, this newest escapade of the irrepressible Lord Peter, *The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club*, does almost as well by her considerable following in that it varies the old chestnut about the stodgy club where one of its stodgy members exclaims, "Waiter, take that man out. He has been dead for two days". Miss Sayers's mysteries are never intricate, but provide enjoyable enough reading,—amusing, that is, if you can enjoy Lord Peter, who is what Philo Vance might have been if he had been amusing.

It is so seldom that mystery stories are supremely well-written that to find Virgil Markham attempting real literature in *Death in the Dusk*, and just falling short of the mark, causes annoyance—not because it is not a good tale, but because, with the author's evident talents, it is not nearly good enough. The scene is laid in Wales at a "bidding feast", and Mr. Markham has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

packed in enough sustained horrific thrills to serve a dozen books admirably. In spite of the author's irritating habit of going around in circles of description, and neglecting to clear minor points which might have been explained to better advantage—especially in those passages concerning the motive of the murderer—his story stands out in my mind above all the others in this list.

What a perfect villain a doctor, with his opportunities for good and evil, can be is made evident both in *The Black House in Harley Street,* which bears the ear-marks of an early J. S. Fletcher, and in *Juggernaut,* the not-quite compelling story of an evil scientist on the Riviera. In both the plots are self-evident, and the only thrill lies in watching the fiendishness of the medical protagonists. These stories are not for nervous patients under medical attention.

Two mystery stories which rely less on the sensational, and more on the psychological are *The Strange Case of "William" Cook,* an English yarn, and *The Quartz Eye,* a native American in which the heroine is a lovely and personable musical comedy actress; one cannot help wondering if Mr. Webster is not an ardent admirer of Miss Marilyn Miller. At any rate, this easy-moving story is pleasant and plausible, but of interest more for its characters than for its exciting situations. The same might be said of its English counterpart, which centers about an antique dealer. They are safe bed-time stories.

This cannot be said, however, of *The Secret of Mohawk Pond,* in which the reliable Natalie Sumner Lincoln digs up a strange house in the country, a curious bequest, and quite enough thrills to make one fasten the windows and hope that the owls —or the taxi horns—won't hoot. It has the same strange charm that our childhood adventure stories had—the silent Indian, snakes in the grass, and a villain behind every tree. *Hurrying Feet* is another outdoor mystery, written in an equally lurid style, but not unabsorbing. Personally I prefer thrills to style unless the to-be-hoped-for combination of both present themselves as in Mr. Markham's case. *Scissors Cut Paper* has thrills, but unless you are terribly unsophisticated in your mystery story reading, the improbabilities will down you. *The Patriot* is tarred with the same brush, and the author asks one to believe in a murderer who murders for the good of his country, and, uncaught in the end, is about to return to native England to wreak further vengeance. Here is where the escape motive leaves me enraged; the murderer deserves a jolly good hanging!

With the last few years of their earthly lives ebbing, three men sit in the death house at Sing Sing, condemned for the same crime. A pardon awaits one of them, for it is known that only two men committed the crime, but as the convicted refuse to admit individual innocence they leave the matter up to the guard, with the understanding that the prisoner who spins the best yarn shall receive the Governor's pardon. The tales of *Sing Sing Nights* are fantastic and intricate, and the author fails only through the overweaving of his plots, a fault which was even more apparent in *The Voice of the Seven Sparrows.* Equally curious is *The Man in the Dark,* in which the reader's point of view is that of a blind man's. An interesting experiment, and worth reading. *The Red Scar* purports to be about the scarred soul of a sculptor who is afraid that his model is a murderess, and what might have been a good murder story is frustrated by the manner of presentation. A quietly unfolding mystery is *The Seven Sisters,* capably written, and with an appeal to those who do not care for too much blood and thunder.

Uncanny mystery stories hold a corner of the field all their own, and cannot rightly be judged with their more deductive brethren. One must be prepared to accept the supernatural and the abnormal without too much questioning. The title story in *The Beast with Five Fingers* is good for a spine chilling, and several in *They Return at Evening* will accomplish a like service. Neither is recommended to those troubled with insomnia. *The Runagates Club* contains psychological stories told by members of a London dining club, and an old friend is met in Sir Richard Hannay, John Buchan's finest creation. I am sorry to report that this latest volume of Mr. Buchan's contains few

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the qualities which brought him so great a circle of readers. I, for one, long for another *Greenmantle* or *The Thirty-nine Steps*.

I have been holding for last mention, like a conjuror with a final trick up his sleeve, an international adventure tale by Francis Beeding, *The Six Proud Walkers*. While by no means a writer of detective fiction, Mr. Beeding deserves the Breath-Taker's Palm for his adventure stories. Any one of them, from *The Seven Sleepers* on is enough to give one a nice case of hysterics, and in this latest murder-adventure tale he has, I think, surpassed himself. The mystery of the Six Proud Walkers, who navigate about the Catacombs of Rome, left me afraid of my own shadow. Mr. Beeding disposes of his villains in different ways, mostly in those I have indicated at the beginning of this review, but he forgives the worst and allows him to live, which is disappointing.

But, however, this fatal forgiving weakness is not confined alone to the writers of mystery stories, for in *Lafcadio's Adventure* the amazing hero performed a perfectly cold-blooded murder, and M. André Gide—joining, unconsciously, the Mystery Writers' League for Escape—gives one to doubt if Lafcadio will actually confess his crime to the police. And, it must be confessed, I was illogical enough to be secretly relieved, for Lafcadio was an engaging murderer. Not only will murder out, but it will be outwitted!

Books noticed in this article: *The Red Scar, by Anthony Wynne; Lippincott. The Seven Sisters, by Jean Lilly; Dutton. Hurrying Feet, by Frederick F. Van de Water; Appleton. Sing Sing Nights, by Harry Stephen Keeler; Dutton. The Patriot, by A. E. and H. C. Walter; Dutton. Scissors Cut Paper, by Gerard Fairlie; Little, Brown. Juggernaut, by Alice Campbell; Crime Club; Doubleday, Doran. The Sea Mystery, by Freeman Wills Crofts; Harper. The Mystery of the Blue Train, by Agatha Christie; Dodd, Mead. Mystery at Lynden Sands, by J. J. Connington; Little, Brown. The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club, by Dorothy Sayers; Payson and Clark. The Six Proud Walkers, by Francis Beeding; Little, Brown. The Strange Case of "William" Cook, by Richard Keverne; Harpers. They Return at Evening, by H. R. Wakefield; Appleton. The Black House in Harley Street, by J. S. Fletcher; Crime Club; Doubleday, Doran. The Man in the Dark, by John Ferguson; Dodd Mead. The Secret of Mohawk Pond, by Natalie Sumner Lincoln; Appleton. The Quartz Eye, by Henry Kitchell Webster; Bobbs, Merrill. The Missing Partners, by Henry Wade; Payson and Clark. All $2.00.*

The Beast with Five Fingers, by William Freyer Harvey; Dutton. The Runagates Club, by John Buchan; Houghton, Mifflin. Death in the Dusk, by Virgil Markham; Knopf. All $2.50.

Illustration by Elizabeth McKinistry for Doubleday, Doran's Edition of "Peer Gynt"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SCHOOLS OF REVOLUTION

By Agnes deLima

FROM the time of medicine men and shamans down to our own H. G. Wells, education has always been looked upon as the means of social salvation. Among primitive peoples it was the medicine man who knew how to protect the tribe against the machinations of the Evil One, and who handed this special knowledge down to the picked youth of each generation.

The modern shamans however, complains Mr. Wells, and others as distressed as he, are not on the job. The Evil One stalks before us—black catastrophe, another World War, and civilization doomed to destruction. Only education, he cries, can save us. Yet Mr. Wells, who once looked at history, must have learned that man cannot lift himself by his own bootstraps. No shaman can run ahead of his tribe. If he attempts it, the tribe makes short work of him, as one Nazarene learned to our eternal sorrow. The teacher must faithfully reflect his following—or, to put it another way,—schools can rise no higher than their source, the state or nation behind them. To be sure, conflicting forces within a community will attempt to control the schools for their own purposes, and pacifists, militants, prohibitionists, free thinkers, and hundred percenters will all stirr up a lively skirmish now and again. But in the end the social and economic order of the day determines our educational pattern. If you would genuinely reform a nation's schools, you must first reform your nation.

Very pretty proof of this is afforded by the school reforms which have taken place in Europe since the war. For it is precisely in that country where the social and economic overturn has been most complete—in Soviet Russia—that educational reform appears to be most dynamic and significant. In Germany and Austria, where the social revolution was less profound, educational reforms of a general though more moderate nature have been effected. In Italy, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, the upheavals were also followed by beneficent school changes. On the other hand in countries such as England, France or Belgium, where the existing social order has been enormously bolstered through victory, school reform, where it has not actually lagged, has shown little vitality, save for the work of brilliant individuals. Even in the United States, where "progressive" schools are spreading with almost alarming rapidity, the real reforms are in testing and standardizing, and other means for increasing the efficiency of the machine. Really radical educational experiments, such as are to be found in Russia and in certain German cities and which are supported there by public funds, do not flourish in this country.

"During the War and Revolution," write Kandel and Alexander in their excellent book, *Reorganization of Education in Prussia* (Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, $4.50), "attempts were not lacking to level to the ground the fabric of our Prussian school system. Nor were there wanting plans for a new construction on a large scale laid out in all possible styles frequently enough after the pattern of castles in the air. Even if the resources had existed for tearing down the old construction, the resources for a new building were not available. They were not available because the new school must rise out of the ethos of the whole people, because we are still lacking a new cultural ideal to give style and form to popular education. . . . The education of a people can only blossom out of the natural life and experiences of a generation."

"The storm of revolution," these authors continue, "have not inspired the creative spirit in education."

Yet here and there throughout Germany, notably in Hamburg, in Berlin and in Gera, are certain state supported schools in which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the most extreme educational experiments are under way. In the main, however, the German schools have by no means abandoned tradition. There has been a break up of the old autocratic organization, the elimination of class lines in the lower and middle schools, the granting of a greater degree of local autonomy, and official recognition of the more liberal trends in education.

Reforms in Austria appear to have been even more dynamic than in Germany. According to Mrs. May Siegl who has recently studied the schools of Austria, "the methods and principles of the new school movement in Europe and America have been made those of the whole Austrian public school system. On a list of 'new' schools of Europe, the Vienna public schools would have a prominent place".

Extensive as the Austrian school reform appears to be, it is less fundamental than was desired by the more radical parties. For a thoroughgoing educational revolution, national in scope and profound in character, we must turn to Russia. There, according to one careful observer, something really new under the sun is taking place. "For the first time in modern history," says Lucy Wilson in her report on the *New Schools of New Russia* (Vanguard, $.50), "a new school has risen out of the ethos of the people. For the first time in history, a people has a new cultural ideal on which to build. For the first time in history, the education of a people is blossoming forth out of the natural life and experiences of a generation."

And how real and warm and dynamic are the new schools of Russia is abundantly told in one of the most remarkable educational documents that has appeared in a decade the *Diary of a Communist Schoolboy,* by N. Ognyov (Payson & Clarke, $2.50). N. Ognyov however is no schoolboy himself, but a teacher of Soviet youth,—into whose hands this inimitable diary may have fallen, although it is far more likely that he is Nikpetozh, wise in counsel but weak of heart, and most beloved of the "skworkers" (school workers).

Kostya Riabtsov, aged fifteen, keeper of the diary, attends one of the experimental schools where the Dalton plan has just been introduced. Now according to Riabtsov, the Dalton plan is "a system under which the skworkers do nothing and the pupils have to find everything out for themselves . . . The boys say that this plan was invented by some Lord Dalton of bourgeois stock".

By the end of the third month, the Dalton plan appears to be such a "wash-out" that the boys proceed to put an end of it. They compose a song consigning "Dalton to hell", and burn Lord Dalton in effigy. Later of course they are persuaded to give the plan a fairer trial.

The Dalton plan is not the only matter at issue. The school is in a hub-bub over self-government. Does it mean anything or does it not? It assuredly does not if the students are in reality nothing but "peasant serfs", and the final authority rests with the school board. The boys splutter vigorously against being addressed as "children", they object to compulsory greeting in the morning, they want to enter labs and lecture rooms with hats or without. They organize a rival union, which for lack of official opposition is of course short-lived.

Hub-bub follows hub-bub. "It's not a school, but a company of cut-throats," one of the inspectors is reported to have declared. "Of course that isn't true," comments one of the girls, "I admit there's plenty of rowdyism, but that's only natural in this revolutionary age." On top of the Dalton row, two girls who are not sufficiently popular with the boys, stage a suicide, which of course they lack the nerve to go through with. There are "cabbage nights" (petting parties), furtive experimentation with sex, even bold discussion of abortion, although this takes place not in the school, but in the Unit meeting at the factory. Aggressive wall sheets with diverting skits on school foibles appear and disappear, occasionally raising a challenging question: "Can the boys and girls in our school be friends?" "What is the Aim of Life?"

But under and through the disorder, one senses that these boys and girls and their teachers with them, are tremendously in earnest. They are grappling with real issues fearlessly; they make ludicrous mistakes, but they have the courage to admit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them. Communism may be their avowed religion, but as interpreted by these children, its teachings touch very close upon the old moralities. Swearing (at least words "beyond hell"), obscenity, unkind nicknames are, after discussion, made taboo. It's not "Marxian ethics" to gossip, Riabtsov declares, "gossip is a remnant of the old régime and of the damned past". He even wonders whether the sex thoughts that make him sleepless at night are consistent with the "ideology". He goes in for the cabbage nights and even for a more serious experience, but recoils from them in disgust. He asks himself whether such thoughts and acts are "worthy of a young Communist, of one marching in the vanguard of the rising generation. The bourgois and the intellectuals used to solve the problem exactly the way I do. Yet I'm neither a bourgois nor an intellectual, so I'll have to solve it in some other manner".

A book of this sort is worth tons of propaganda as are also the vanguard studies of Soviet Russia, edited by Jerome Davis, among which Mrs. Wilson's little volume is of prime interest. The aim of the series is to supply reliable, accurate information on the major aspects of present-day Russia.

Now Mrs. Wilson is no young and immature communist convert. She was born in New England in 1864, an eighth generation American. She has been for nearly a half century a teacher in all grades of public schools, and she has travelled and studied education in more than a dozen countries. She went twice to Russia to study its schools and this book is her careful and considered report, written against the background of the South Philadelphia High School, of which Mrs. Wilson is principal.

Within ten years, despite hideous poverty, civil war, foreign invasions, and famine, Soviet Russia has fundamentally reorganized her entire educational system. She has successfully launched a new educational program, in the making of which she has enlisted the help of scientists, engineers, economists, philosophers, and educators in every country. She has created many new types of educational institutions. She has abolished the old dual system of elementary schools for the people, and higher schools for the gentry, and is actually giving to the masses in state supported public schools, the kind of education that progressive schools in this country and in Europe have been striving earnestly to give to the relatively few who come to them. Among the new institutions, Mrs. Wilson lists "village playgrounds, schools for peasant youth, factory schools, professional schools, technical colleges, rabfacs, (workers' colleges), communist universities, stations for the liquidation of illiteracy, general education schools for adults, political schools and courses, Soviet and party schools, reading rooms, people's houses, clubs, red corners, travelling libraries, wall and radio newspapers. In addition, drama, moving pictures, music, art museums and other scientific institutions, publishing houses and the like are dominated by the Commissariat of Education in order that all doors of life may be opened to the people. In Russia, education means literally life more abundantly.

The belief is popularly held in this country that the Soviet system of education aims primarily to turn out good communists, just as in pre-war days the German nationalist system of schooling aimed to turn out good imperialists; Mrs. Wilson however reports that within the past few years, there has been everywhere evident a decreased intolerance. Education is no longer denied on the basis of class distinctions. Anti-religious propaganda is no longer a part of the School Program.

One lays down the report with the feeling that here is no narrowly conceived system of nationalistic or communist education, but a scheme which emphasizes human values, and, in the words of Pinkevitch, director of the Second Moscow University, seeks to "promote the all-round development of an individual who shall be healthy, strong, active, courageous, independent in thought and action, with a many sided culture; an efficient person striving for the interest of the working class, which is ultimately for the interest of the whole of humanity".

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LADIES, GUNMEN, GODS AND WAR

By R. Ellsworth Larsson

WHEN seven such varied books as these are given one to read, to digest as well as one can, appraise, to weigh, to comment on, one's temptation is to write a novel rather than a "review",—an eighth novel, a novel about seven novels and seven novelists —their lives in the light of their work and their work in the light of their lives. To have read seven novels one after the other, with a very small intermission between, gives one a somewhat uncomfortable feeling, a feeling of being rather like an hotel. Suddenly, one is inhabited by dozens, scores of people with whom one has only managed to scrape up a bowing acquaintance, and one hardly knows what to do about them. One feels that something should be done. But not only do the characters of seven novels assemble, some well, some ill at ease, but there are, in addition, the seven authors, the seven novelists, pale husks or solid forms, to move in one's mind, make gestures, speak. One feels something should be done about the writing by seven assorted persons of seven novels. One feels that something should be done about that strange process we call reading,—the gradual accumulation of detail, of color, incident, word; the assorting of that detail; the comparing of it with the color and detail of one's own experience; the comparing for exactitude of truth that which is written down for all to read with that which really happened. One tries to imagine just what would occur if each of the writers of these seven books could read the books of the other six. No doubt, all seven novelists would feel impelled to write another novel each, recording their experiences. And so on indefinitely. . . . And that, come to think of it, is probably just how seven novels come to be written in Chicago, in New York, in London, in Paris, Berlin, Rome, or anywhere. One thinks of a room with mirrors in which the room, its contents and its mirrored walls are projected outward millionfold, projected outward—a trifle less of chair visible, a little less of the body of a person visible in each successive reflection—to the tremendous exhausting distances that only mirrors have.

But this conjecturing, this statement of what is one's intellectual pleasure to imagine, is doubtless taking unfair advantage of seven novels and their novelists. After all, this is intended as a review.

After I had read *Strange Fugitive* (Scribner, $2.50), Mr. Morley Callaghan's first novel, I had sufficient curiosity about its author, who was unknown to me, to inquire concerning him. I was told that stories by him only recently began to appear in magazines, but with extraordinary trumpetings on the part of the publishers of those magazines. Mr. Callaghan, I was told, is that rare, strange animal I have never seen, a genius.

I have sufficient doubt of the finality of my own judgments to say that what the magazine publishers have to say may, for all I know, be true—and sufficient interest in the exact meaning of words to doubt its truth. By this, I do not mean to disparage either the work of Mr. Callaghan or the publisher's word. "Genius" and "god" and "I" seem to me to be among the most abused words in the English language. Mr. Callaghan is, to be sure, a good writer, even a fine one. His first book is sufficiently fine to convince me that he will one day write exceedingly well, indeed. But "genius" he is not.

Why *Strange Fugitive* is named *Strange Fugitive,* I should like really to understand. Perhaps it is only that Mr. Callaghan is deeply impressed with the quality of strangeness in all humanity. Perhaps, to him, Harry Trotter, about whom he has written his book, is really strange. To me, he is not. Trotter is man, not hero. He is a lumberyard foreman in Toronto, an animal, if one accepts as animal those people whose every thought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is concerned with animal comforts and those primitive emotions that, in final analysis, are concerned chiefly with things the absence of which would mean a decrease only in comfort.

At any rate, Trotter, vaguely impatient of his wife though loving her, or being fond of her, drifts, with another workman at the yard employing Trotter, into bootlegging. He gains power, and the audacity, faced with loss of some of the power he has, to kill. In the end, he is killed for killing by those with whose power he sought to tamper. And this is his tale.

Mr. Callaghan is one of that group, now almost a school, which one associates with the style of Ernest Hemingway, but with the Hemingway of the early stories, stories in *The Transatlantic Review* and *In Our Time,* rather than the later *The Sun Also Rises,* which shows his style become a form and his viewpoint only a habit of the mind. Mr. Callaghan, independently or through Mr. Hemingway, is much concerned with the style of the newspapers. Their blunt statement of fact in terms of action, their ignorance of psychology, their one-two-three statement of emotions in terms of flowers and yells and pistol shots, dominate his writing. But not completely dominate. Though it is an objective style, it is not purely objective. Mr. Callaghan is not content (or not skilful enough) to tell his story in terms of people regarded coldly as things—a table, a chair, a cathedral. Some direct emotion he gives them, and this is the defect in his style.

Exactitude in recording behavior is worth trying for. Minutely recorded, the manner in which people behave can tell more exactly than any analysis of what they feel or think exactly what they are. The trouble is that Mr. Callaghan is more concerned with achieving a style than with exactitude.

And Chicago: the lake-front, the Loop, the stockyards, Erie Street, Fifty-sixth Street, Negro dives, press rooms, Stony Island Avenue, hotels, rooming houses, Coffee Pots, elevated trains, taxis, trams—MacKinlay Kantor knows them, knows them exceedingly well and records them with more gusto, more of the terror and the beauty that are theirs than any contemporary writer on Chicago. *Diversey* (Coward-McCann, $2.00), has the energy, the swagger, the tawdriness, the maggoty activity, the thin breathlessness of Chicago. Image and image, it bursts in one's brain with the rapidity of a machine gun. It adopts the eye of the cinema. Restless, impatient images pile up, buckle like ice in a flood.

There is a complexity of time and place in *Diversey* that is often admirable: only occasionally does the sureness of aim slacken, and something of self-conscious sentiment creep in. There are cheap details, too facile images and contrasts, but they are submerged in the body of a muscular prose. Passages such as this, concerning the murder of two gunmen:

"'Jesus Chris'! It's all come.' . . . 'Oh, ain' that terrible now.' Mrs. Pete Sybenga whined distractedly, peering from her screen with a pink wrapper tied around her tonnage.

"'Two of 'em.' 'Hol' that light higher!' 'Yes, officer.' 'Anybody see this?' 'Everybody heard it. . . . I was gettin' a drink. I seen it. Who? Who saw it? Aw, you did not. You was asleep. You'll haff to give your name. Like *hell,* I will. *Jesus Christ,* looka the blood. *Whass that?* Somebody in back seat. Naw, iss blankets. Get away, break away, everybody who saw this and gimme your names. . . . Who said they heard it? Lookit comes more cops already. . . . Mururureee. . . . Get that kid outa the road. . . . Who called them cops? Yeh, Mis' Anderson, two men killed. They's lady sick in that flat—doan make so much racket. . . .'

"Flashlights searing, ineffectual glints under the steady search rays on touring cars. A gray man in a panama hat, waving a silver-headed cane. 'Thass the Captain. You read about him.' A fat man with a bronze mustache and folded sheets of paper, writing, writing. 'It's Conny, isn't it, Captain? And Patch Boylano?'

"A phone girl, ten thousand planets away, lazily plugging a hungry hole. A tall tower where lazy lights burned and men sat arguing by a curved desk. A clatter of other switchboards and a buzz. Green eyeshades and sandy hair, low eyes winking fast. Yeh. Patch Boylano an' Conny Welch. Well, I'll be a sonuva —— Stay on it,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charley. I'll send McGuire with you. No, I'll have him cover up out west. Yeh, what's the name of that court? Right west of Clark. Yeh.'

"Miles north, blankets over stretchers. 'What's that, Patch? You ain't got long to talk; better say it! Steve Gold? *Honest?* Thassa boy, Patch. Give him 'nother drink. . . . Dead? Like hell'."

On the other hand, there is England, England with its eighteenth century inns, its commons, its houses in which poets have lived and died, its libraries of manuscripts and tradesmen's cards, its leading articles, its heaths and downs and shooting lodges, its Season and its Royal Enclosure, its boat crews on the Thames, its Bank Holidays and suet puddings; England before the bombardment—England of nature notes in Sunday newspapers, of young men going up to Oxford and young men coming down, of family solidarity, class solidarity, Empire indivisible,—and England restored to peace, with its nature notes in newspapers, its "scandals and carping rumours", its young men going up to Oxford, and young men coming down; of Empire grown more solid, the English family grown more vague. And in this England there is the generation of young men, young women returned from war, who turn a fishy and impatient eye on the "scandals and carping rumours", the litter of Bank Holiday, the looser outlines of the English family, who look at England restored to peace with everything as English as it was before—who look at themselves, and at their kind, and find themselves neither grown up nor growing up, but a rather bungled parody of young manhood, young womanhood, a kind of machine-made product of the war, a husk (ostensibly of youth) filled with a more savage experience than youth's, put down, machine-manufactured, without a slow-grown understanding of English empire, English family; to find the English countryside inhabited by a rather sorry lot,—the bank clerks on holiday, the costers at their beer, the ladies and gentlemen gone off to hounds.

It is to this generation, the generation suddenly matured in the midst of war, that John Brophy (*The Bitter End,* Dutton, $2.00), belongs. It is of this generation that he writes. His novel is the public school boy's record of a war—impatient of war, dissatisfied with the peace. His novel is as well the record of a thousand thousand young Englishmen, in Manchester, Leeds and Kensington; in Hampstead, Bayswater and Hammersmith, of a thousand thousand who fill the undergrounds, the trams, the 'buses at morning and evening, and the A. B. C.'s, the restaurants and clubs at noon, the music-halls and cinemas at night. England is restored to peace,—London and Oxford, Marlow, Finmere, Manchester. And in England the young Englishman looks with an impatient eye at the Englishman at home in peace, inhabiting peace with the assurance and the ease with which he inhabits his rooms, his house (a rather sorry sight) and sits down, with the taste of war upon his tongue, to write of war and of the peace.

"Sometimes it had seemed to him . . . that there was no order in the universe, no purpose, no God; or if a God, then a malignant maniac, delighting in cruelty, deluding the weaker minds of men with uncertain glimpses of reason and goodwill. But David had persuaded him out of that dementing outlook, shown him that if men were slain other men were their murderers; that the machine which was tormenting and mutilating their lives, was of their own corporate creation. Fair play for God, said David. 'But,' Donald had objected, 'there is disease, there is the law of the jungle: I can't see a living God in those.'

" 'I know,' David had answered. 'And I can't explain it. But, at least, pain and suffering are not the ultimate evils. We profit by them; they make us better men than we were. That's the mystery. I mean, sticking it out here is, in a way, good for us; but blasphemy and doing dirty, treacherous things, getting mean-minded, being vindictive and brutal—those are the real evils war works on us.' "

But our age is a violent one. Let us record it violently.

Miss Arnot Robertson writes with ease and grace. The characters of *Cullum* (Holt, $2.00) are deftly drawn, the dialogue re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

freshing. There is maturity of judgment, keenness of observation and not a little wit. Excellence of dialogue is perhaps Miss Robertson's greatest virtue. But there is an air of verity about the novel as a whole for which one is grateful.

Cullum, a young novelist, and Esther, the sort of fox-hunting, intelligent, sensitive, a trifle romantic, amused and amusing young Englishwoman with which one imagines England stuffed, but whom one rarely meets so perfectly embodied, are expertly drawn. There is no showiness in Miss Robertson's writing, and one is the more grateful to the writer for its lack. This prose flows quietly along, and when one has reached the end of it, one has not noticed how far one has come. One feels one knows intimately Cullum, whose head and heart faced in diametrically opposed directions; Esther, her father and sisters, and the journalists, the horsey and the county people with whom the book is peopled. What makes a novel sell to the extent that other first novels have sold—*The Constant Nymph* and *Dusty Answer*—is a mystery, but there seems no reason why *Cullum* should not reach an audience as large as either of these. The chance is that it will.

"Marriage with Sadie, the Firm, his father's Will,—nothing. Mere flies upon a page, crushed in a moment, for he held the book."

"Food, fare, sustenance, whatever circumstance terms it, is a wonderful provision of Providence, a fulfilling of a need, artistic in its adequacy. . . ." Of such is *Race* (Stokes, $2.50), which is subtitled "A Novel of Marriage". Miss Mary Grace Ashton, its writer, is eighteen. She has doubtless been amazed by the success of that folk play, *Abie's Irish Rose*. She has been amazed and moved, moved to do likewise. A novel by an eighteen-year-old girl is a strange thing. Miss Ashton's novel is as strange as any: the pompous and bombastic writing, the exact analysis that astonishes, coming from one so young; the lack of humor and the "procession of fine, high ideals", they are all here. It is a pity there has been an *Abie's Irish Rose*. Had there been none, this might have been it—but staged by Brock Pemberton, perhaps. As it is, "Race" can be expected to become a cinema, at least . . . perhaps a good one, too.

Vaguely, again, the consequences of war. . . . *That Magic Fire*, by Miss Sylvia Bates, (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00), is exactly the sort of novel one would expect to read under such a title. Within the limitations of the type, it performs efficiently and with no lack of grace. Miss Bates writes with as much ease, if not with as much wit, as much slightly acid maturity, as Miss Robertson. *That Magic Fire* is a young novel, and it has the charm, the engaging qualities one expects from the young in Connecticut. Its prose is clear and supple and not without thin echoes of music. The characters are not badly drawn, but still they have the air of being figures in a decorative composition, styled, facile. But this is tiresome carping! *That Magic Fire* is a romantic tale of a Connecticut village before and after the war. There are Grampas, boys and girls in love on islands, fire, marriage without love, enchanting babies, melancholy partings, fields and charity fêtes. One likes that sort of thing, or one doesn't, and there's nothing to do about either liking or disliking it but like or dislike it more intensely as the years go on.

It is as a *tour de force* that one must regard *Phoinix* by Alan Sims (Little Brown, $2.50). It is one of that long procession of books reconstructing Troy and its legends, Greece and the isles, that will follow, is following *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*. It is written with far more earnestness of purpose than Mr. Erskine's book. It is written consistently in a monotone, an unvarying and affected rhythm that could be very annoying or very "restful". Its images are not clear, not new enough to divert one's attention from the carefully-beaten-out prose cadences. One thinks of Pater and Landor, but with regrets.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, life member of the American Library Association, in co-operation with the Public Libraries of America.

The only surprising item in this month's Score is that Shaw's "magnum opus" didn't jump from nowhere to a higher place in the list of books in demand at the libraries. Galsworthy's latest novel did precisely that, coming out of the ewigkeit into second place in the fiction list. It is interesting, though probably not important, to note that exactly half of the non-fiction books now being most avidly read by library borrowers are those which deal with high adventure. If there were any way of scoring a book as a "double first" Mother India would be entitled to that distinction. "We haven't money enough to buy more than ten copies of Mother India," writes the librarian in one middle-sized Southern city, "so we have a waiting list of several hundred names of those who want to read the book." Similar reports come from several other places. The Monthly Score can only report the proportionate number of readers who actually have had their chance at any given book during the previous month. Actual demand might alter the picture. —F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Bridge of San Luis Rey	*Thornton Wilder*	A. & C. Boni
2.	Swan Song*	*John Galsworthy*	Scribner
3.	Wintersmoon	*Hugh Walpole*	Doubleday
4.	The Greene Murder Case	*S. S. Van Dine*	Scribner
5.	Death Comes for the Archbishop	*Willa Cather*	Knopf
6.	The Island Within	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	Harper
7.	Beauty and the Beast	*Kathleen Norris*	Doubleday
8.	Two Flights Up	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	Doubleday
9.	Brook Evans*	*Susan Glaspell*	Stokes
10.	Kitty	*Warwick Deeping*	Knopf
11.	Jalna	*Mazo de la Roche*	Little
12.	Red Rust	*Cornelia James Cannon*	Little

GENERAL

1.	Mother India	*Katherine Mayo*	Harcourt
2.	Trader Horn	*Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis*	Simon
3.	Strange Interlude	*Eugene O'Neill*	Liveright
4.	Disraeli	*André Maurois*	Appleton
5.	Napoleon	*Emil Ludwig*	Liveright
6.	My Life	*Isadora Duncan*	Liveright
7.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	Bobbs
8.	Safari	*Martin Johnson*	Putnam
9.	"We"	*Charles Lindbergh*	Putnam
10.	Skyward	*Richard Byrd*	Putnam
11.	Bismarck	*Emil Ludwig*	Putnam
12.	The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Capitalism and Socialism*	*George Bernard Shaw*	Brentano

* This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOSTON

A Contemporary Historical Novel

By Upton Sinclair

(A summary of the preceding instalments will be found on page xvi, front advertising section.)

CHAPTER XVII

The Mills of the Law

I

BETTY ALVIN was now twenty-six years of age: old enough to know better, as her family and friends insisted, but she continued to give her time to the stirring up of social discontent. She and Joe had founded a labor college in Boston, to teach the workers to think for themselves, instead of for the stockholders and the bankers. Joe was teaching a class on the history of European labor movements, two evenings a week, and writing a book on the subject. Betty, learned young lady, was expounding "labor theory"; trying to adhere to a policy of working-class solidarity, and being perpetually pulled and hauled between socialists and communists. In the daytime she inspected accounts and paid bills; or, when this was not possible, sallied forth to raise money. She visited the offices of labor leaders, and did her best to persuade them that it was really in the interest of unions for idle-rich girls to meddle in their affairs, and teach them complicated theories with long foreign names.

Hard-fisted individuals these, having fought their way in a world of realities. "Parlor pinks" who mixed in the affairs of such gentry would learn a lot of things not in the Radcliffe curriculum; they would have a hard time deciding which leaders to educate and which to kill off. For the sake of Sacco and Vanzetti in the shadow of the electric chair it was necessary to be patient and tactful; to appeal to class solidarity, and to human feelings not entirely atrophied. Thus you might get a chance to present your case before some labor body, and have anywhere from twenty-five to a hundred dollars voted to the defense.

Betty had now been for more than three years the lawful and duly certified wife of Joseph Jefferson Randall—even though she insisted upon belonging to the Lucy Stoners, and remaining Betty Alvin—not even "Mrs." Was it a part of the same eccentricity that she refused to do her duty by her family, and pass on to the ages those excellences of which the family was so conscious? Did these modern young wives repudiate babies altogether, and, if so, what substitute had they to propose? Deborah never failed to make such inquiries when she met her daughter.

Now Betty came to Cornelia: "Grannie, I guess it's my turn".

"How do you mean, dear?"

"Well, accidents will happen; it seems that the Lord is on the side of the Thornwell clan." Such was the fashion of speech of these modern, hard-boiled young women; they would not permit themselves any of the traditional thrills of their sex. When they referred to matters ordinarily considered delicate they almost went out of their way to find language which the ears of their chaste grandmothers had never heard in a whole lifetime. In Betty this reaction was especially violent, as a result of having been brought up in Boston, and hearing somebody say "Hush!" several times every day. She persisted in going about telling all her friends, both men and women, the facts about herself.

She even told two "wops" about it, when she went to see them in jail. They, being peasants, took it as a matter of course; they were used to babies, as to all other kinds of young animals. Betty would even permit Vanzetti to be "soppy"—since he was in jail, having a hard time to keep his sanity. Poor devil, he needed something young and new and sweet and healthy and happy to occupy his thoughts.

In due course the infant phenomenon ar-

Copyright, 1928, by Upton Sinclair. Copyright in Great Britain and all European countries including the Scandinavian.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rived. It was a boy, and his name had been determined several months before he was born—Rupert Alvin Thornwell Randall; it would be worth millions to him some day, in spite of his mother's protests. The war that was to last all his lifetime began in the first weeks; for of course his name wouldn't really be his name until it had been conferred upon him in Trinity Church; and here were his mother and father declaring that he wasn't going to be baptized! The family brought Betty to admit that it wouldn't do any harm; if they chose to dress him up in an old linen robe two yards long and sprinkle cold water on his head, she would not interfere, but certainly they must not expect her or Joe to waste time on such foolishness. Neither must they get the idea that this particular grandchild was going to be waited upon by servants and demoralized by the uses of luxury. Rupert Alvin Thornwell Randall was going to live among working people, and grow up to be of some use in the world. The grandparents did not argue that; they would have the baptism first, and save the little one's soul. The other issues could be fought out later!

II

Cornelia was devoting her life to the Sacco-Vanzetti case. She got herself invited to gatherings of ladies, and told them the cruel story; and when they said they were "so sorry", she would ask just how sorry, explaining that sorrow could be measured in figures on a bank-check. She helped the defense committee to organize entertainments and benefit performances—which, alas, sometimes cost more than they brought in. She would visit headquarters, and try to keep things moving, to reconcile the endless clashings of personalities. Always there was something needing to be done, and one could not do it, or even urge it, without antagonizing somebody. What Vanzetti called "umane beings" had not yet evolved to a stage where they could merge their personalities and cooperate; they had to waste the greater part of their energies in friction. Cornelia would be so discouraged that she would nearly give up, and be on the verge of telling them to do what they pleased; but then they would do nothing—and meantime there were Bart and Nick on the way to execution!

The antagonism between Fred Moore and some members of the committee had waxed with the years. It was impossible for anarchists to get along with any lawyer; it was especially hard with this one who was hell-bent upon discovering the real criminals, and insisted upon spending defense funds in tracing clues, chasing off to Atlanta penitentiary or to Texas, sending someone to Italy or to South America to run down a story. Moore would either have his way or quit; and in the end his enemies made his position impossible, by undermining the faith of his clients in him. He received a letter from Sacco, signed, "Your implacable enemy"; and so, in the fall of 1925, he realized that the days of his usefulness were over. "I have failed," he said to Cornelia; "and it's a game where nothing succeeds but success."

There was an interregnum, with no lawyer and two prisoners on the way to the electric chair. Finally the committee was reorganized; some Italians withdrew, some Americans were taken on, and overtures were made to William G. Thompson to take charge of the new motions and appeals. He knew how much trouble it would mean, and set his fee at a figure which he meant to be prohibitive, twenty-five thousand dollars. There was a problem for Cornelia and Betty and Joe!

It was solved by a curious turn of events, hardly possible in any part of the world except Boston. A young man by the name of Charles Garland, while a student at Harvard, had known Jack Reed, and become troubled in his conscience. Now Reed was buried under the Kremlin walls; while his friend Garland fell heir to a million dollars. His conscience would not permit him to accept it, and he turned it over to a committee, to be expended for the benefit of labor. So there was the "Garland fund"; and in this emergency the committee was persuaded to lend twenty thousand dollars to the Sacco-Vanzetti defense and William G. Thompson was put in charge of the case.

A man in his early sixties with iron-gray hair and ruddy skin, six feet tall and broad shouldered, dry and humorous, smoking a pipe and looking like a Yankee farmer, Thompson proved to be the boss of which the case had been in need. He became convinced that the machinery of justice was being used for persecution, and turned into a crusader in defense of his clients. Before he got through, the fee he had charged did not cover his office overhead; yet his enemies accused him of having profited unduly, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tried to have the Bar Association proceed against him for the offense of defending anarchists.

He had his strict ideas of propriety. This was a law-case, and was to be tried in the courts, and everything which savored of propaganda must be rigidly avoided. Which brought him, of course, into conflict with active friends of the cause. To Joe and Betty, propaganda was the essence of the defense; it was propaganda which had made possible the appeals and kept the two men alive; it was propaganda which brought in money to pay lawyers. Vanzetti's opinion was summed up in his formula, "Unless a million men can be mobilized in our defense, we are lost". He wanted the money spent, not for legal proceedings, but for speakers among the labor unions. But Thompson forced the cancelling of a mass-meeting in Boston by threatening to withdraw from the case if it were held.

Mary Donovan was now recording secretary of the committee without pay: an Irish-Catholic girl who had gone to college and joined the Socialist party, and been formally excommunicated by her bishop. She had a position as state factory inspector—but did not retain it very long after she took up the Sacco-Vanzetti defense. It was supposed to be a civil service position, but the politicians did not let that trouble them. They brought charges against her and proved that she had worked for the defense during several hours when she was supposed to be working for the Commonwealth.

Another recruit was Gardner Jackson, a young Harvard graduate, very conscientious—the "Y. M. C. A. type", as one of his enemies described him; passionately convinced of the innocence of the prisoners, and being drawn in more and more deeply, until finally he was giving all his time without pay. But he was not a radical, and did not want any movement to use the case for its own ends; therefore socialists, and more especially communists, quarrelled with him. These disputes went on until the very end.

III

The mills of the law were grinding. One by one they ground up the motions for a new trial: the Ripley motion, the Daley, the Pelzer, the Andrews, the Gould, the Goodridge, the Hamilton, the Proctor motions. Judge Webster Thayer denied them one by one, and they became the basis of appeals to the Supreme Judicial Court, and to the public for funds to defray the bills of official printers. Defendants' Bill of Exceptions, Defendants' Amended Bill of Exceptions, Defendants' Consolidated Bill of Exceptions; and the various Defendants' Briefs and Defendants' Supplementary Briefs—legal arguments addressed to the higher powers, pointing out the innumerable ways in which Judge Thayer had broken or overlooked the rules of the game.

When you read these, you could not see how he had a leg to stand on, or how any court could sustain the mass of evasions and falsehoods which he called his decisions. But apparently he had no worries about this; he was proclaiming his security to all and sundry. "Let them take it to the Supreme Court and see how far they'll get!"

In January of 1926, three days were set for hearings before this august tribunal, and Cornelia visited the Court House in Boston, a dingy gray old building crowded into Pemberton Square—which in her girlhood had been a lovely little park, surrounded by fine old red brick mansions of the best families. The Supreme Court room was upstairs, simple, bare and gloomy as a tomb; Cornelia sat and watched a row of seven elderly gentlemen in black silk robes at their work of adjudging life or death. William G. Thompson was called upon to argue, and the little group of friends thrilled and exulted. But, alas, such thrills were not contagious, they did not affect the elderly gentlemen behind the high raised desks. They sat like black-clad mummies; and in the course of the long argument Cornelia discovered that one of them was sound asleep!

The average age of these ultimate arbiters was sixty-eight, and increasing every year; several were ill a good part of the time, so that it was a rare event to see a full bench in session. That threw a double burden on the few who were capable. But there was no way to get rid of the old ones, for the greater their age, the less chance that they would think of a new idea; and what the owners of property wanted was to have all things legal and governmental stay as they were.

The Chief Justice, Rugg, sat in the center; he was only fifty-four—handsome, alert, bland and smiling while he crushed counsel with his rulings. He had been an efficient county prosecutor, and an ardent reactionary, and this was his reward.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cornelia's eyes roamed from one to another of the faces. She knew the names, she knew the family gossip, and could put this bit and that together. This one had been appointed by a governor who left the job to become a vice-president of Rupert's bank; that other one the same. Three of them were somehow known to Rupert to be "safe" for a reversal of the Jerry Walker verdict. One was a Catholic, a former city solicitor, known to his fellow-religionists as "Slick Jim". You did not have to speculate about his attitude to anarchists.

The men who answered corruption and class-arrogance with hate and blind destruction had planted a large bomb in a toilet in the court-house, close to the chambers where the august justices met. That was not merely a crime, it was an impropriety; and so there was firmly fixed in all five of these elderly heads a desire to get hold of an anarchist, and teach a lesson to the others. The actual makers and planters of the bombs they could not punish, for these had changed their names and got away to Italy or South America—so the Department of Justice agents declared; but in Sacco and Vanzetti they had two who were at least friends and sympathizers, and these would serve for the teaching of the lesson.

On May 12th, 1926, the justices handed down their voluminous decision, in which they passed upon the Dedham trial and the exceptions thereto, and all the earlier motions for a new trial. Twenty-two thousand words of legal verbiage they took to say two sentences: first, that the jury *could find,* and second that the judge *had discretion.* In other words, this was Web's bone, and the other members of Web's pack were not going to take it away from him. They did in reality consider the facts and the evidence; but they shrewdly pretended not to, and so made it impossible for Thompson to find a basis for an appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

IV

A frightful blow for the defense; wiping out all the concealments of Katzmann, the bitter prejudice of Thayer, the confession of Proctor, the criminal career of Goodridge, the wobblings of Pelzer and Lola Andrews, the testimony of Gould—all legally dead forever!

The old evidence was wiped out, but new appeared to take its place and keep the case alive. First, the defense discovered Mrs. Kelly and Mrs. Kennedy, the two women who had looked out of a window at the bandit car, and had had a perfect view of the one supposed to be Sacco. They had made to Fred Katzmann statements to the effect that Sacco was not the man, and Katzmann had kept this evidence from the defense for five years. Thompson now demanded the reports, but Katzmann's successor, Ranney, was mysteriously unable to find them. This was the time for Ranney to appear before Thayer and deliver his cynical pronouncement: "I wonder if Mr. Thompson has not an exaggerated and too ethical notion of the functions of a district attorney"!

Then the Madeiros confession. Celestino F. Madeiros was a young Portuguese, member of a gang which had robbed a bank in Wrentham and killed the cashier. He was in Dedham Jail while his appeal was being heard; and his conscience troubled him, he said, when Sacco's wife came to the prison with the baby. On November 18th, 1925, he scribbled on a piece of paper: "I hear by confess to being in the South Braintree shoe company crime, and Sacco and Vanzetti was not in said crime". He handed the paper to a trusty, who gave it to Nick.

A long investigation began. Madeiros told a detailed story of the South Braintree crime, but refused to name any of his associates. However, a skilled lawyer knows how to get facts and the job was attributed to a group of freight-car thieves and hold-up men of Providence, known as the Morelli gang. Several of them were in jail, and their records were traced; Cornelia now studied the career of such persons as Bibba Barone, Steve the Pole, and Gyp the Blood. Also she listened to more wrangling in the committee, because the anarchists resisted the efforts to pin the crime on the Morellis or anybody else. "What for we play polissman for state Massachusetts?" But Thompson went ahead, and collected a mass of affidavits to be submitted in a motion for a new trial, which went the usual round, and served the purpose of keeping Sacco and Vanzetti alive for another year. Motion filed May, 1926; hearing before Judge Thayer, September; decision and appeal, October; argument before the Supreme Judicial Court, February, 1927; decision April, 1927; all very solemn and very expensive, with ancient legal phrases and complicated rules, making certain that no layman could be his own lawyer. Bart

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would watch the game, and joke with Cornelia; he was glad to be kept alive, of course—he could speak more words for the cause; but at the same time he begrudged the money, which might better have been spent for literature. Bartolomeo Vanzetti, the anarchist wop, had become fond of William G. Thompson, the blue-blood lawyer, who was a learned and a great-hearted man. "But he is very naïve," said Bart, gently, "he believe in the Supreme Court."

The prisoner went on to explain. "It must be that way with a lawyer; he think he have to get his what you call them, decisions, right. He think if he can show how it was done before, then he has won. It is like chess—you ever play chess, Nonna?"

"My brother-in-law used to be a champion."

"Well, you make move, you say 'check' and you have won. It is a game. But this is not a game, this is war. You say 'check', and your enemy he knock the figures off the board, he throw them in your face." As time passed, and the courts did this to the great lawyer, over and over again, Bart would remind Cornelia, and add, patiently, "I thing some time they foolish Mr. Thompson".

V

Then came the confessions of Letherman and Weyand—two agents of the Department of Justice, whose consciences had begun to trouble them. They were out of the secret service now, since the war upon the Reds was less active. They made affidavits, telling of the part which Federal agents had played in getting the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti. They said, in substance, that the Department had felt sure that Sacco and Vanzetti were not guilty of the South Braintree crime, but that, since they were dangerous anarchists, it was desirable to get them out of the way. The Department had turned over to the district attorney's office a mass of evidence, in return for an agreement on the part of the district attorney to help the Department get information. There was much correspondence in the files of the Department in Boston which would show what had been done.

So the energies of the defense were turned to getting hold of these files. Thompson made application to the United States Attorney-General, Cal Coolidge's village lawyer from Vermont. Thompson did not get the files, and neither did anybody else get them. The attorney-general made no affidavit and neither did any of his subordinates, and there was not a squeak from Fred Katzmann or Harold Williams, now a judge!

The motion for a new trial was argued before Judge Thayer in September of 1926. A great sight was William G. Thompson that day, for his moral sense was stirred, and he talked like an old-style prophet. He paid his regards to Fred Katzmann:

"Just think of what it means, if Your Honor please! Think of what it means!

"Mr. Katzmann knew and knows today whether Fred Weyand and Lawrence Letherman told the truth. That truth is a truth of vital importance. Think what they say! The files of the Boston office are full of correspondence with Mr. Katzmann and of documents showing the closest co-operation between the Federal Agents and the District Attorney—not Stewart—the District Attorney in the preparation of this case. Every Federal agent who knew anything about it believed these men to be innocent of murder. 'Everyone of us believed they ought to be deported. They were anarchists, they did not believe in organized government or private property'.

"Oh, how those words will ring around this world, 'private property'! Think what is going to be said about it! The man who does not believe in private property in America may be killed whether he is guilty or not. That is going to be said from one end of the world to the other if this thing is allowed to go through. Can we afford it? I do not care how high an opinion Your Honor has of Mr. Katzmann. It may be he was misled. Far be it from me to make any further or other attack on Mr. Katzmann than simply what the facts warrant. He has remained silent in the face of those accusations. Nothing that I can say is more eloquent than that silence. I desire to say nothing in addition to that silence."

VI

So much for the district attorney; and then Thompson turned his attention to the village lawyer from Vermont. Said he: "And what do you say of the refusal to produce those papers? Take all the circumstances, sir. . . . We have got a telegram from New York, but we cannot get the papers in those Boston files. What inference does Your Honor tell the jury may fairly be drawn against a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man if he is an humble man who is in the possession of relevant evidence and refuses to produce it? Do you tell them that it is going to help him or that it is going to hurt him?

"Is there anything so exalted in the office of the Attorney-General of the United States that the inference that you draw against any other men who hold back documentary evidence should not be drawn in this case? I am not talking about him personally, of course; I am talking about him in his official capacity. Personally, I have no doubt he is an admirable citizen. But there is some reason of strong policy why those papers are not produced here. What can that reason be? What can it be? Are you going to say because Sacco and Vanzetti are Italians, because these are poor folks, because they are aliens, because they have no constitutional rights we will let Mr. Sargent hold back what might set them free?"

And then Thompson turned upon Katzmann's successor, Ranney, who had argued that the "secrets" of the Department of Justice were sacred and must be protected!

"What are these secrets which they admit? They have then admitted secrets, have they? There are secrets, are there? I thought there were from the fact that it was not denied or contradicted. And I will say to Your Honor that a government which has come to value its own secrets more than it does the lives of its citizens has become a tyranny, whether you call it a republic, a monarchy, or anything else. Secrets! Secrets! And he says you should obtain from touching this verdict of your jury because it is so sacred. Would they not have liked to know something about the secrets? The case is admitted by that inadvertent concession. There are then secrets to be admitted. . . .

"Mr. Ranney says that I have argued that all these Federal agents ought to be in jail. I was not so bold as to make that suggestion, if Your Honor please. All I ventured to call Your Honor's attention to was the fact that one of them already was in jail, namely, our friend Shaughnessey, sentenced for twelve years for highway robbery, a man who was then investigating Sacco and Vanzetti, and going around with a badge of the United States on him as his authority so to do. I do not suggest what ought to be done to these agents. I do say, as a citizen, that it is a shame that Weiss, a man capable of making the suggestions that he made, and doing the things that he did in this case, should still be wearing the uniform of the United States and boldly operating around this town, and not even taking the trouble to come in here and deny these charges."

VII

All that got under Thayer's skin most frightfully. There were persons who believed that the reason for the Sacco-Vanzetti conviction had been ill-mannered I. W. W. lawyers from the wild and woolly west; but here was a respectable lawyer, one of the leaders of the Boston bar; and here was Web raging at him, with elaborate and complicated sneers which exhibited his learning in the medical field. Said Web: "Since the trial before the jury of these cases a new type of disease would seem to have developed. It might be called 'lego-psychic neurosis' or 'hysteria' which means 'a belief in the existence of something which in fact and truth has no such existence'. This disease would seem to have reached a very dangerous condition, from the argument of counsel, upon the present motion, when he charges Mr. Sargent, Attorney-General of the United States and his subordinates, and subordinates of Former-Attorney-General of the United States Mr. Palmer and Mr. Katzmann and the District Attorney of Norfolk County, with being in a conspiracy to send these two defendants to the electric chair, not because they are murderers but because they are radicals. . . .This would seem to be a very low estimate of the District Attorney and his assistants. The physician, ordinarily, in diagnosing a disease, seeks to ascertain the length of time the symptoms haxe existed, with a view of ascertaining how deep-seated the disease is and whether it is curable or not. In these cases, from all the developed symptoms, the Court is rather of the opinion that the disease is absolutely without cure".

But the most amazing thing in that amazing decision was what the learned judge had to say about the issue of radicalism, and the part it had played in the trial. Defending himself, with his back to the wall, Judge Thayer cited some dialogue which he said had passed between Katzmann and Sacco. But if you searched in the transcript of the testimony for that passage, it was not to be found. You would get others to search—until finally it had become certain that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Web's citation was invented! So much progress "Judge Fury" had made since the days of the Dedham trial, when his utmost daring had been to present Frank Sibley with a page from the transcript with a passage cut out. But now he concocted passages and inserted them in his decisions in quotation marks, to be printed in the law-books and handed down to the scorn and fury of all future times! Said Mr. Justice Thayer, in his rôle of fiction-writer:

"Mr. Sacco said that he feared punishment, that he was afraid of deportation, that he did not want to go back to Italy, that he had told all these falsehoods because of this fear. Mr. Katzmann, in his cross-examination, brought out all these facts and then he asked this question: 'Mr. Sacco, you say you feared deportation and that is why you told all these lies and why you did what you did?' and Mr. Sacco said 'Yes'. Then came the next question: 'Mr. Sacco, at the very time when you were telling these lies, you had already secured a passport for Italy on which you, your wife, and two children were to sail two days after the night of your arrest?' and the answer was 'Yes'."

VIII

Incidents such as this furnished propaganda for the radical and labor press. No need of comment—they were their own comment. The story spread, in wider and wider circles.

The little group in Boston, laboring in obscurity and despair, had accomplished more than they knew. Their propaganda had reached thousands whose names they would never know. In part it was the natural drama of the case, the contrasts and thrills supplied by the Great Novelist; in part it was the personality of Vanzetti. Joe Randall had been right when he said, at that first meeting in Plymouth Jail: "The police have given us a good martyr". For five years Bart had been tried in the fire, and he had stood the test; it would be hard to say how any man could have stood it better. Outside, in times of excitement, he had been fanatical and violent; but now those faults were remedied by prison bars, now he was of necessity the student and thinker. He met persons of the cultivated class, and learned that they too were concerned about "joostice". Without weakening in the cause of his beloved proletariat, he came to understand that goodness is not a matter of class, and that love can break down as many barriers as greed can set up.

He was gentle, he was wise, and he was dignified. The humiliations of prison life had failed to affect him; he had conquered his jailers. A few days after his arrest, Mike Stewart, bluff and burly, had patted him on the back and called him "Bertie"; but now the guards understood that he was a superior man, and before his death the life of the prison had come to revolve about him. He sat for many hours a day in his cell, writing letters; and the least of these bore the stamp of his personality. He had a style now—both in English and Italian. To a friend he wrote: "I have been told that the Italian is one of the most beautiful of languages: to me it is: it is my mother's language: it is the angelic language to me. Yet all languages are beautiful when they voice the beautiful, the good and the true. Your words are harmonious and sweet to me as friendship's voice is—they are music, the vibration of life".

Always thinking of others; with that natural courtesy which springs from a kind heart. To a rancher's wife on the Pacific coast he wrote:

"By the solidarity of the workers, friends, and comrades I always have money to enable me to buy some food and fruits, cheese, etc., when the institution food does not agree with me. I am satisfied with what I have. Very often I think while eating of some starved human creatures and I feel a little ashamed though I have always done my part to assure a piece of bread to each mouth. So please do not be excessively troubled for me. Good sentiments and friendly words are most necessary to me—and you are very most prodigal".

So he said: but in truth he needed more than sentiments and words; he needed the bosom of that Mother Nature whom he loved with a passion both filial and romantic. When he heard that Cornelia was visiting Plymouth he wrote to her: "Oh! that sea, that sky, those freed and full of life winds of Cape Cod! Maybe I will never see, never breathe, never be at one with them again!" He poured out the anguish of his effort to know and to achieve—in spite of terrifying handicaps:

"Exactly talking, I am not busy in writting but in trying to write. For, the prison's spell is telling its story also on me, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

how so! It seems to be increasing my understanding and diminuishing my power of expression. In fact . . . it is . . . an experience alright! but an experience that undermine the life, straight to its sources and centers so that as long as consciousness and memory are not yet weaken, you can realized something. . . . but, as to express oneself at one's best one has to be at one's best while after such experience one is not any longer at his best! he can not any longer express himself at the best of his power. These are the reasons why I am busy in trying to write and writting very little at all. Oftentimes I manouvired hard to write down what I wish; then, reaching it I perceive that it does not says what I mean and I torn the writting in many little pieces.

"The crux of this inner drama is not only about expression. . . . it is that I doubt my own thoughts, my opinions, my feeling, my sentiments, believes and ideas. I am sure of nothing, I know nothing. When I think of a thing and try to understand it, I see that in the time in the space and in the matter that thing is, both before and after, related to so many other things that I, following its relations, both backward and forward, see it disappear in the ocean of the unknown and myself lost in it. It is easy to create a universal sistem, to human minds; that is why we are blessed by so many of universal sistems while no one know what a bedbuck is."

IX

Cornelia would visit Charlestown and discuss these high metaphysical problems with Bart, and then she would go to tea-parties and dinners in the Back Bay, and tell her blue-blood friends about this philosophical fish-peddler, and now and then persuade one to call upon him. So gradually the class-lines were broken down in Boston, and strange things happened—things which could not have been duplicated anywhere else in the world. For example, the Madeiros reprieve, and the way it was engineered!

The Madeiros motion for a new trial, turned down by Thayer, was in process of appeal to the Supreme Court. But meantime, the mills of the law were threatening to grind up the principal witness! Madeiros was scheduled to be executed for the Wrentham bank murder, and if he were to die, what would be left of the Madeiros motion? The Governor of the Commonwealth was asked to postpone the execution, and he refused to act. By what means could his hard heart be moved?

Cornelia went to call upon a certain venerable lady, one of the oldest inhabitants of Beacon Hill, tremendously looked up to, even though she took no part in politics or practical affairs. Hardly anything in her home less than a hundred years old—except the occupant, who was ninety-something, and regarded Cornelia Thornwell as one of the young matrons. A shrine of respectability, with a little wizened female deity in a faded black silk dress, to whom Cornelia told her troubles—the losing struggle she was waging with politicians and bankers and business men who thought they were protecting society and upholding order when they took a chance on killing innocent men. See what was happening to a fine, upright lawyer like William G. Thompson, who was being abused up and down for daring to defend two anarchists!

The old, old lady listened, and then said, "My dear, the trouble is, these persons don't know Boston history. Tell them what John Adams and the first Josiah Quincy did".

"What is that?"

"You don't know history either! When the British soldiers were indicted for murder after the Boston massacre, John Adams and Josiah Quincy defended them, to be sure they had a fair trial."

"Did that really happen?" exclaimed Cornelia.

"Yes, indeed, my dear, you can look it up. If you want to make any headway in Boston, why don't you really find out about us?"

It happened that at this time a New York newspaper had sent its labor editor to study the Madeiros case. This man had come with the usual prejudices but convinced himself against his will that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent. He wanted to do something to help, and Cornelia told him of this colonial precedent. Seeing the chance, he took it to one of the most bitter reactionaries in Boston, a man whom Cornelia herself would never have approached for she know that he had put up, out of his private purse, more than half a million dollars for the war upon the Reds.

This powerful person, who had been demanding a quick death for Sacco and Vanzetti, was confronted with that sacred precedent, and felt himself rebuked. Had John Adams and the first Josiah Quincy really

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

done such a thing? If it was true, he would do no less! He would write or call upon the Governor, and ask for a reprieve of the Madeiros sentence! He did so and the result was, the reprieve was granted, and Sacco and Vanzetti got another six months in which to make their impression upon the world!

X

Seven years had passed since the felt plants of Jerry Walker had been taken from him by Henry Cabot Winters and Rupert Alvin and the rest of the Pilgrim National crowd. Two years had passed since the jury had brought in that tremendous verdict of ten and one-half million dollars in Mr. Walker's favor. In the course of seven years the new owners had made more than that amount of money out of the properties but still Mr. Walker had not got a penny. The case had been appealed to the Supreme Judicial Court and at last, in the fall of 1926, the seven old gentlemen in black silk robes were ready to hear the argument. A great event in the legal world of Boston: the highest priced lawyers in the city pitted against one another, for the highest stakes in history. You might be sure that none of the elderly judges would fall asleep this time! They listened day after day, while more than two thousand "exceptions" were explained and debated before them; the mere brief of the plaintiff filled three printed volumes.

The wrangling over, the seven judges took their seven heads full of arguments, and the printed briefs and the huge bill of exceptions, to meditate and discuss among themselves. Three or four months they would need to make up their minds; but—a dreadful circumstance, almost blasphemy to mention—Rupert and Henry knew what the outcome was going to be! In strictest secrecy the word went the rounds of the family; no need to worry, everything was going to be all right!

And so it proved. On the ninth of March, 1927, the black-clad justices spoke the final word on the Jerry Walker case: declaring that the verdict of the jury had been an error, and that the trial judge should have directed a verdict for the banker bandits.

An amazing decision for a court which was forbidden to deal with the facts, and claimed that it never did so! The release which Jerry Walker had been induced to sign, at the time that he had parted with his properties, had been an obvious part of the conspiracy; he had signed it in ignorance of what had been done to him, and one consideration of the release had been his parting with more of his property. So the jury had decided; but now the august justices stepped in and declared that this was not so. In order to say this they had to do exactly what Thayer had done so many times in the Sacco-Vanzetti case; shut their eyes to a mass of testimony which stood in the record. When it came to sparing the rich and condemning the poor, all judges appeared to be alike.

Jerry Walker's legal bull-dog was raising a howl and talking about appealing to the United States Supreme Court; but that was all rubbish, said Henry Cabot Winters—the Federal courts would never take jurisdiction. John Quincy Thornwell was in Paris at the time of the decision, and Henry sent him a cablegram which was the talk of Boston clubs and drawing-rooms for many a day thereafter. *Tout est suavé sauf l'honneur,* said Henry.

XI

The seven black-robed old gentlemen got to work on the Madeiros motion in the Sacco-Vanzetti case—the last chance for a new trial. They had been stung by world-wide criticism of the law's delay, and wanted to get the matter over, so that Massachusetts might have peace again. The motion had been argued in February, and on April 5th came the unbelievable opinion: Judge Thayer's decision, like all his other decisions in the case, had been "in his own discretion", and it was to stand! All lawyers commented upon the amazing contrast with the Jerry Walker decision. When it was a question of safeguarding the lives of workingmen, the Supreme Judicial Court held itself powerless to deal with the facts, and could only pass on the judge's interpretation of law. "Finding no error, the verdicts are to stand." The decision was written by Justice Wait, who had begun his public career as an alderman of the city of Boston—an occupation which leaves a man in no ignorance as to the relationship between business and politics, and the power of big money in American affairs. Immediately after the decision was made public, his home was put under guard, and the homes of all the other judges, district attorney and officials. Judge Thayer's home had been guarded for the past nine months, and a husky detective followed him everywhere he went.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was Web's hour of triumph, and he made the most of it. His cries of exultation echoed through the dining-rooms of Worcester and Boston clubs. He would button-hole acquaintances on the golf-links, and boast of his perfect knowledge of legal precedents. "I told them they couldn't put it over on me! I wasn't going to be intimidated by anybody or anything! I told those damned fools they couldn't hoodwink me! I represent the integrity of the courts of Massachusetts and I shall see that the integrity is maintained! I taught a lesson to that long-haired arnychist from California! Yes, and I'll teach a lesson to the people who are raising money and slandering the courts of this Commonwealth!"

Web and the district attorney, who knew all tricks of the law, were quick as tigers in their next spring. No other appeals were on file; and if Web sentenced the men he would clinch the case. After sentence had been passed, no other judge of the Superior Court could take jurisdiction. On April 9th, four days after the Supreme Court's decision, he had the two "Bolsheviki" brought to Dedham Court-house. With rustling black robes he emerged from his chamber, and took his seat upon his throne: a frail old man, more withered than ever; badly scared, yet clinging desperately to his dignity in this great hour of triumph. Lawyers and spectators looking up at him, a score or two of armed men protecting him—inside the court-room with automatic revolvers on their hips, outside on the steps with rifles in hand. "I represent the integrity of the courts of Massachusetts!"

XII

"Nicola Sacco, stand up," said the clerk of the court; and Nick rose, pale and haggard, dressed in his best black go-to-court suit.

"Nicola Sacco, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

Poor Nick, he knew many reasons, which he wanted to shout to all the world. But his friends had advised him that he could produce no impression in a Yankee court-room, because of his blundering English. He had made up his mind to let Bart speak for him; but standing before that gray old man who had tortured him for six years; seeing the row of newspaper men, with eager pencils poised, ready to flash his words to the farthest ends of the earth—such a temptation was too much for a propagandist soul. Nineteen years Nicola Sacco had been in America, driven, humiliated, repressed; and here for the second time in his life America was ready to listen. He spoke; and the court reporter and the newspaper men kindly straightened out his dialect, and the world read:

"Yes, sir. I am not an orator. It is not very familiar with me the English language, and as I know, as my friend has told me, my comrade Vanzetti will speak more long, so I thought to give him the chance.

"I never knew, never heard, even read in history anything so cruel as this Court. After seven years' prosecuting they still consider us guilty. And these gentle people here are arrayed with us in this court to-day.

"I know the sentence will be between two classes, the oppressed class and the rich class, and there will be always collision between one and the other. We fraternize the people with the books, with the literature. You persecute the people, tyrannize them and kill them. We try the education of people always. You try to put a path between us and some other nationality that hates each other. That is why I am here to-day on this bench, for having been of the oppressed class. Well, you are the oppressor.

"You know it, Judge Thayer—you know all my life, you know why I have been here, and after seven years that you have been persecuting me and my poor wife, and you still to-day sentence us to death. I would like to tell all my life, but what is the use?"

It was no use whatever, and so Nicola Sacco sat down.

XIII

"Bartolomeo Vanzetti, stand up," said the clerk of the court; and the other figure in the cage stood up; thin, worn, and partly bald, but with the droopy mustache as big as ever; a large, loose figure in a neat black suit with a little black silk tie.

"Bartolomeo Vanzetti, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

"Yes," said Bart, quietly.

And now he would reap the reward of those years of hard work in his lonely cell; of his practice writing letters, and treatises on syndicalism, and an autobiography, and a novel, and a translation of Proudhon, and even a poem about a nightingale! Bart

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be able to find words; with hesitation now and then, but not too much; with mispronunciation enough to be picturesque, but not enough to be ludicrous. Quietly, firmly, he spoke, as one who has meditated long upon his ideas; as one who was addressing posterity, rather than the casual few in a court-room. Posterity, hear him!

"What I say is that I am innocent, not only of the Braintree crime, but also of the Bridgewater crime. That I am not only innocent of these two crimes, but in all my life I have never stolen and I have never killed and I have never spilled blood. That is what I want to say. And it is not all. Not only am I innocent of these two crimes, not only in all my life I have never stolen, never killed, never spilled blood, but I have struggled all my life, since I began to reason, to eliminate crime from the earth.

"Everybody that knows these two arms knows very well that I did not need to go into the streets and kill a man or try to take money. I can live by my two hands and live well. But besides that, I can live even without work with my hands for other people. I have had plenty of chance to live independently and to live what the world conceives to be a higher life than to gain our bread with the sweat of our brow.

"My father in Italy is in a good condition. I could have come back in Italy and he would have welcomed me every time with open arms. Even if I come back there with not a cent in my pocket, my father could have give me a position, not to work but to make business, or to oversee upon the land that he owns. . . . But I have refused myself of what are considered the commodity and glories of life, the prides of a life of a good position, because in my consideration it is not right to exploit man. I have refused to go in business because I understand that business is a speculation on profit upon certain people that must depend upon the business man, and I do not consider that that is right and therefore I refuse to do that.

"Now, I should say that I am not only innocent of all these things, not only have I never committed a real crime in my life—though some sins but not crimes—not only have I struggled all my life to eliminate crimes, the crimes that the official law and the moral law condemns, but also the crime that the moral law and the official law sanction and sanctify,—the exploitation and the oppression of the man by the man, and if there is a reason why I am here as a guilty man, if there is a reason why you in a few minutes can doom me, it is this reason and none else. . . .

"We have proved that there could not have been another judge on the face of the earth more prejudiced, more cruel and more hostile than you have been against us. We have proven that. Still they refuse the new trial. We know, and you know in your heart, that you have been against us from the very beginning, before you see us. Before you see us you already know that we were radicals, that we were underdogs, that we were the enemy of the institutions that you can believe in good faith in their goodness—I don't want to discuss that—and that it was easy at the time of the first trial to get a verdict of guilty.

"We know that you have spoken yourself, and have spoke your hostility against us, and your despisement against us with friends of yours on the train, at the University Club of Boston, at the Golf Club of Worcester. I am sure that if the people who know all what you say against us have the civil courage to take the stand, maybe Your Honor—I am sorry to say this because you are an old man, and I have an old father—but maybe you would be beside us in good justice at this time. . . .

"We believe more now than ever that war is wrong, and we are against war more now than ever, and I am glad to be on the doomed scaffold if I can say to mankind, 'Look out; you are in a catacomb of the flower of mankind. For what? All that they say to you, all that they have promised to you—it was a lie, it was an illusion, it was a cheat, it was a fraud, it was a crime. They promised you liberty. Where is liberty? They promised you prosperity. Where is prosperity? They have promised you elevation. Where is the elevation?'

"From the day that I went in Charlestown, the misfortunate, the population of Charlestown, has doubled in number. Where is the moral good that the war has given to the world? Where is the spiritual progress that we have achieved from the war? Where are the security of life, the security of the things that we possess for our necessity? Where is the respect for human life? Where are the respect and the admiration for the good characteristics and the good of the human nature? Never before the war as now have there been so many crimes, so much cor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ruption, so much degeneration as there is now.

"This is what I say: I would not wish to a dog or to a snake, to the most low and misfortunate creature of the earth—I would not wish to any of them what I have had to suffer for things that I am not guilty of. I am suffering because I am a radical and indeed I am a radical; I have suffered because I was an Italian, and indeed I am an Italian; I have suffered more for my family and for my beloved than for myself; but I am so convinced to be right that you can only kill me once but if you could execute me two times, and if I could be reborn two other times, I would live again to do what I have done already.

"I have finished. Thank you."

XIV

It was Judge Thayer's turn. He too rose to speak. As it turned out, he rose to apologize; to plead that it was not his fault. A singular fact, which Vanzetti had noted about the legal machinery of the august Commonwealth—he had commented upon it to Cornelia—that everybody put the responsibility on somebody else! The arresting policemen had said it was not their fault, they had been obeying the orders of their superiors. The jailers one and all said the same thing. The chief officer of the jail had said that the higher powers would not permit this and that. Members of the jury had said that they had had to follow the instructions of the learned judge. And now here was the learned judge—at the very crisis of events—putting the blame upon the jury! The Supreme Judicial Court had said that the trial judge had had the final say as to the facts. And now here was the trial judge putting the responsibility upon the Supreme Judicial Court!

Could it be that even Web the insensitive had been awed by the majesty of Vanzetti's words? Could it be that Web the vainglorious was assailed by a doubt about himself? Be that as it may, the braggart was gone from his manner, and his voice was no longer a thin strip of steel, but trembling and mumbling. He said:

"Under the law of Massachusetts, the jury says whether a defendant is guilty or innocent. The Court has absolutely nothing to do with that question. The law of Massachusetts provides that a judge cannot deal in any way with the facts. As far as he can go under our law is to state the evidence.

"During the trial many exceptions were taken. Those exceptions were taken to the Supreme Judicial Court. That Court, after examining the entire record, after examining all the exceptions—that Court in its final words said, 'The verdicts of the jury should stand; exceptions overruled'. That being true there is only one thing that this Court can do. It is not a matter of discretion. It is a matter of statutory requirement, and that being true there is only one duty that now devolves upon this Court, and that is to pronounce the sentence.

"It is considered and ordered by the Court that you, Nicola Sacco, suffer the punishment of death by the passage of a current of electricity through your body within the week beginning on Sunday, the tenth day of July, in the Year of our Lord One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Twenty-seven. This is the sentence of the law.

"It is considered and ordered by the Court that you, Bartolomeo Vanzetti . . ."

Here Vanzetti broke in: "Wait a minute, please, Your Honor. May I speak a minute with my lawyer, Mr. Thompson?"

Said Thompson: "I do not know what he has to say".

Said Judge Thayer: "I think I should pronounce the sentence . . . Bartolomeo Vanzetti, suffer the punishment of death . . ."

But here came Nick with one of his wild cries: "You know I am innocent. Those are the same words I pronounced six years ago. You condemn two innocent men".

But the mumbling voice went on, in the solemn legal formula: ". . . by the passage of a current of electricity through your body within the week beginning on Sunday, the tenth day of July, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-seven. This is the sentence of the law".

(To be continued)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

News Story Contest

COMMENT ON JULY PRIZE AWARD

By Henry Justin Smith

Managing Editor, *The Chicago Daily News*

IT was a close race this time for the BOOKMAN'S prize—almost as close as the score between the Ohio river steamers Chris Greene and Betsy Ann, concerning which star writers poured forth thousands of well chosen words. July must have been a good month for city editors and for typewriter-pounders of high degree.

I award first place to Janet Mabie's story in the Christian Science Monitor telling of her trip by air from New York to Boston with Amelia Earhart. Miss Mabie missed none of the facts. She told her story straightforwardly and in perfect sequence. At the same time she managed to give us glimpses of the larger background behind the simple event. Her treatment is a combination of vivid, perfectly natural detail with original phrases that are not embarrassingly original. There is hardly a hackneyed sentence in the story, as it seems to me;—and it is good reporting.

Some of the others sent in are able, even brilliant. Two or three to which one would have liked to give first place suffer from the fact that they are "jumbled"; they double back; they aren't straight-away narratives. Maybe the city editor or makeup man was to blame.

Of several accounts of the Ohio river race I thought the one written by Roelif Loveland, of The Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, was the best. And I agree with someone who wrote on a clipping from The Boston *Post* that that paper has a corking sports writer in Roger Birtwell. W. A. Macdonald of The Boston *Transcript* deserves a warm "thank you" for his account of the honor paid Emilio Carranza in New York City.

Talk about the "good old days" of Julian Ralph and James Creelman! Some of the boys—and girls—in 1928 can double old-timers like those, and "set" 'em.

PRIZE STORY FOR JULY

MISS EARHART SLEEPS ON TRIP HOME AS HER SHIPMATES GOSSIP

Some of Party, New to the Air, Saw Much to See But the Ocean Flier Rested Her Cheek on a White-Gloved Hand and Slumbered

By JANET MABIE

From the *Christian Science Monitor* (Boston, Massachusetts), July 9, 1928

ABOARD THE EARHART PLANE, New York to Boston, July 9—Mindful that in Boston a host of proud citizens and Miss Earhart's even prouder mother and sister are waiting to welcome the valiant trio of transatlantic fliers, we are ready to leave Curtiss Field. Miss Earhart is very serene, "mondaine" in dark blue clothes and a close, helmet-like hat which accentuates the Viking contours of her face.

Stultz, deep bronze, and Louis Gordon, the mechanic, accede to requests for photographs from photographers who have sprung suddenly out of the dun dust of the landing field.

George Palmer Putnam, New York publisher, who, with Mrs. Frederick Guest, has backed the flight and now, with his wife, supervises the activities of the flyers, is checking the distribution in the two planes of those who will make the trip.

So many in the Remrand, the gigantic oxidized, gray tri-motored Ford monoplane; so many more in the more resplendent, slightly smaller blue, gold-winged Fokker New Yorker.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He checks off the names on the pages of a little yellow-leaved book. Miss Earhart climbs into the Remrand after N. C. Browne, the pilot, and settles herself in the front, left-hand wicker chair of four in the roomy cabin. She smiles to herself as she marks a glittering row of four little bright orange planes being taxied into place a little distance away; the Friendship is orange.

Haze Dims the Field

A ground haze dims the margins of the flat field. Motors become articulate; six of them; first, a low mutter, then a rising crescendo to a great orchestrated roar; rhythmic; solid; calm. Dust flies, powdery tan; onlookers stand away; the Remrand taxies gently away for a straight-away vantage; turns; gathers its own roaring about itself like a woolen robe, and at 9:05 takes the air leisurely; up a thousand feet the pilot looks around and grins at his charges and we are away.

Mr. and Mrs. Putnam, a Paramount News photographer, three reporters; the windows are open, little slides of a substance like celluloid they are; the thermometer says 80 degrees and we climb and it grows no less. Between 60 and 80 the needle of the speedometer hovers and before we have gone far over orderly, green countryside it fixes at 80 and stays there.

Someone says, "Air speed?" and someone else, speaking loudly for the engine's roar fills the open windows, says, "Ground speed?" and no one answers either.

Wheel Turns Impotent in Air

It cannot be a "bumpy" day, for the giant wing of the ship scarcely wavers a fraction of the inch against the molten gray blue of the western sky. Now and again the left landing wheel, which is but a few feet, it seems, from the window ledge where Miss Earhart leans an elbow, turns, impotent in the air.

Below the dirt roads of Long Island are ribbons of ochre and along them paces a shadow of the ship, a graceful, slender shadow.

Miss Earhart looks out and down upon it, a placid spectable and a strange exchange for the monotonous, portentous wastes of water over which, scarcely more than a month ago, she set out to fly, and, as it turned out, did fly, for 20 hours and 49 minutes.

Today she wears no scarf to contrast its color with her dark blue silks; when she landed in Wales she was wearing, under her flying suit, a bright, tri-cornered silk scarf Mrs. Putnam had given her, and someone, spying it, nipped a corner of it expertly between strong fingers, pulled, tore it off, tore it into souvenir ribbons to be distributed among the bystanders.

Notes are passed from Mr. Putnam, who has grinned at the thermometer and taken off his coat, to the pilot; from Mrs. Putnam to Miss Earhart, from reporter to reporter. Each can be heard, but there seems to be common consent against muddling the orderly drone of the engines with shouted conversation.

What Were Her Thoughts?

Hundreds of feet down, the landscape is cut up by patches of water; inlets of the sound show tawny stretches of sand-shoal just beneath the surface of glittering water. Two little boats set forth from a private pier into waters like mirrors, and Miss Earhart leans out a little to look; perhaps she is thinking of the hour in which she and the two men spoke the America, flinging down oranges with notes tied to them.

The ground haze thickens and thins and always, outside the windows, forward at an oblique angle there is the ephemeral line which is the shadow of propeller's revolutions. Has she ever flown over this neighborhood? Miss Earhart looks pensively up into the sky an instant; no, she thinks not. And less than 60 seconds later, with the sudden thoroughness of a child, she is asleep, turned a little sidewise in her chair, her head bent on her white gloved hand. For three quarters of an hour no one speaks, glad that this slim girl, whose last 36 days have been tempestuous, can rest so.

Occasionally a note passes, fluttering a little from hand to hand in the breeze which is too warm. Far below a train is a little crawling black thing on a ribbed ribbon. We are nearing New Haven and the New Yorker has come up alongside to the East; and each shipload waves and nods and smiles at the other.

Miss Earhart Sleeps On

All but Miss Earhart; she is sound asleep and over her shoulder, on the standard of the left engine which roars in her ear is scratched "2 Joe M. L.," in ragged letters.

Perhaps the Yale Bowl is directly underneath us; at any rate none remarks it; and we are off over the fertile farm land of the Connecticut Valley; the needle of the speedometer has gone down to a shade above 70; everyone nods to everyone else in approval at the depth of Miss Earhart's sleep.

Below there are two shadows now on the landscape; two slender ships, one gaining a little on the other in a decorous way, now falling back, going leisurely aloft, falling down below. The photographer begins to move about restlessly; Mr. Putnam takes steps to remove one of the rear wicker chairs from its pickets in the floor to give him room.

Mrs. Putnam passes a note: "Think what she went through, 20 hours of day and night, this roaring, without seeing anything."

The New Yorker bobs up alongside and the Remrand climbs to give the photographer room and perspective to photograph its occupants, clearly framed in the windows.

Miss Earhart Awakens

Each of us, by turn, goes up for a bit and sits at the dual control beside Browne the pilot; the clock, which has stopped, says 2:40 and Browne's tanned hand is light on his wheel. He grins and looks around and to "Where are we?" shouted at him he shouts back "I don't know." And in a few minutes Mr. Putnam says, "We passed Hartford, and are getting on for Springfield."

Miss Earhart stirs, settles more deeply in her chair, the camera man goes up ahead in the pilot's cabin to make pictures and she sleeps soundly through the swinging and propping and shutting of two doors; the engine drums; the sun is lifting to radiance the blue and white and green feathers of her hat and the golden crop of curls is hidden.

(*Continued on p. XLVI*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS OF NEW BOOKS

Philosophy and Psychology

Count Hermann Keyserling is fair enough to warn the reader in the introduction to *Europe* (Harcourt, Brace, $5.00) that all disagreement with him is a sign of intellectual and spiritual idiocy. "I hope that all Pharisees, all Philistines, all nit-wits, the *bourgeois,* the humourless, the thick-witted, will be deeply, thoroughly hurt (by this book). Whoever is untouched by the divine grace of self irony, with him I can and will have nothing in common." He takes up the countries one by one. France, it seems, is a mixture of antiquity and medievalism. It is intellectually bright, honest and hard but sterile. The Englishman is the "animal-man", all instinct, amoral, whose ethics is mere "fair play" and whose intelligence is compromise. Spain is fundamentally the most democratic nation in Europe. Germany, the most important country in the new Europe, will function as its intellectual guide and conscience. And so on. The Count relies upon "spontaneous formations of (his) unconscious". He praises and damns wildly. His knowledge is vast about things which are hardly so, and he is utterly spoiled. Yet, for all that, the book is worth reading for its occasional dashes of brilliance and its provoking temper.

This contribution to the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method—*Problems in Psycho-Pathology,* by T. W. Mitchell (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50)—is a brief and lucid history of modern psychiatry from the immediately pre-Freudian theories of hypnosis, hysteria and neurasthenia, leading through the Freudian contribution, with all its latter-day modifications, to contemporary medical psychology. The clarity of his style will recommend the book to many laymen.

Professor Sante de Sanctis sets himself the task of revaluating the relation between psychopathology and the religious experience in *Religious Conversion* (Harcourt, Brace, $4.50). On what one might call normal conversion Professor de Sanctis says nothing new, but he argues very freshly on the problem of great religious leaders. In essence his apologia for St. Francis and other religious mystics is the cry that if that is insanity it needs redefinition; for insanity, to Professor de Sanctis, is "the total permanent variation of the psychic personality. In this sense . . . . religious values are secure"; and so are, to the author, their great creators, who are the "crystalizers of the social thought of an epoch".

As symposia go, *The Creative Intelligence and Modern Life* (University of Colorado, $2.00) seems to us the best in years. The usual trouble with symposia is the unevenness of individual contributions, but here—with the exception of Mr. Lorado Taft, whose views on Art may be dismissed as determined entirely by his indiscriminate hatred of everything modern—they could hardly have been better chosen. Prof. Paul Shorey is delightful in his defense of "dead" literature, and the same charm of a deep personal culture permeates the essays of Professors Frederick J. E. Woodbridge on Philosophy, Robert A. Millikan on Science, Roscoe Pound on Society and Bishop Francis John McConnell on Religion.

The Misbehaviorists, by Harvey Wickham (Dial Press, $3.50), is a collection of essays militantly critical—in a wise-cracking manner—of the writings of Freud, Jung, John B. Watson, George A. Dorsey, Will Durant, Albert Edward Wiggam, and Rabbi Lewis Browne.

Science

The experimental attitude in science had its revolutionary beginnings in the XVIIth Century. Miss Martha Ornstein's significant

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doctoral dissertation, *The Role of Scientific Societies in the Seventeenth Century* (Chicago University Press, $3.00), which first appeared in 1913, is far more comprehensive than its title indicates; it gives to the intelligent layman the background of the genesis of modern science. The book is excellent both as social and scientific history.

Mrs. Frances Mason, the editor of *Creation by Evolution* (Macmillan, $5.00), marshalled twenty-four natural scientists, some of international reputation, to tell us about evolution in their special fields. The book is competent, though it does not, as the editor claims by implication, "reconcile science and religion". The most hard-headed of the contributors, indeed, are sufficiently humble to leave God in His heaven unmolested by the fall of the fossil or the rise of the elephant.

Sociology

The authors of *Don't Tread on Me* (Vanguard, 50¢), Clement Wood, McAlister Coleman and Arthur Garfield Hays, analyze significant labor injunctions of recent times and discuss the available legal tactics for aggressive action on the part of labor. They reduce the abuse of the injunction largely to a problem in civil liberties and believe that the best weapon against it lies in a militant renaissance of constitutionalism.

In this interesting book by Peter Odegard, *Pressure Politics* (Columbia University Press, $3.50), the history of the Anti-Saloon League is recorded with a rich wealth of material. Contrary to the general belief, prohibition was not "put over" by wizardry or chicane. It has marched from one conquest to another for decades. It has employed some of the cleverest tacticians that have ever meddled in politics. With tremendous energy and vast funds it met the pressure politics of brewers and distillers and beat them at their own game. Here is convincing evidence that the Protestant Church, overwhelmingly rural, mobilized the villager who regards the city as "place of vice and corruption" for the great "reform". His drab life makes him an ideal soldier for a moral crusade, and Cotton Mather still influences Main Street morality. Moreover, the brewing and distilling interests, by their debauching influence in politics, stirred Ezra and Hiram and their pastors to renewed efforts to conquer the cities of sin. With the aid of vast funds contributed by small church folk and more substantial sums by wealthy allies in the cities the nation became legally dry.

The usual gravamen against Marxism is the wrongness of its economics. But Henry De Man, in *The Psychology of Socialism* (Holt, $4.00), knows that there is little nourishment in this attack. Marx must be placed in his proper period as one places Bentham or Ricardo or Adam Smith. The trouble with Marx, according to De Man, is not his economics but his psychology. Marx was a man of genius, but psychological insight was not his strong point; indeed, possibly his very strength as a system builder lay in his obtuseness to psychological values. Dr. De Man's book is a re-examination of Marxian concepts, the "class struggle", "proletarian dictatorship", the "worker", the "intellectual", in the light of modern psychology.

Probably among the most fundamental studies of modern socialist theory of the last half decade is Max Eastman's *Marx and Lenin* (Boni, $2.00). Though Mr. Eastman claims for Marx an uncanny pre-vision into Freudian theory, the burden of his criticism is that Marx, as was inevitable for his place in the history of thought, was an inverted Hegelian. Marx's "dialectic materialism" is nothing but "mystical metaphysics", in which for Hegel's "Spiritual God" we find an "economic God". The correct answer to Marx, the "scientific" reply, Mr. Eastman finds in Lenin's "science of revolution".

In *The Building of Cultures* (Scribner's, $4.00), Roland B. Dixon takes a commonsense position not likely to please either the strict environmentalists or the fanatical eugenists. He succeeds in putting his thesis on the plane of a fundamental discussion by cautious erudition and a superb technical equipment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Introduction to the Study of Society, by Frank Hamilton Hankins (Macmillan, $4.00), is an excellent text book. It indicates the advance made by American sociology in the last quarter century since the days of Blackmar & Gillen.

This book on *Political Behavior,* by Frank R. Kent (Morrow, $2.50), is the most hilarious, penetrating, shrewdest and cleverest tale of the two old parties we have yet seen. The style is crisp and simple. The facts, to any intelligent observer, are patently incontrovertible; and Mr. Kent's dry and delicious wit is as authentically American as Mark Twain's or Mr. Dooley's. If you want to know how badly, and yet how humanly, politicians behave and misbehave, read this story by the veteran Washington correspondent.

The American Labor Year Book, edited by Solon DeLeon and Nathan Fine (Rand School of Social Science, $2.50), is the ninth volume of the American Labor Year Book, greatly extended in scope and covering the whole international labor movement. It is difficult to see how the student and writer in the labor field can get along without this invaluable reference work.

Dr. Arthur Feiler, the Socialist editor of the most powerful continental liberal daily, The *Frankfürter Zeitung,* spent in this country five brief months in 1925. He came, he saw and he conquered an understanding of social movements in America which is well-nigh uncanny. His book, *America Seen Through German Eyes* (New Republic, $1.00) created somewhat of a sensation in intellectual Europe, and its comparative value (the title in the original is *Amerika-Europa*) ought to secure for it a wide reading with us as well.

Though journalistic in atmosphere and speed, this book is typical of German scholarship at its best; its discrimination is implicit in its thoroughness, shot through with factual objectivity, persuasive in the flow and arrangement of material which we recognize as true. The thesis is not forced but constellates itself. Dr. Feiler's thesis is that we are developing in America a new and original culture, that the "Americanization" of Europe for this reason cannot be intrinsically consummated. He recognizes that American capitalism is not merely an economic technique but temporarily, at least, a victorious culture, affecting the national outlook of all strata of labor, the middle class, the church, the farmer, the Negro, the reform movement, education, and politics. America is a new Leviathan, for good or evil, but authentically new. And Dr. Feiler is, thus far, one of its ablest anatomists.

Biography

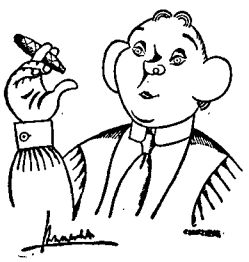
Sir Peter Lyle painted these twelve "Windsor Beauties", who shone at the Court of Charles II. He painted them at the suggestion of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York—one of them—who in selecting the other eleven demonstrated unusual courage. (*The Windsor Beauties,* by Lewis Melville, Houghton Mifflin, $5.00). Mr. Melville weaves around these "alluring sitters" an appropriately gilded net of court gossip, manners and amour.

Carter Henry Harrison I, by Claudius O. Johnson (University of Chicago, $3.00), is more than the biography of a politician. Professor Johnson uses this picturesque figure in the political life of Chicago to analyze the whole of American urban politics during the last quarter of the last century. Mr. Johnson's effort is objective and significant and typical of the kind of excellent studies of political personalities and government which are coming out of the Department of Political Science in the University of Chicago under the tireless and competent influence of Professor Charles E. Merriam.

Allen Tate had in *Stonewall Jackson* (Minton, Balch, $3.50) a fruitful subject for just such a study as he attempts here. Thomas Jonathan Jackson was a man of stern Calvinist training and uncompromising purpose. He was humorless, unimaginative, and exact as the multiplication table—a sort of moral Procrustes. But he never fumbled in matters of plain judgment, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

9 issues for the price of 4



THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Edited by H. L. MENCKEN

*"Come to Arkansas, Mr. Mencken, and get your liver drained."**

DESPITE, or perhaps in part because of, the efforts of the *Arkansas Democrat*, in which this appeared, THE AMERICAN MERCURY has 79 subscribers and 264 newsstand buyers in Arkansas which is thus ahead of Maine, Vermont, South Carolina, Wyoming and Nevada. What is more, two of our contributors in 1927 were natives of Arkansas and another was a resident.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

9 *issues for* $2.00

We believe that there are many more persons interested in THE AMERICAN MERCURY than those who buy it for $5.00 by the year or $.50 per copy at the newsstands. To these individuals we offer this special introductory price of 9 issues for $2.00—(6 issues beginning October, and the July, August and September issues without additional charge). Purchased individually on the newsstands, these copies would cost $4.50. With this coupon you get it for $2.00. Mail it now and prepare yourself for a good many hours of lively reading.

Good only until December 1, 1928

THE AMERICAN MERCURY B-10-28
730 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please enter my subscription as per your special offer of 9 issues for $2.00.

Name _____

Address _____

* Extract from "Menckeniana, A Shimpflexikon" published by Alfred A. Knopf.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was by way of being a genius at military strategy. The part he played in the Civil War was dramatic, and, but for his untimely death, might easily have been decisive. Mr. Tate is fully aware of this, and he has allowed himself a good deal of imaginative latitude in its exposition. His work falls somewhere between the proper provinces of the character study and pure history, and, in spite of a not inconsiderable dramatic effect, is valuable as neither. Mr. Tate's failure to cite sources clearly and his indecisive marshalling of facts render his work useless for reference purposes. The breathless, choppy quality of his style detracts materially from its purely narrative force.

History

In *The Turning Point of the Revolution* (Houghton Mifflin, $6.00) Hoffman Nickerson has compiled a clear, vivid, and exceedingly minute account of Burgoyne's campaign, beginning with its diplomatic backgrounds in Europe, and tracing its strategic progress to the climax at Saratoga in 1777, when the French opportunely entered the war. From this point, which he regards as vital in its effect on both the military and political aspects of the struggle, Mr. Nickerson carries his narrative to its close at Yorktown with the results conditioned, but not fully assured, by Burgoyne's surrender—as Arnold's attempted treachery very nearly demonstrated. It would be difficult to praise Mr. Nickerson's method too highly. His research has been exhaustive and his documentation thorough. He brings to his study novel material from such sources as the diaries and war journals of Hadden, Anburey, and Digby, the records of the French Foreign Office, and the unpublished papers in the Gates and Sir Henry Clinton collections. And he has welded his somewhat unwieldy material into a smooth and convincing account. His analyses of the diplomatic backgrounds and implications of the chief actions of the Revolution are carefully weighed, but the chief importance of the book must be conceded to lie in its contribution to military history.

Education

As an introduction to child study and as a beginner's text, Miss Phyllis Blanchard's *The Child and Society* (Longmans, Green, $2.25) will find its public. The child as an individual scarcely appears, but the book points a finger at hundreds of facts and problems and calls them by name. Its value consists in its suggestions for further study, and in its organization of a wide scope of material within the compass of a small volume.

This volume, *Charles W. Eliot's Talks to Parents and Young People,* by Edward H. Cotton (Beacon Press, $1.75), is a collection of mellow yet bromidic wisdom. Be guided by it and you are sure to avoid the major troubles of life—and perhaps its major excitements.

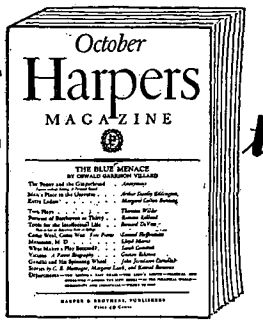
American Universities and Colleges, edited by David Allan Robertson (Scribner's, $2.50), is a useful manual for those desiring information upon the standing, resources and personnel of the universities, colleges and professional schools in the United States.

Miscellaneous

Condemned to Devil's Island, by Blair Niles (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00), is the fictitious biography of an unknown convict in the penal colony of French Guiana. The factual material was secured at first hand, and the created characters based upon existing types. In the person of Michel Arnaud, a burglar sentenced to imprisonment and exile, Mrs. Niles dramatizes the universal problem of the criminal. She conducts him minutely through the depressingly inevitable routine of his prison years—through the stifling voyage packed with six hundred others in the hold of a convict ship, through the hot, tortured nights in the prison dormitories, through the pangs of "the long, slow starvation which he discovered was to be the most unbearable part of his prison sentence". An attempt at escape brought Michel heartbreakingly near to freedom, and plunged him back again into the horrors of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Read by those who do



their own thinking

LOOK carefully at the titles below—the table of contents for one number of Harpers Magazine. The variety of material is impressive—articles on personal finance, divorces, social dishonesty, astronomy; a portrait of Beethoven, a composite photograph of fashionable doctors, an analysis of successful plays; plays by Thornton Wilder; poems by Samuel Hoffenstein; stories by significantly contrasting writers.

Subjects not only varied, but important—all of them. A miscellany of reading that reflects the eager, energetic modern mind. Particularly the Harper reader's, whose chief characteristic appears to be a combination of intellectual curiosity and an uncompromising distaste for the second rate.

In spite of the extraordinary increase in the circulation of the new Harpers Magazine there remain some of our rightful readers who are not yet on our subscription list. Perhaps you are one of those essential Harper readers who has not yet come to know his particular magazine. An excellent opportunity for this introduction is offered you below. Why not cut the coupon immediately and become a subscriber to Harpers Magazine for six months at only half the usual price!

THE OCTOBER NUMBER

THE BLUE MENACE
Oswald Garrison Villard
THE WAYS OF THE HEART
C. E. Montague
THE PENNY AND THE GINGERBREAD
Anonymous
PORTRAIT OF BEETHOVEN AT THIRTY
Romain Rolland
VICIOUS, THE STORY OF A PARROT
Gustav Eckstein
TWO PLAYS
Thornton Wilder
MANICURE
Margaret Leech
POEMS
Samuel Hoffenstein
MAMMON, M.D.
Lloyd Morris
VITAMINS OF THE DRAMA
Sarah Comstock
TOOLS FOR THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE
Bernard de Voto
EXTRA LADIES
Margaret Culkin Banning
MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE
Prof. Arthur Stanley Eddington
THERE IS MONEY IN POETRY
Konrad Bercovici
GHANDI AND HIS SPINNING WHEEL
J. J. Cornelius

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

6 MONTHS for only ONE DOLLAR

Clip This Now

HARPERS MAGAZINE, 49 E. 33 Street B
New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing one dollar for your offer to new subscribers. Please send Harpers Magazine for six months, beginning with the October number, to

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

solitary confinement. He learned every vice of the womanless world of prison, and every pitiful expedient of men whose human appetites were denied. After seven years he was released, his crime "expiated", but his future left hopeless by the prison stigma. Mrs. Niles makes her case, not against any nation or any system, but against civilization.

Beyond doubt the case and trial of Adelaide Bartlett provide one of the finest murder mysteries of the nineteenth century. With the single exception of the Borden case, this stands alone in its curious welter of neuroticism and intrigue. The story is involved, has been told often, and is too long to repeat here.

In *The Trial of Adelaide Bartlett,* edited by Sir John Hall (John Day, $3.50) the full history of the case, along with the testimony as it was presented in court, is given for the first time. This alone should give the book importance to criminologists, students of crime and amateurs of the curious. It belongs to the milieu of Dostoevsky rather than to that of Conan Doyle; which is, and is intended to be, high praise.

It seems improbable today that Mrs. Bartlett did poison her husband. Gauging the man, a hopeless neurotic, it appears much more likely that he himself took the dose that finished him. Never has the "eternal triangle" presented stranger aspects than in this instance. The incredible sexual relations of the three, their unbelievable psychology, their amazing disregard of reality, all stamp the Bartlett trio as unique in the history of criminology.

Sir John Hall has made a lucid and dramatic narrative of the case, and has selected his testimony with discretion, no small task in a trial as complex as this. The book is worth having.

I am not so sure that the inclusion of *The Trial of the Duchess of Kingston,* edited by Lewis Melville (John Day, $3.50) was so happy a selection for this Notable British Trial series. It is true enough that the Duchess, or Countess, was an amusing adventuress and that some of her adventures are singularly entertaining, but her life would make for better reading than her trial.

(*Continued from page XXIV*)

content myself with mentioning a few authors whose names occur to me as having been writers for, or editors of, some of Street and Smith's wood-pulp magazines.

Mr. Theodore Dreiser was closely associated with a Street and Smith wood-pulp publication. Both Mr. Donn Byrne and Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer have been contributors to Street and Smith publications. There was also one O. Henry who did a bit of work at regular intervals for a wood-pulp magazine edited by Mr. Archibald L. Sessions and published by the Street and Smith Corporation. Then, there was a story by Mr. H. G. Wells called *Tono Bungay.* Mr. Wells had sought an American market for this story in several publishing houses before it was accepted by *The Popular,* a magazine edited by the late Mr. Charles Agnew MacLean. It may interest Mr. Robinson and some of the younger poets to know that Edna St. Vincent Millay was a rather regular contributor to a Street and Smith magazine. Though I do not think that these names are names that will echo beside Homer and Shakespeare, they are at least respectable in our own time.

Others are Elmer Davis, Henry C. Rowland, Richard Washburn Child, Jack London, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Rex Beach, Rupert Hughes, Arthur Somers Roche, Peter B. Kyne and others of that class.

A short story published by *Sea Stories* in April, 1926, won the Brief Story prize offered by the O. Henry Memorial Committee. I mention these things only to show that Mr. Robinson either knew very little of what he was writing, or that he deliberately chose to do a cheaper thing than the hack writers do. It is obvious to authors and editors who know the wood-pulp field that in practically every paragraph Mr. Robinson shows his lack of knowledge of the field, or his willingness to distort the facts for whatever thrill it may give the "quality" group reader.

I have been an admirer of some of the verses published by Mr. Robinson; my relations with him have been few but pleasant; but I do hope that he will not appear again in the role of a guide and critic in a field which is so plainly unknown land to him.

Yours sincerely,
LAWRENCE LEE,
New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAS. H. OLIPHANT & CO.

Established 1898

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
MEMBERS NEW YORK CURB MARKET
MEMBERS CHICAGO STOCK EXCHANGE
MEMBERS NEW YORK COFFEE & SUGAR EXCHANGE, INC.

NEW YORK, 61 BROADWAY CHICAGO, THE ROOKERY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing—for November:

THE BOOKMAN

will publish

THE TENTH *of the* PRIZE WINNING NEWS STORIES

In THE BOOKMAN'S monthly and annual awards amounting to

$1,300

for

THE BEST NEWS STORY PRINTED IN AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS EACH MONTH

THE arbiter of the news stories submitted in the contest for the month of August is Julian Mason, editor-in-chief, *New York Evening Post*. Among the many fine news stories sent in from all parts of the country, Mr. Mason will select one. The story will be republished in THE BOOKMAN for November, with comment on the story by Mr. Mason concerning the story's special merits. An award of $100 will go to the reporter who wrote the story and the story will be formally entered among the twelve stories to be voted upon by THE BOOKMAN'S jury of awards at the end of twelve months. THE BOOKMAN will award an additional $100 to the reporter whom the whole jury deems to have written the best of the twelve news stories printed. In the case of a tie, this amount will be given to each of the winning contestants.

The jury consists of the following members, all of them trained newspaper men of the highest standing in their profession:

JULIAN HARRIS, *editor, Columbus, Georgia, Enquirer-Sun.*
JULIAN MASON, *editor-in-chief, New York Evening Post.*
PAUL PATTERSON, *editor, the Sun papers, Baltimore, Md.*
CLARKE SALMON, *managing editor, New Orleans Item.*
HENRY JUSTIN SMITH, *managing editor, Chicago Daily News.*
CASPER S. YOST, *editor, St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

City editors, managing editors and reporters on all newspapers throughout the country are urged to co-operate in making the contest comprehensive by sending us stories by members of their staff or stories they themselves have written, or stories that have been called to their attention.

In all cases two clippings of each story should be sent, with the date it appeared, the name of the newspaper in which it appeared, and the reporter's name plainly indicated. In cases where there has been collaboration, the name of the collaborator should also be given and the extent of his work indicated. In such cases the award will be shared by the collaborators in a manner specified by the juror.

One juror is sole arbiter for one month, another juror the next month, and so on. Stories are not to be sent to any individual juror direct, but addressed to:

Editor of THE BOOKMAN, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Clippings for the month of October will now be received

THE ARBITER FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER WILL BE CASPER YOST

[THE OCTOBER STORY SELECTED WILL APPEAR IN THE JANUARY ISSUE]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The BOOK MART

WITHIN another month the book auction season of 1928-9 will be in motion, and collectors and dealers, as well as those who have books to sell, are watching with interest the changes in their field. Whether the consolidation of the book auction business will be a benefit or an injury to those concerned is yet to be determined.

Something of a sensation was created among the booksellers and collectors last February, when it was reported that Cortland Field Bishop, president of the American Art Association, had bought the Anderson Galleries from Mitchell Kennerley, a statement which was confirmed by Mr. Bishop, then sailing for Europe. The business was conducted as usual, however, until the end of last season. The handling of all the book and art auctions by a single house is an undertaking of large magnitude. The New York auction business has been conducted along the lines of fair business dealing, but there had been ruinous competition, which has now ceased. Unlike some other varieties of "big business", the book auction houses do not need any governmental regulation. When they cease to do business fairly their patronage, both among those who buy books and those who have books to sell, will cease. The management of such an auction house has its future within its own hands. The record of such London houses as Sotheby's and Hodgson's, with more than a hundred years each of fair dealing behind them, is proof that they have been governed by sound business principles. These houses have had to contend with a combination of dealers known as the "knockout", which has never prevailed in the American auction room. Yet they have gone on their way conservatively, without any attempt to sell their goods by methods of high-powered salesmanship, and have succeeded.

The James sale of sporting books probably will give collectors their first thrill of the auction season, and those who like this sort of literature find in the James library enough to tempt the most surfeited of collectors. In extent, in scarcity of the books, in condition, the James collection left little to be desired. Whether interest in sporting books is as keen as it was a few years ago is to be determined, but it is certain that if any good thing is offered it does not go begging. A remarkable example of this was the sale at Sotheby's last July, in one of the important sales of the season, of a manuscript book entitled *The Meltonian, or The Pleasure of the Chase Developed, elucidating a System of Fox-Hunting as followed by the members of the Far-famed Leicestershire Hunt, 1830.* This unpublished book consisted of a series of thirty spirited water-color drawings by T. J. Rawlins, with manuscript descriptions beneath, each within a gold border, and a frontispiece in water-color and wash drawing, dedicated to Sir Edward Smythe and the Shropshire Hunt. The text is in the handwriting of Frederick Parr, from whose family the book came. Rawlins was associated with Henry Alken in producing the illustrations for Nimrod's *Life of John Mytton. The Meltonian* is mentioned in Silzer's *Sporting Prints* as being in the Howard collection in 1898. It was sold at Christie's that year for $625; it came up again in Sir William Bass's sale at Knight, Frank & Rutley's in July, 1913, when it brought $1,025. In both cases, however, the drawings were attributed to Alken. In the recent sale, with the drawings identified as those of Rawlins, a less-known artist, it brought the astonishing sum of $14,000. So evidently somebody is still buying sporting books.

The high prices paid for the books from the library of Sir Edmund Gosse last season shows that one need not build a library along commercial lines in order that it may prove a profitable investment after his death. Of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Book Mart

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE WALDEN BOOK SHOP
410 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO
has a varied selection of modern first editions of such persons as Cabell, Forster, Hardy, Millay, Milne, Stephens, and Tomlinson, as well as private press books and autograph material.
Catalogues and announcements on request.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Any Book of Any Publisher
PROMPT CAREFUL SERVICE!
THE H. R. HUNTTING COMPANY
(*Library Specialists*)
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

THE EDWARD·MADISON·COMPANY
BOOKS·STATIONERY·ARTWARES·CAMERAS
ARTISTIC·FRAMING & PRINTING·
427·429·BLOOMFIELD·Av·MONTCLAIR·N·J·

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

BOOK PLATES— Individualize your library with your Portrait on your Book Plates —drawn in the wood-cut manner. Also Portrait Christmas cards. Write for samples to **The Decorative Art Service,** 229 West 28th Street, New York City.

TYPOGRAPHIC TREASURES. Authentic Leaves from Rare books, Woodcuts, Engravings, examples of Famous Presses from the 15th Century onward. Carefully mounted with scholarly descriptions, or in portfolio collections. Also a few choice books and MSS. always on hand. Send for descriptive pricelists.
FOLIOPHILES, 59 Bank Street, New York.

Visit or Write
THE FRENCH BOOKMAN
202 West 96th St. (near Broadway)
"Headquarters for French Books and Magazines."
Careful, prompt attention and reasonable prices.
Catalogue 5c (stamps).

BOOKS: OLD, RARE and NEW
In all departments of Art, Science, and Literature.
Out-of-Print books supplied. Catalogues issued.
Libraries purchased. New Books sent post free.
DAUBER *and* PINE BOOK SHOPS, Inc.
66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Phone Algonquin 7880-7881 Open Evenings

course the library of Sir Edmund Gosse was full of association books, gifts to him from contemporary noted authors, but these were not the only ones which brought high prices. In his charming An Essay in Apology which Mr. Gosse wrote as introductory to the catalogue of his library compiled by E. M. Cox, Mr. Gosse wrote:

"My little closet of books is none of those magnificent collections which thrill America from New York to Texas and on to California. It does not compete with the British Museum nor with the Ashley Library. It represents the tastes, the habits, the limitations and the requirements of the owner. It is the accretion of more than half a century of effort directed originally not towards the creation of a library but towards the furniture of a mind. I have collected books, not in the main because they were rare or curious, but because I wanted to read them at my leisure, and to have them at my side for reference. I have come to take a pride in their 'state' and a care of their pedigree. I have never added books to my shelves for purposes of mere ornament of binding or peculiarity of imprint, although I admit these objects to be legitimate. They do not happen to appeal to me. On the other hand my books have never been so numerous as to make it difficult to refer to them upon all occasions, and there is, I think, not one with which I am not on easy terms."

Many books have been written on how to form a library, but none contains more wisdom than this. Mr. Gosse's library—or rather that part of it which was sold last season—brought to his estate much more than it cost him, and it was formed for use and not for sale.

The William L. Clements Library of the University of Michigan, under the direction of Randolph G. Adams, the librarian, has been doing much to make available the treasures of Americana which Mr. Clements pur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Book Mart

chased abroad. There have been issued two volumes of matter of the greatest importance to Revolutionary historians. One is a description of the British maps and sketches used by Sir Henry Clinton while in command of the British forces operating in North America during the War for Independence. The other is a descriptive account of the Stopford-Sackville Papers in the Clements Library, under the title of *The Papers of Lord George Germain*. These historical documents are of extraordinary interest, and help the historian to explain the reasons why the American colonies achieved their independence.

There is a society of collectors of miniature books which goes by the name of the Lxivmos, of which the scrivener is James D. Henderson of 55 Greene Street, Brookline, Massachusetts. These collectors issue a monthly News-Letter which is full of notes of interest to those who collect sextodecimos (et infra). It is issued by the courtesy of different printers, and up to date the numbers have come from such widely separated places as New York, Boston, Brookline, Mass., Perth Amboy, N. J., Mountain View, California, Baltimore, Mount Vernon, N. Y., and Paris. The Mount Vernon issue, printed by William Edwin Rudge, is probably the smallest newspaper ever printed, measuring one and three-eights of an inch in height and and seven-eighths of an inch wide, printed in two columns. The Paris issue consisted of fourteen duodecimo pages printed on Arches handmade paper in black and red.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

transition

A quarterly published in Paris. Contributors — James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Picasso, and many others. $1.00 per issue. Number 13 just received.

GOTHAM BOOK MART
51 W. 47th St., New York City (Bryant 5812)

Rare Books
First Editions
Sporting Prints
Standard Editions

BOOKS

Real Booklovers invariably go to Himebaugh & Browne. An immense stock and intelligent assistants make it easy to find just what one seeks. Prices are GUARANTEED to be as low as any other shop and every purchase not meeting your full approval is returnable for credit. What more can one ask?

Write for catalogue

HIMEBAUGH & BROWNE
Booksellers and Stationers
4 East 46th Street

BOOKS *by mail*

Prompt, intelligent service by a shop in close touch with the centre of the publishing world. ¶We invite questions and correspondence.

The OSBORNE BOOK SHOP
209 West 57th Street, NEW YORK

CURRENT BOOKS | ART AND RARE BOOKS | ENGLISH EDITIONS

MASONIC BOOKS

The latest books on Freemasonry. Come in and visit our bookshelves. *Mail orders promptly filled. Send for Catalog B.*

REDDING MASONIC SUPPLY CO.
9 West 23rd Street Masonic Publishers New York, N. Y.

BOOKS *by mail.* Send for any book mentioned in or out of THE BOOKMAN and we will speed it on its way to you.

Current books *Fine press books*
Modern first editions

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

ISRAEL SOIFER
1244 Clay Avenue **New York City**

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Book Mart

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

MARTIN'S BOOK SHOP
Offers
"Gopal The Jester"
A Hindu Romance in a Lighter Vein. Privately Printed. Limited Edition. *Illustrated by Akos D. Hamza*
De Luxe Binding $12.50. Hand Illuminated Copy $25.00
Catalogue in preparation
64 West 51st Street New York City

McDEVITT-WILSON'S
NEW BOOKS—RARE BOOKS
FINE BINDINGS—AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
Monthly BOOK-TALK 50c a year
30 Church St. New York City

CINCINNATI, OHIO

RARE BOOKS, FIRST EDITIONS, FINE BINDINGS
Extra Illustrated Books, Autograph Letters, Old Prints, etc.
Write for our New Catalog of Old and Rare Books
STEWART KIDD, 19 E. Fourth Street, CINCINNATI
We have all the good new books!

The Smith Book Company
We specialize in material relating to the Old Northwest Territory, the South and far West. Monthly bulletins may be had on application.
914 Union Central Bldg. Cincinnati, Ohio

FOREIGN BOOKSELLERS

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!
We hold 1,250,000 vols. second hand and new, every conceivable subject. Books on approval. Also Rare Books, Out-of-Print Books, and Sets of Authors. Catalogues free (20 issued). Outline requirements and interests.
FOYLES, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, England.

THE FRANK HOLLINGS BOOKSHOP
Has the most varied and interesting stock of Rare Books and Autographs of all periods, Association copies, Victorian and Georgian First Editions, Modern Press Books, etc. Catalogues sent post free on Application. 7 Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W. C. 2.

(*Continued from p. XXXIII*)

"I am afraid we are getting to the end of our trip," Mrs. Putnam writes on a piece of paper, and she is right. Miss Earhart wakes up suddenly, wide awake, smiling broadly, alert, fresh, serene. She goes to the rear of the cabin and the photographer squints into his metallic box for perspective and composition and then takes pictures of her and of Mrs. Putnam, bent over the Putnam guest book.

A field below is filled with little bushes that look like orderly rows of pineapples stuck whimsically into the ground. Miss Earhart goes up to sit with the pilot; they talk with animation, shouting and laughing at each other against the roar of the engines, and the New Yorker comes alongside and Miss Earhart gazes at it as if she had never seen or been in a plane before.

Zoom! Up We Go

The photographer maneuvers his paraphernalia for last pictures of Miss Earhart and Browne; Browne, looking about, grins, twists a lever slightly, the ship drops suddenly, zooms upward and we in the cabin look at each other in astonishment; then we are even again.

Over the city now; the whorls of more and more thickly settled streets, massing themselves into the pattern of the city; the Harvard Stadium in the distance, swathed in ground haze; the gray line of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Mrs. Putnam says "Too nice to stop," and we are over the golden dome of the State House, following the suave line of Beacon Street, circling the Common where children are flopping up and down in the Frog Pond; the Airport is suddenly below us with massed crowds; we dip and slide downward, then we climb again and go across a strip of smooth water where little boats are like toys in a bathtub; we bank slightly around the lifting campanile of the Customs House.

Miss Earhart pulls a little on her white gloves; Mrs. Putnam draws a fur closer about her throat; the wind is suddenly cold from the harbor and the thermometer falls abruptly. We shake hands, for there will be no time on the field when a welcoming committee rushes at Miss Earhart. The ground comes to meet us; a great bouquet of roses is a blur of brilliance in the cabin, and a man says:

"Hello, Miss Earhart, I've your mother here, and your sister, all safe and sound to greet you."

The log Miss Earhart and her companions began, in the dawn of a Sunday in Boston Harbor 36 days ago, is finished.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Agents and Writers' Aids

F. M. HOLLY
AUTHORS' REPRESENTATIVE
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Rates and full information sent upon application

SPEAKERS, WRITERS, Club members We assist in preparing special articles, papers, speeches, debates. Expert scholarly service suited to your requirements, highly endorsed. Revision of manuscripts, story and books, a specialty.
AUTHOR'S RESEARCH BUREAU
Room 491, 500 Fifth Avenue New York

Strengthen Your Work and Increase Your Sales
By Having Me Criticise Your Manuscripts
Fee—Fifty Cents per Thousand Words
Circulars on request
G. GLENWOOD CLARK
219 North Henry Street, Williamsburg, Virginia

ROBERT THOMAS HARDY
Play Broker and Author's Agent
Formerly editor of Snappy Stories. Has also been on the editorial staff of the J. B. Lippincott Company, Street and Smith, and the Munsey publications.
All manuscripts are given Mr. Hardy's personal attention. Send for full information.
47 West 42nd Street New York, N. Y.

ARTHUR E. SCOTT
Authors' Agent and Editorial Critic
(Former Editor of *Top-Notch Magazine*)
Expert criticism, revision, and marketing of manuscripts. If you want real editorial assistance, write for particulars.
74 Irving Place, New York

Authors Publishers
Editors Collectors
ATTENTION
70,000 photographs covering the world; every subject of human interest including art. When you cannot secure the subjects you require in New York address:
LITERARY PHOTO SERVICE
Box 63 West Camp, N. Y.

DEBUNKING THE REJECTION SLIP
If you want to know why you can't sell that manuscript, and the editors won't tell you, I will.
HENRY GALLUP PAINE, Literary Consultant
Late editor (1923-1927) Authors' League Bulletin
Bartholdi Building 2 East 23rd Street, New York

MANUSCRIPTS COPIED
50c per thousand words, including carbon copy
L. F. PLANK MORGANTOWN, PA.

Books for Writers 1001 Places to Sell Manuscripts, $2.50. The Writer's Book, $2.50. How to write a Short Story, 65c. What Editors Want, 25c. Catalogue 30 others. Also personal service in criticism of manuscripts and advice as to markets. Correspondence invited.
***JAMES KNAPP REEVE**
Service Bureau for Writers (*Former editor of the Editor) Franklin, Ohio

Test Your Story Writing Ability FREE

Dr. Burton
If you have the proper natural qualities of mind, then under Dr. Burton's training you will be able to succeed in Short Story writing. Send for this interesting Analysis Test, and receive expert critic's frank opinion.
LAIRD EXTENSION INSTITUTE,
517 Laird Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY ADVISER
Books, short stories, articles and verse criticised and marketed; special department for plays and motion pictures.
THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC.
135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York City

THROUGH THE BOOKMAN LITERARY AGENTS AND TYPISTS CAN REACH AN ACTIVE LIST OF PROSPECTS AT A COST LESS THAN THAT OF MAILING EACH A PENNY POSTAL CARD—WRITE FOR SPECIAL RATES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Your Convenience in Ordering, Use the Coupon Below

ANTHROPOLOGY

KNOCK WOOD! *Deerforth*. Brentano, $3.00
THE SOUL OF THE BANTU, *Willoughby*. Doubleday-Doran. $5.00

BELLES LETTRES

THE SECOND AMERICAN CARAVAN. Macaulay. $5.00

BIOGRAPHY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *Beveridge*. Houghton, Mifflin Co. $12.50
AMIEL'S JOURNAL, *Amiel*. Brentano, $3.50
AN ECHO FROM PARNASSUS, *Skinner*. J. H. Sears & Co. $2.00
CAP'N GEORGE FRED, *told by himself*. Doubleday-Doran. $4.00
CHRISTOPHER NORTH, *Lowell*. John W. Luce & Co. $3.00
JAMES THE SECOND, *Belloc*. J. B. Lippincott. $4.00
JOHN SMITH, also POCAHONTAS, *Fletcher*. Brentano. $3.50
KEEPING OFF THE SHELF, *Mrs. Whiffen*. Dutton. $5.00
MY FRIEND ROBESPIERRE, *Beraud*. Macaulay. $3.00
MEMORIES, *Preston*.....Sears. $5.00
ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN', *Lauder*. J. B. Lippincott. $3.50
ROUSSEAU CONFESSIONS. *Rousseau*. Brentano. $8.50
SAILS AND SWORDS, *Strawn*. Brentano. $3.50
SHAPES THAT PASS, *Hawthorne*. Houghton, Mifflin Co. $4.00
SLAVES OF THE SUN, *Ossendowski*. Dutton. $3.00
SIR ISAAC NEWTON, *Brodetsky*. John W. Luce & Co. $2.00
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, *Dorr*. Stokes, $5.00
SCOUTING ON TWO CONTINENTS, *Burnham*.....Doubleday-Doran. $2.50
ST. TERESA, *Chesterton*. Doubleday-Doran. $2.50
THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS, *Forster*. Doubleday-Doran. $10.00
THE STAR OF PICCADILLY, *Melville*. Doubleday-Doran. $6.00
THE LAST TWELVE YEARS OF JOSEPH CONRAD, *Curle*. D'day-Doran. $2.50
THIS MAN ADAMS, *McCoy*. Brentano. $3.50
VOLTAIRE, *Thaddeus*. Brentano. $5.00
ZOLA, *Josephson*.....Macaulay. $5.00

CRITICISM

AEOLUS, *Stewart*.....Dutton. $1.00
DESTINATIONS. *Munson*...Sears. $2.00
LARES ET PENATES, *Birnstingl*. Dutton. $1.00
MOTIVES OF PROTEUS, *Rodo*. Brentano. $4.00
SHEHERAZADE, *Carruthers* Dutton, $1.00
STENTOR, *Ockham*..... Dutton. $1.00
THE NEXT CHAPTER: THE WAR AGAINST THE MOON, *Maurois*. Dutton. $1.00
THE OPEN CONSPIRACY, *Wells*. Doubleday-Doran. $2.00
VULCAN, *Chisholm*.....Dutton. $1.00

DRAMA

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH PLAYS, *Lewis*. John W. Luce & Co. $1.50

ESSAYS

SHAPING MEN AND WOMEN, *Sherman*. Doubleday-Doran. $2.50
THE HOGARTH ESSAYS. Doubleday-Doran. $3.00
THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL, *Lillie*. Little, Brown & Co. $2.50
THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT MARRIAGE AND MEDICINE, *Collins*. D'day-Doran, $3.00
WHY BE A MUD-TURTLE, *White*. Doubleday-Doran. $2.50
YOUTH, *Chesser*.....Dutton. $1.50

FICTION

A LITTLE CLOWN LOST, *Benefield*. Century. $2.00
A VOYAGE TO PAGANY, *Williams*. Macaulay. $2.50
ANOTHER COUNTRY, *Du Coudray*. J. H. Sears & Co. $2.50
BABE EVANSON, *Brody*. Century. $2.50
BLIND CIRCLE, *Renard & Jean*. Dutton. $2.00
CRESCENDO, *Bellamann*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50
DAY OF FORTUNE, *Matson*. Century. $2.50
DEEPENING PURPLE, *Isaacson*. Harold Vinal. $2.50
DESTINY BAY, *Byrne*. Little, Brown & Co. $2.50
DIANA OF THE NORTH COUNTRY, *Monger*. Fred. Stokes & Co. $2.50
DOSTOEVSKY, *Meier-Graefe*. Harcourt, Brace. $6.00
FLOWERDOWN, *Knox*. Century. $2.50
FOOLS IN MORTAR, *Leslie*. Century. $2.00
GAY, *Furniss*...Harcourt. Brace. $2.00
GIANT KILLER, *Davis*. A. B. A. Book Selection. $2.50
GUYFFORD OF WEARE, *Farnol*. Little, Brown & Co. $2.50
HARNESS, *Gibbs*.. Little, Brown. $2.50
HATE, *Smith*...J. B. Lippincott. $2.00
HERE COMES AN OLD SAILOR, *Sheppard*. Doubleday-Doran. $2.00
HOME, *Norris*.....Dutton. $1.00
INFIDELITY, *Weigall*...Brentano. $2.50
JINGLING IN THE WIND, *Roberts*. Viking Press. $2.00
LOVE, *Phelps*.....Dutton. $1.00
MATORNI'S VINEYARD, *Oppenheim*. Little, Brown & Co. $2.50
MEN OF SILENCE, *Forgione*. Dutton. $2.50
MOSES, *Untermeyer*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50
MULLEINS, *Gribble*...Lippincott. $2.50
NEW GRUB STREET, *Gissing*. Dutton. $2.50
NIGHTSEED, *Manhood*....Viking. $2.50
RACE, *Ashton*.....Stokes. $2.50
SAMSON, *Washburn*.....Sears. $2.50
SING SING NIGHTS, *Keeler*. Dutton, $2.00
STORMING HEAVEN, *Fox*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50
TENTS OF WICKEDNESS, *McCallum*. Century. $2.50
THE ASSASSIN, *O'Flaherty*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50
THE BABYONS, *Dane*. D-Doran. $5.00
THE BATTLE OF THE HORIZONS, *Thompson*.....Little, Brown & Co. $2.50
THE DOOR OF DEATH, *Esteven*. Century. $2.00
THE ENCHANTING DANGER, *Wheatley*. Dutton. $2.50
THE FIGURED FLAME, *Darrow*. Century. $2.50
THE FLUTES OF SHANGHAI, *Miln*. Fred. Stokes & Co. $2.00
THE GOLDEN ROUND, *Winwar*. Century. $2.00
THE GOLEM, *Mevrink*. Houghton, Mifflin Co. $2.50
THE GRANDSON, *Dixelius*. Dutton, $2.50
THE HAPPY MOUNTAIN, *Chapman*. Viking Press. $2.50
THE INTRUDER, *Ibanes*. Dutton. $2.50
THE LADY OF STAINLESS RAIMENT, *Eiker*. Doubleday-Doran. $2.50
THE LIGHT OF EGYPT, *Jansen*. Brentano. $2.50
THE NEW GUN RUNNERS, *Gordon*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.00
THE NEW TEMPLE, *Bojer*. Century. $2.50
THE RIVER, *Tupper*. Lippincott. $2.50
THE REBEL GENERATION, *Kuller*. Dutton. $2.85
THE STRANGE CASE OF MISS ANNIE SPRAGG. *Bromfield*.....Stokes. $2.50
THE TALE OF GENJI, *Murasaki*. Houghton, Mifflin Co. $3.50
THE TOP KICK, *Nason*. D-Doran. $2.00
THE VIRGIN QUEENE, *Powel*. Little, Brown & Co. $2.00
VANITY UNDER THE SUN, *Collins*. Little, Brown & Co. $2.00
VASCO, *Chadbourne*. Har'ct, Brace, $2.50
WAR AMONG LADIES, *Scott*. Little, Brown & Co. $2.50
WHAT EVERYBODY WANTED, *Singmaster*. Houghton, Mifflin Co. $2.00
WHEN THE TURTLES SING, *Marquis*. Doubleday-Doran. $2.00
WHILE RIVERS RUN, *Walsh*. Fred. Stokes & Co. $2.00

HISTORY

ITALY IN THE RENAISSANCE, *Jerrold*. John W. Luce & Co. $4.50
NAPOLEON AND HIS FAMILY, *Geer*. Brentano. $5.00
OLD IRELAND, *Sullivan*. Doubleday-Doran. $5.00
OUR INHERITANCE, *Baldwin*. Doubleday-Doran. $2.50
POLAND'S REINCARNATION, *Whelpley*. Dutton. $3.00
POLITICIANS AND THE WAR, *Beaverbrook*. Doubleday-Doran. $5.00
RED RUSSIA, *London*...Dutton. $2.00
THE NOT-QUITE PURITANS, *Lawrence*. Little, Brown & Co. $3.00
THE TRAGEDY OF GREECE, *Cosmetatos*. Brentano. $4.50
WHO WILL BE MASTER, *Romier*. Macaulay. $2.50

HUMOR

FAVORITE JOKES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE *Nicholson*.....Dutton. $2.50

JUVENILE

THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER, *Milne*. Dutton. $2.00

MISCELLANEOUS

A BOOK OF WORDS, *Kipling*. Doubleday-Doran. $3.00
CONRAD TO A FRIEND. Doubleday-Doran. $2.50
MYSTERIES OF HISTORY, *Thompson*. J. B. Lippincott. $4.00
OLD SILVER OF EUROPE AND AMERICA *Jones*.....J. B. Lippincott. $8.50
OUTLINE OF MAN'S KNOWLEDGE, *Wood*. Lewis Copeland Co. $5.00
SPY AND COUNTERSPY, *Rowan*. Viking Press. $3.50
THE AMERICAN OMEN, *Garrett*. Dutton. $2.50
THE CONQUEST OF LIFE, *Voronoff*. Brentano. $3.50

POETRY

BRAITHWAITE'S ANTHOLOGY, Vinal, $4.00
COLLECTED POEMS, *Widdemer*. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50
PROPHET AND FOOL, *Gouding*. Dutton. $2.00 and $5.00
SWEET WATER AND BITTER, *Moore*. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $1.75
THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL, *Wilde*. Dutton. $3.50 & $10.00

PSYCHOLOGY

CAVE MAN'S LEGACY, *Hankin*. Dutton. $2.00
EMOTION AND DELINQUENCY, *Grimberg*. Brentano. $3.00
THE CHILD IN PRIMITIVE SOCIETY, *Miller*. Brentano. $3.00
THE INFERIORITY FEELING, *Walsh*. Dutton. $2.50
WHY WE MISBEHAVE, *Schmalhausen*. Macaulay. $3.00

RELIGION

THE ENGLISH BIBLE AND ITS STORY, *Baikie*.....J. B. Lippincott. $5.00

SOCIOLOGY

JEWS ARE LIKE THAT, *Analyticus*. Brentano. $3.50
MOTHERHOOD IN BONDAGE. *Sanger*. Brentano. $3.50
THE BANKRUPTCY OF MARRIAGE, *Calverton*.....Macaulay. $3.00

TRAVEL

IN THE LINCOLN COUNTRY, *Newcomb*. J. B. Lippincott. $3.50
ROADS TO THE NORTH, *Brooks*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.00
SWITZERLAND, *Lunn*, D'day-Doran, $2.00
THE TRAVEL DIARIES OF WILLIAM BECKFORD. Houghton, Mifflin, $12.50
THE TURQUOISE TRAIL, *Henderson*. Houghton, Mifflin Co. $2.25

My BOOKSELLER: Kindly send me the books indicated herein, as advertised in the October issue of The Bookman.

Name----------

Street----------

City----------*State*----------

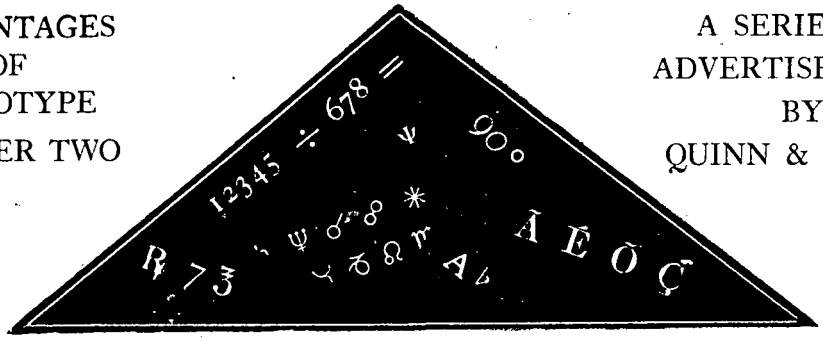
Charge ☐ C. O. D. ☐ Amount Enclosed $--------

Books Desired

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVANTAGES
OF
MONOTYPE
NUMBER TWO



A SERIES OF
ADVERTISEMENTS
BY
QUINN & BODEN

. complicated composition .

In the printing of "special books"—school texts, or works of reference or historical data—Monotype offers distinct advantages.

The Monotype die case will hold 225 characters. As many as six complete alphabets may be combined in a single keyboard arrangement for use on one job. Different point sizes may be cast and aligned on the same body on the same line. Special characters of all kinds may be used at will for mathematical, scientific, and other technical works. Footnotes are set and cast with the text.

Monotype is ideal for books requiring any amount of tabular work, as vertical alignment becomes simple when the single character is the basic unit.

The same flexibility and variety that make Monotype indispensable to the publisher of special books are naturally useful also to the general publisher. Whether for purposes of ornament or utility, Monotype adapts itself to the specific demand.

¶ MONOTYPE is but one feature —the newest—of Quinn & Boden's complete service. Quinn & Boden have an enviable record for accuracy and reliability, and for the kind of typography that makes for publishing prestige. May we serve you, too?

QUINN & BODEN CO. *Inc.*
RAHWAY NEW JERSEY

Manufacturers of Fine Books

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You Save $3.00 MORE

if You Join the GUILD NOW!

No matter when you join the Literary Guild of America you will begin to save money the moment you become a member. But if you join *now* you will save *three dollars more*—on a single year's subscription—than you will if you wait until the price goes up.

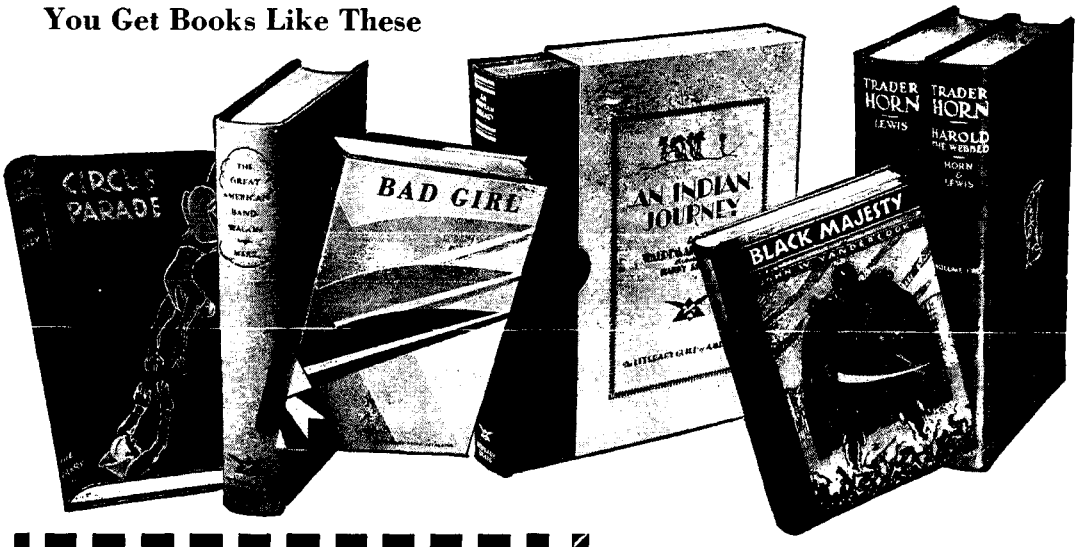
Since the Guild was founded nearly two years ago each member has received annually twelve of the best new books that the Editorial Board could find in America—*for the single subscription fee of $18 per year.* The retail value of these books has been far in excess of that amount. The seven volumes pictured below, TRADER HORN, AN INDIAN JOURNEY, THE GREAT AMERICAN BANDWAGON, BAD GIRL and the others are representative selections.

Now, to allow the Guild to incorporate some new advantageous features of service for its members and to maintain the same high standard in the selection of manuscripts for publication as well as in the paper, illustration, printing and binding of its books, it has been found necessary to raise the subscription fee from $18 to $21. This amounts to an increase of *only twenty-five cents per book.*

The price raise goes into effect *very soon.* Only a short time remains for you to take advantage of the extremely low price that has made the Guild plan the most economical method of book buying in America.

The Guild Editorial Board is headed by Carl Van Doren. Assisted by Hendrik Willem van Loon, Elinor Wylie, Joseph Wood Krutch and Burton Rascoe, he selects one manuscript each month from the lists of America's leading publishers. This book is issued in a special edition and is sent *postpaid* to Guild members on the same day that the regular trade edition of the same title is sent to the bookstores.

You Get Books Like These



THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC.,
55 Fifth Ave., Dept. 62-B, New York City.

Gentlemen:—You may enter me as a subscriber to the Literary Guild of America for one year. I will pay you $4.00 on receipt of your first book and $3.00 a month for five months only. You will send me one new book a month. I may cancel this subscription by giving one month's notice. In this case you will charge me only the retail price of books received and refund the balance. (If more than one book is chosen from list below, add $3.00 per title to the initial payment. This amount will be deducted from the balance of your subscription fee.)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

Save $1.00—If you prefer to pay all at once you can save $1.00 by sending $18.00 with this coupon.

Antedate my subscription.....months and send me:

..... Bad Girl
..... Circus Parade
..... Trader Horn
..... An Indian Journey
..... Trader Horn, Volume Two
..... Black Majesty
..... Great American Bandwagon

Membership is FREE!

Membership in the Guild is absolutely free—you pay only for the books you receive and you pay much less than full price for those. The expert selecting service, all carriage charges and the monthly publication WINGS cost you nothing.

By accepting *free membership* now you protect yourself from the price advance for one full year. Check the coupon in the spaces provided to indicate any previous selections you may want, fill in your name and address and mail it at once. Each book you select reduces the duration of your membership one month only—regardless of the regular *trade* price of the titles you choose.

Membership may be cancelled any time on a month's notice. In case of cancellation you pay only the retail price of books already received and refund the unused balance to you.

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA
55 Fifth Ave., Dept. 62-B, New York City

THE HADDON CRAFTSMEN
CAMDEN, N. J.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED